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THE COLLECTED POEMS  
OF THOMAS HARDY



*The*  
COLLECTED POEMS  
*of*  
THOMAS HARDY

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WESSEX POEMS  
AND OTHER VERSES



## PREFACE

OF the miscellaneous collection of verse that follows, only four pieces have been published, though many were written long ago, and others partly written. In some few cases the verses were turned into prose and printed as such, it having been unanticipated at that time that they might see the light.

Whenever an ancient and legitimate word of the district, for which there was no equivalent in received English, suggested itself as the most natural, nearest, and often only expression of a thought, it has been made use of, on what seemed good grounds.

The pieces are in a large degree dramatic or personative in conception ; and this even where they are not obviously so.

The dates attached to some of the poems do not apply to the rough sketches given in illustration,<sup>1</sup> which have been recently made, and, as may be surmised, are inserted for personal and local reasons rather than for their intrinsic qualities.

T. H.

<sup>1</sup> The early editions were illustrated by the writer.

*September 1898.*



## THE TEMPORARY THE ALL

(SAPPHICS)

CHANGE and chancefulness in my flowering youthtime,  
Set me sun by sun near to one unchosen ;  
Wrought us fellowlike, and despite divergence,  
Fused us in friendship.

' Cherish him can I while the true one forthcome—  
Come the rich fulfiller of my prevision ;  
Life is roomy yet, and the odds unbounded."  
So self-communed I.

'Thwart my wistful way did a damsel saunter,  
Fair, albeit unformed to be all-eclipsing ;  
" Maiden meet," held I, "till arise my forfeit  
Wonder of women."

Long a visioned hermitage deep desiring,  
Tenements uncouth I was fain to house in :  
" Let such lodging be for a breath-while," thought I,  
" Soon a more seemly.

" Then high handiwork will I make my life-deed,  
Truth and Light outshow ; but the ripe time pending,  
Intermissive aim at the thing sufficeth."  
Thus I. . . . But lo, me !

Mistress, friend, place, aims to be bettered straightway,  
Bettered not has Fate or my hand's achievement ;  
Sole the showance those of my onward earth-track—  
Never transcended !

## AMABEL

I MARKED her ruined hues,  
Her custom-straitened views,  
And asked, "Can there indwell  
My Amabel?"

I looked upon her gown,  
Once rose, now earthen brown;  
The change was like the knell  
Of Amabel.

Her step's mechanic ways  
Had lost the life of May's;  
Her laugh, once sweet in swell,  
Spoilt Amabel.

I mused: "Who sings the strain  
I sang ere warmth did wane?  
Who thinks its numbers spell  
His Amabel?"—

Knowing that, though Love cease,  
Love's race shows no decrease;  
All find in dorp or dell  
An Amabel.

—I felt that I could creep  
To some housetop, and weep  
That Time the tyrant fell  
Ruled Amabel!

I said (the while I sighed  
That love like ours had died),  
"Fond things I'll no more tell  
To Amabel,

"But leave her to her fate,  
And fling across the gate,  
'Till the Last Trump, farewell,  
O Amabel!"

## HAP

IF but some vengeful god would call to me  
 From up the sky, and laugh : " Thou suffering thing,  
 Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,  
 That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting ! "

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,  
 Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited ;  
 Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I  
 Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,  
 And why unblooms the best hope ever sown ?  
 —Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,  
 And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .  
 These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown  
 Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

1866.

## "IN VISION I ROAMED"

TO —

IN vision I roamed the flashing Firmament,  
 So fierce in blazon that the Night waxed wan,  
 As though with awe at orbs of such ostént ;  
 And as I thought my spirit ranged on and on

In footless traverse through ghaſt heights of ſky,  
 To the laſt chambers of the monſtrous Dome,  
 Where ſtars the brighteſt here are loſt to the eye :  
 Then, any ſpot on our own Earth ſeemed Home !

And the ſick grief that you were far away  
 Grew pleaſant thankfulneſs that you were near,  
 Who might have been, ſet on ſome foreign Sphere,  
 Leſs than a Want to me, as day by day  
 I lived unware, uncaring all that lay  
 Locked in that Universe taciturn and drear.

1866.



## AT A BRIDAL

## NATURE'S INDIFFERENCE

WHEN you paced forth, to await maternity,  
 A dream of other offspring held my mind,  
 Compounded of us twain as Love designed ;  
 Rare forms, that corporate now will never be !

Should I, too, wed as slave to Mode's decree,  
 And each thus found apart, of false desire,  
 A stolid line, whom no high aims will fire  
 As had fired ours could ever have mingled we ;

And, grieved that lives so matched should miscompose,  
 Each mourn the double waste ; and question dare  
 To the Great Dame whence incarnation flows,  
 Why those high-purposed children never were :  
 What will she answer ? That she does not care  
 If the race all such sovereign types unknowns.

1866.

## POSTPONEMENT

SNOW-BOUND in woodland, a mournful word,  
 Dropt now and then from the bill of a bird,  
 Reached me on wind-wafts ; and thus I heard,  
 Wearily waiting :—

“ I planned her a nest in a leafless tree,  
 But the passers eyed and twitted me,  
 And said : ‘ How reckless a bird is he,  
 Cheerily mating ! ’

“ Fear-filled, I stayed me till summer-tide,  
 In lewth of leaves to throne her bride ;  
 But alas ! her love for me waned and died,  
 Wearily waiting.

“ Ah, had I been like some I see,  
 Born to an evergreen nesting-tree,  
 None had eyed and twitted me,  
 Cheerily mating ! ”

1866.

## A CONFESSION TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE

YOUR troubles shrink not, though I feel them less  
 Here, far away, than when I tarried near ;  
 I even smile old smiles—with listlessness—  
 Yet smiles they are, not ghastly mockeries mere.

A thought too strange to house within my brain  
 Haunting its outer precincts I discern :  
*—That I will not show zeal again to learn  
 Your griefs, and, sharing them, renew my pain. . . .*

It goes, like murky bird or buccaneer  
 That shapes its lawless figure on the main,  
 And staunchness tends to banish utterly  
 The unseemly instinct that had lodgment here ;  
 Yet, comrade old, can bitterer knowledge be  
 Than that, though banned, such instinct was in me !

1866.

## NEUTRAL TONES

WE stood by a pond that winter day,  
 And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,  
 And a few leaves lay on the starving sod ;  
     —They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove  
 Over tedious riddles of years ago ;  
 And some words played between us to and fro  
     On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing  
 Alive enough to have strength to die ;  
 And a grin of bitterness swept thereby  
     Like an ominous bird a-wing. . . .

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,  
 And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me  
 Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,  
     And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

1867.

## SHE AT HIS FUNERAL

THEY bear him to his resting-place—  
 In slow procession sweeping by ;  
 I follow at a stranger's space ;  
 His kindred they, his sweetheart I.  
 Unchanged my gown of garish dye,  
 Though sable-sad is their attire ;  
 But they stand round with griefless eye,  
 Whilst my regret consumes like fire !

187-.

## HER INITIALS

UPON a poet's page I wrote  
 Of old two letters of her name ;  
 Part seemed she of the effulgent thought  
 Whence that high singer's rapture came.  
 —When now I turn the leaf the same  
 Immortal light illumines the lay,  
 But from the letters of her name  
 The radiance has waned away !

1869.

## HER DILEMMA

(IN — CHURCH)

THE two were silent in a sunless church,  
 Whose mildewed walls, uneven paving-stones,  
 And wasted carvings passed antique research ;  
 And nothing broke the clock's dull monotones.

Leaning against a wormy poppy-head,  
 So wan and worn that he could scarcely stand,  
 —For he was soon to die,—he softly said,  
 “Tell me you love me !”—holding long her hand.

She would have given a world to breathe "yes" truly,  
So much his life seemed hanging on her mind,  
And hence she lied, her heart persuaded throughly  
'Twas worth her soul to be a moment kind.

But the sad need thereof, his nearing death,  
So mocked humanity that she shamed to prize  
A world conditioned thus, or care for breath  
Where Nature such dilemmas could devise.

1866.

## REVULSION

THOUGH I waste watches framing words to fetter  
Some unknown spirit to mine in clasp and kiss,  
Out of the night there looms a sense 'twere better  
To fail obtaining whom one fails to miss.

For winning love we win the risk of losing,  
And losing love is as one's life were riven ;  
It cuts like contumely and keen ill-using  
To cede what was superfluously given.

Let me then never feel the fateful thrilling  
That devastates the love-worn wooer's frame,  
The hot ado of fevered hopes, the chilling  
That agonizes disappointed aim !  
So may I live no junctive law fulfilling,  
And my heart's table bear no woman's name.

1866.

## SHE, TO HIM

## I

WHEN you shall see me in the toils of Time,  
My lauded beauties carried off from me,  
My eyes no longer stars as in their prime,  
My name forgot of Maiden Fair and Free ;

When, in your being, heart concedes to mind,  
And judgment, though you scarce its process know,  
Recalls the excellencies I once enshrined,  
And you are irked that they have withered so :

Remembering mine the loss is, not the blame,  
 That Sportsman Time but rears his brood to kill,  
 Knowing me in my soul the very same—  
 One who would die to spare you touch of ill !—  
 Will you not grant to old affection's claim  
 The hand of friendship down Life's sunless hill ?

1866.

## SHE, TO HIM

### II

PERHAPS, long hence, when I have passed away,  
 Some other's feature, accent, thought like mine,  
 Will carry you back to what I used to say,  
 And bring some memory of your love's decline.

Then you may pause awhile and think, "Poor jade !"  
 And yield a sigh to me—as ample due,  
 Not as the tittle of a debt unpaid  
 To one who could resign her all to you—

And thus reflecting, you will never see  
 That your thin thought, in two small words conveyed,  
 Was no such fleeting phantom-thought to me,  
 But the Whole Life wherein my part was played ;  
 And you amid its fitful masquerade  
 A Thought—as I in your life seem to be !

1866.

## SHE, TO HIM

### III

I WILL be faithful to thee ; aye, I will !  
 And Death shall choose me with a wondering eye  
 That he did not discern and domicile  
 One his by right ever since that last Good-bye !

I have no care for friends, or kin, or prime  
 Of manhood who deal gently with me here ;  
 Amid the happy people of my time  
 Who work their love's fulfilment, I appear

Numb as a vane that cankers on its point,  
 True to the wind that kissed ere canker came :  
 Despised by souls of Now, who would disjoint  
 The mind from memory, making Life all aim,

My oid dexterities in witchery gone,  
 And nothing left for Love to look upon.

1866.

## SHE, TO HIM

## IV

THIS love puts all humanity from me ;  
 I can but maledict her, pray her dead,  
 For giving love and getting love of thee—  
 Feeding a heart that else mine own had fed !

How much I love I know not, life not known,  
 Save as one unit I would add love by ;  
 But this I know, my being is but thine own—  
 Fused from its separateness by ecstasy.

And thus I grasp thy amplitudes, of her  
 Ungrasped, though helped by nigh-regarding eyes ;  
 Canst thou then hate me as an envier  
 Who see unrecked what I so dearly prize ?  
 Believe me, Lost One, Love is lovelier  
 The more it shapes its moan in selfish-wise.

1866.

## DITTY

(E. L. G.)

BENEATH a knap where flown  
     Nestlings play,  
 Within walls of weathered stone,  
     Far away  
 From the files of formal houses,  
 By the bough the firstling browses,  
 Lives a Sweet : no merchants meet,  
 No man barter, no man sells  
     Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair  
    "Here is she!"  
Seems written everywhere  
    Unto me.  
But to friends and nodding neighbours,  
Fellow-wights in lot and labours,  
Who descry the times as I,  
No such lucid legend tells  
    Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was  
    Ere we met;  
(Such will not be, but because  
    Some forget  
Let me feign it )—none would notice  
That where she I know by rote is  
Spread a strange and withering change.  
Like a drying of the wells  
    Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed—  
    Loved as true—  
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed  
    My life through,  
Had I never wandered near her,  
Is a smart severe—severer  
In the thought that she is nought,  
Even as I, beyond the dells  
    Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance  
    To recall  
What bond-servants of Chance  
    We are all.  
I but found her in that, going  
On my errant path unknowing,  
I did not out-skirt the spot  
That no spot on earth excels,  
    —Where she dwells!

## THE SERGEANT'S SONG

(1803)

WHEN Lawyers strive to heal a breach,  
 And Parsons practise what they preach ;  
 Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
 And march his men on London town !

Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,  
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay !

When Justices hold equal scales,  
 And Rogues are only found in jails ;  
 Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
 And march his men on London town !

Rollicum-rorum, &c.

When Rich Men find their wealth a curse,  
 And fill therewith the Poor Man's purse ;  
 Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
 And march his men on London town !

Rollicum-rorum, &c.

When Husbands with their Wives agree,  
 And Maids won't wed from modesty ;  
 Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,  
 And march his men on London town !

Rollicum-rorum, tol-tol-lorum,  
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay !

1878.

*Published in "The Trumpet-Major" 1880.*

## VALENCIENNES

(1793)

BY CORP'L TULLIDGE, in "*The Trumpet Major*"

IN MEMORY OF S. C. (PENSIONER). DIED 184-

WE trenched, we trumpeted and drummed,  
 And from our mortars tons of iron hummed  
 Ath'art the ditch, the month we bombed  
 The Town o' Valencieën.



'Twas in the June o' Ninety-dree  
 (The Duke o' Yark our then Commander beén)  
 The German Legion, Guards, and we  
 Laid siege to Valencieén.

This was the first time in the war  
 That French and English spilled each other's gore :  
 —Few dreamt how far would roll the roar  
 Begun at Valencieén !

'Twas said that we'd no business there  
 A-topperèn the French for disagreén ;  
 However, that's not my affair—  
 We were at Valencieén.

Such snocks and slats, since war began  
 Never knew raw recruit or veteràn :  
 Stone-deaf therence went many a man  
 Who served at Valencieén.

Into the streets, ath'art the sky,  
 A hundred thousand balls and bombs were fleén ;  
 And harmless townsfolk fell to die  
 Each hour at Valencieén !

And, sweatèn wi' the bombardiers,  
 A shell was slent to shards anighst my ears :  
 —'Twas nigh the end of hopes and fears  
 For me at Valencieén !

They bore my wovnded frame to camp,  
 And shut my gapèn skull, and washed en cleán,  
 And jined en wi' a zilver clamp  
 Thik night at Valencieén.

"We've fetcht en back to quick from dead  
 But never more on earth while rose is red  
 Will drum rouse Corpel !" Doctor said  
 O' me at Valencieén.

'Twer true. No voice o' friend or foe  
 Can reach me now, or any livèn beén ;  
 And little have I power to know  
 Since then at Valencieén !

I never hear the zummer hums  
O' bees ; and don' know when the cuckoo comes ;  
But night and day I hear the bombs  
We threw at Valencieën. . . .

As for the Duke o' Yark in war,  
There may be volk whose judgment o' en is meän ;  
But this I say—he was not far  
From great at Valencieën.

O' wild wet nights, when all seems sad,  
My wovnds come back, as though new wovnds I'd had ;  
But yet—at times I'm sort o' glad  
I fout at Valencieën.

Well : Heaven wi' its jasper halls  
Is now the on'y Town I care to be in. . . .  
Good Lord, if Nick should bomb the walls  
As we did Valencieën !

1878-1897.

## SAN SEBASTIAN

(*August 1813*)

WITH THOUGHTS OF SERGEANT M—— (PENSIONER), WHO DIED 185-

“WHY, Sergeant, stray on the Ivel Way,  
As though at home there were spectres rife ?  
From first to last 'twas a proud career !  
And your sunny years with a gracious wife  
Have brought you a daughter dear.

“I watched her to-day ; a more comely maid,  
As she danced in her muslin bowed with blue,  
Round a Hintock maypole never gayed.”  
—“Aye, aye ; I watched her this day, too,  
As it happens,” the Sergeant said.

“My daughter is now,” he again began,  
“Of just such an age as one I knew  
When we of the Line, the Forlorn-hope van,  
On an August morning—a chosen few—  
Stormed San Sebastian.

"She's a score less three ; so about was *she*—  
The maiden I wronged in Peninsular days. . . .  
You may prate of your prowess in lusty times,  
But as years gnaw inward you blink your bays,  
And see too well your crimes !

"We'd stormed it at night, by the flapping light  
Of burning towers, and the mortar's boom :  
We'd topped the breach ; but had failed to stay,  
For our files were misled by the baffling gloom ;  
And we said we'd storm by day.

"So, out of the trenches, with features set,  
On that hot, still morning, in measured pace,  
Our column climbed ; climbed higher yet,  
Past the fauss'bray, scarp, up the curtain-face,  
And along the parapet.

"From the battered hornwork the cannoneers  
Hove crashing balls of iron fire ;  
On the shaking gap mount the volunteers  
In files, and as they mount expire  
Amid curses, groans, and cheers.

"Five hours did we storm, five hours re-form,  
As Death cooled those hot blood pricked on ;  
Till our cause was helped by a woe within :  
They were blown from the summit we'd leapt upon,  
And madly we entered in.

"On end for plunder, 'mid rain and thunder  
That burst with the lull of our cannonade,  
We vamped the streets in the stifling air—  
Our hunger unsoothed, our thirst unstayed—  
And ransacked the buildings there.

"From the shady vaults of their walls of white  
We rolled rich puncheons of Spanish grape,  
Till at length, with the fire of the wine alight,  
I saw at a doorway a fair fresh shape—  
A woman, a sylph, or sprite.

"Afeard she fled, and with heated head  
I pursued to the chamber she called her own ;  
—When might is right no qualms deter,  
And having her helpless and alone  
    I wreaked my will on her.

"She raised her beseeching eyes to me,  
And I heard the words of prayer she sent  
In her own soft language. . . . Fatefully  
I copied those eyes for my punishment  
    In begetting the girl you see !

"So, to-day I stand with a God-set brand  
Like Cain's, when he wandered from kindred's ken. . .  
I served through the war that made Europe free ;  
I wived me in peace-year. But, hid from men,  
    I bear that mark on me.

"Maybe we shape our offspring's guise  
From fancy, or we know not what,  
And that no deep impression dies,—  
For the mother of my child is not  
    The mother of her eyes.

"And I nightly stray on the Ivel Way  
As though at home there were spectres rife ;  
I delight me not in my proud career ;  
And 'tis coals of fire that a gracious wife  
    Should have brought me a daughter dear !"

### THE STRANGER'S SONG

(*As sung by MR. CHARLES CHARRINGTON in the play of*  
    "*The Three Wayfarers*")

O MY trade it is the rarest one,  
                    Simple shepherds all—  
    My trade is a sight to see ;  
For my customers I tie, and take 'em up on high,  
    And waft 'em to a far countree !



And met in clasp so close I had but bent  
My lifted blade on either to have let  
Their two souls loose upon the firmament.

But something held my arm. "A moment yet  
As pray-time ere you wantons die!" I said;  
And then they saw me. Swift her gaze was set

With eye and cry of love illimited  
Upon her Heart-king. Never upon me  
Had she thrown look of love so thoroughsped! . . .

At once she flung her faint form shieldingly  
On his, against the vengeance of my vows;  
The which o'erruling, her shape shielded he.

Blanked by such love, I stood as in a drowse,  
And the slow moon edged from the upland nigh,  
My sad thoughts moving thuswise: "I may house

And I may husband her, yet what am I  
But licensed tyrant to this bonded pair?  
Says Charity, Do as ye would be done by." . . .

Hurling my iron to the bushes there,  
I bade them stay. And, as if brain and breast  
Were passive, they walked with me to the stair.

Inside the house none watched; and on we prest  
Before a mirror, in whose gleam I read  
Her beauty, his,—and mine own mien unblest;

Till at her room I turned. "Madam," I said,  
"Have you the wherewithal for this? Pray speak.  
Love fills no cupboard. You'll need daily bread."

"We've nothing, sire," she lippled; "and nothing seek.  
'Twere base in me to rob my lord unware;  
Our hands will earn a pittance week by week."

And next I saw she had piled her raiment rare  
Within the garde-robres, and her household purse,  
Her jewels, her least lace of personal wear;

And stood in homespun. Now grown wholly hers,  
I handed her the gold, her jewels all,  
And him the choicest of her robes diverse.

"I'll take you to the doorway in the wall,  
And then adieu," I told them. "Friends, withdraw."  
They did so; and she went—beyond recall.

And as I paused beneath the arch I saw  
Their moonlit figures—slow, as in surprise—  
Descend the slope, and vanish on the haw.

"'Fool,' some will say," I thought.—"But who is wise,  
Save God alone, to weigh my reasons why?"  
—"Hast thou struck home?" came with the boughs' night-sighs.

It was my friend. "I have struck well. They fly,  
But carry wounds that none can cicatrize."  
—"Not mortal?" said he. "Lingering—worse," said I.

## LEIPZIG

(1813)

SCENE.—*The Master-tradesmen's Parlour at the Old Ship Inn,  
Casterbridge. Evening.*

"OLD Norbert with the flat blue cap—  
A German said to be—  
Why let your pipe die on your lap,  
Your eyes blink absently?"

—"Ah! . . . Well, I had thought till my cheek was wet  
Of my mother—her voice and mien  
When she used to sing and pirouette,  
And tap the tambourine

"To the march that yon street-fiddler plies:  
She told me 'twas the same  
She'd heard from the trumpets, when the Allies  
Burst on her home like flame.

"My father was one of the German Hussars,  
My mother of Leipzig ; but he,  
Being quartered here, fetched her at close of the wars,  
And a Wessex lad reared me.

"And as I grew up, again and again  
She'd tell, after trilling that air,  
Of her youth, and the battles on Leipzig plain  
And of all that was suffered there ! . . .

"—'Twas a time of alarms. Three Chiefs-at-arms  
Combined them to crush One,  
And by numbers' might, for in equal fight  
He stood the matched of none.

"Carl Schwarzenberg was of the plot,  
And Blücher, prompt and prow,  
And Jean the Crown-Prince Bernadotte :  
Buonaparte was the foe.

"City and plain had felt his reign  
From the North to the Middle Sea,  
And he'd now sat down in the noble town  
Of the King of Saxony.

"October's deep dew its wet gossamer threw  
Upon Leipzig's lawns, leaf-strewn,  
Where lately each fair avenue  
Wrought shade for summer noon.

"To westward two dull rivers crept  
Through miles of marsh and slough,  
Wherever a streak of whiteness swept—  
The Bridge of Lindenau.

"Hard by, in the City, the One, care-tossed,  
Sat pondering his shrunken power ;  
And without the walls the hemming host  
Waxed denser every hour.

"He had speech that night on the morrow's designs  
With his chiefs by the bivouac fire,  
While the belt of flames from the enemy's lines  
Flared nigher him yet and nigher.



“Three rockets then from the girdling trine  
Told, ‘Ready!’ As they rose  
Their flashes seemed his Judgment-Sign  
For bleeding Europe’s woes.

“’Twas seen how the French watch-fires that night  
Glowed still and steadily ;  
And the Three rejoiced, for they read in the sight  
That the One disdained to flee. . . .

“—Five hundred guns began the affray  
On next day morn at nine ;  
Such mad and mangling cannon-play  
Had never torn human line.

“Around the town three battles beat,  
Contracting like a gin ;  
As nearer marched the million feet  
Of columns closing in.

“The first battle nighed on the low Southern side ;  
The second by the Western way ;  
The nearing of the third on the North was heard ;  
—The French held all at bay.

“Against the first band did the Emperor stand ;  
Against the second stood Ney ;  
Marmont against the third gave the order-word :  
—Thus raged it throughout the day.

“Fifty thousand sturdy souls on those trampled plains and knolls,  
Who met the dawn hopefully,  
And were lotted their shares in a quarrel not theirs,  
Dropt then in their agony.

“‘O,’ the old folks said, ‘ye Preachers stern !  
O so-called Christian time !  
When will men’s swords to ploughshares turn ?  
When come the promised prime?’ . . .

“—The clash of horse and man which that day began,  
Closed not as evening wore ;  
And the morrow’s armies, rear and van,  
Still mustered more and more.

“ From the City towers the Confederate Powers  
Were eyed in glittering lines,  
And up from the vast a murmuring passed  
As from a wood of pines.

“ ‘Tis well to cover a feeble skill  
By numbers' might ! ’ scoffed He ;  
‘ But give me a third of their strength, I'd fill  
Half Hell with their soldiery ! ’

“ All that day raged the war they waged,  
And again dumb night held reign,  
Save that ever upspread from the dank deathbed  
A miles-wide pant of pain.

“ Hard had striven brave Ney, the true Bertrand,  
Victor, and Augereau,  
Bold Poniatowski, and Lauriston,  
To stay their overthrow ;

“ But, as in the dream of one sick to death  
There comes a narrowing room  
That pens him, body and limbs and breath,  
To wait a hideous doom,

“ So to Napoleon, in the hush  
That held the town and towers  
Through these dire nights, a creeping crush  
Seemed borne in with the hours.

“ One road to the rearward, and but one,  
Did fitful Chance allow ;  
’Twas where the Pleiss' and Elster run—  
The Bridge of Lindenau.

“ The nineteenth dawned. Down street and Platz  
The wasted French sank back,  
Stretching long lines across the Flats  
And on the bridgeway track :

“ When there surged on the sky an earthen wave,  
And stones, and men, as though  
Some rebel churchyard crew uprave  
Their sepulchres from below.

"To Heaven is blown Lindenau ;  
 Wrecked regiments reel therefrom ;  
 And rank and file in masses plough  
 The sullen Elster-Strom.

"A gulf was Lindenau ; and dead  
 Were fifties, hundreds, tens ;  
 And every current rippled red  
 With Marshal's blood and men's.

"The smart Macdonald swam therein,  
 And barely won the verge ;  
 Bold Poniatowski plunged him in  
 Never to re-emerge.

"Then stayed the strife. The remnants wound  
 Their Rhineward way pell-mell ;  
 And thus did Leipzig City sound  
 An Empire's passing bell ;

"While in cavalcade, with band and blade,  
 Came Marshals, Princes, Kings ;  
 And the town was theirs. . . . Ay, as simple maid,  
 My mother saw these things !

"And whenever those notes in the street begin,  
 I recall her, and that far scene,  
 And her acting of how the Allies marched in,  
 And her tap of the tambourine !"

### THE PEASANT'S CONFESSION

"Si le maréchal Grouchy avait été rejoint par l'officier que Napoléon lui avait expédié la veille à dix heures du soir, toute question eût disparu. Mais cet officier n'était point parvenu à sa destination, ainsi que le maréchal n'a cessé de l'affirmer toute sa vie, et il faut l'en croire, car autrement il n'aurait eu aucune raison pour hésiter. Cet officier avait-il été pris ? avait-il passé à l'ennemi ? C'est ce qu'on a toujours ignoré."—THIERS, *Histoire de l'Empire*.  
 "Waterloo."

GOOD Father ! . . . It was eve in middle June,  
 And war was waged anew  
 By great Napoleon, who for years had strewn  
 Men's bones all Europe through.

Three nights ere this, with columned corps he'd cross'd  
The Sambre at Charleroi,  
To move on Brussels, where the English host  
Dallied in Parc and Bois.

The yestertide we'd heard the gloomy gun  
Growl through the long-sunned day  
From Quatre-Bras and Ligny ; till the dun  
Twilight suppressed the fray ;

Albeit therein—as lated tongues bespoke—  
Brunswick's high heart was drained,  
And Prussia's Line and Landwehr, though unbroke,  
Stood cornered and constrained.

And at next noon-time Grouchy slowly passed  
With thirty thousand men :  
We hoped thenceforth no army, small or vast,  
Would trouble us again.

My hut lay deeply in a vale recessed,  
And never a soul seemed nigh  
When, reassured at length, we went to rest—  
My children, wife, and I.

But what was this that broke our humble ease ?  
What noise, above the rain,  
Above the dripping of the poplar trees  
That smote along the pane ?

—A call of mastery, bidding me arise,  
Compelled me to the door,  
At which a horseman stood in martial guise—  
Splashed—sweating from every pore.

Had I seen Grouchy ! Yes ? What track took he ?  
Could I lead thither on ?—  
Fulfilment would ensure much gold for me,  
Perhaps more gifts anon.

“I bear the Emperor's mandate,” then he said,  
“Charging the Marshal straight  
To strike between the double host ahead  
Ere they co-operate,

“Engaging Blücher till the Emperor put  
Lord Wellington to flight,  
And next the Prussians. This to set afoot  
Is my emprise to-night.”

I joined him in the mist ; but, pausing, sought  
To estimate his say.  
Grouchy had made for Wavre ; and yet, on thought,  
I did not lead that way.

I mused : “ If Grouchy thus and thus be told,  
The clash comes sheer hereon ;  
My farm is stript. While, as for gifts of gold,  
Money the French have none.

“ Grouchy unwarned, moreo'er, the English win,  
And mine is left to me—  
They buy, not borrow.”—Hence did I begin  
To lead him treacherously.

And as we edged Joidoigne with cautious view  
Dawn pierced the humid air ;  
And still I easted with him, though I knew  
Never marched Grouchy there.

Near Ottignies we passed, across the Dyle  
(Lim'lette left far aside),  
And thence direct toward Pervez and Noville  
Through green grain, till he cried :

“ I doubt thy conduct, man ! no track is here—  
I doubt thy gagèd word ! ”  
Thereat he scowled on me, and prancing near,  
He pricked me with his sword.

“ Nay, Captain, hold ! We skirt, not trace the course  
Of Grouchy,” said I then :  
“ As we go, yonder went he, with his force  
Of thirty thousand men.”

—At length noon nighed ; when west, from Saint-John's-Mound,  
A hoarse artillery boomed,  
And from Saint-Lambert's upland, chapel-crowned,  
The Prussian squadrons loomed.

Then leaping to the wet wild path we had kept,  
    " My mission fails ! " he cried ;  
" Too late for Grouchy now to intercept,  
    For, peasant, you have lied ! "

He turned to pistol me. I sprang, and drew  
    The sabre from his flank,  
And 'twixt his nape and shoulder, ere he knew,  
    I struck, and dead he sank.

I hid him deep in nodding rye and oat—  
    His shroud green stalks and loam ;  
His requiem the corn-blade's husky note—  
    And then I hastened home. . . .

—Two armies writhe in coils of red and blue,  
    And brass and iron clang  
From Goumont, past the front of Waterloo,  
    To Pap'lotte and Smohain.

The Guard Imperial wavered on the height ;  
    The Emperor's face grew glum ;  
" I sent," he said, " to Grouchy yesternight,  
    And yet he does not come ! "

'Twas then, Good Father, that the French espied,  
    Streaking the summer land,  
The men of Blucher. But the Emperor cried,  
    " Grouchy is now at hand ! "

And meanwhile Vand'leur, Vivian, Maitland, Kempt,  
    Met d'Erlon, Friant, Ney ;  
But Grouchy—mis-sent, blamed, yet blame-exempt—  
    Grouchy was far away.

By even, slain or struck, Michel the strong,  
    Bold Travers, Dnop, Delord,  
Smart Guyot, Reil-le, l'Heriter, Friant,  
    Scattered that champaign o'er.

Fallen likewise wronged Duhesme, and skilful Lobau  
    Did that red sunset see ;  
Colbert, Legros, Blancard ! . . . And of the foe  
    Picton and Ponsonby ;

With Gordon, Canning, Blackman, Ompteda,  
 L'Estrange, Delancey, Packe,  
 Grose, D'Oyly, Stables, Morice, Howard, Hay,  
 Von Schwerin, Watzdorf, Boek,

Smith, Phelps, Fuller, Lind, and Battersby,  
 And hosts of ranksmen round. . . .

Memorials linger yet to speak to thee  
 Of those that bit the ground !

The Guards' last column yielded ; dykes of dead  
 Lay between vale and ridge,  
 As, thinned yet closing, faint yet fierce, they sped  
 In packs to Genappe Bridge.

Safe was my stock ; my capple cow unslain ;  
 Intact each cock and hen ;  
 But Grouchy far at Wavre all day had lain,  
 And thirty thousand men.

O Saints, had I but lost my earing corn  
 And saved the cause once prized !

O Saints, why such false witness had I borne  
 When late I'd sympathized ! . . .

So now, being old, my children eye askance  
 My slowly dwindling store,  
 And crave my mite ; till, worn with tarriance,  
 I care for life no more.

To Almighty God henceforth I stand confessed,  
 And Virgin-Saint Marie ;

O Michael, John, and Holy Ones in rest,  
 Entreat the Lord for me !

## THE ALARM

(TRADITIONAL)

IN MEMORY OF ONE OF THE WRITER'S FAMILY WHO WAS A  
 VOLUNTEER DURING THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON

In a ferny byway  
 Near the great South-Wessex Highway,  
 A homestead raised its breakfast-smoke aloft ;  
 The dew-damps still lay steamless, for the sun had made no skyway,  
 And twilight cloaked the croft.

It was almost past conceiving  
Here, where woodbines hung inweaving,  
That quite closely hostile armaments might steer,  
Save from seeing in the porchway a fair woman mutely grieving,  
And a harnessed Volunteer.

In haste he'd flown there  
To his comely wife alone there,  
While marching south hard by, to still her fears,  
For she soon would be a mother, and few messengers were known  
there  
In these campaigning years.

'Twas time to be Good-bying,  
Since the assembly-hour was nighing  
In royal George's town at six that morn ;  
And betwixt its wharves and this retreat were ten good miles of  
hieing  
Ere ring of bugle-horn.

"I've laid in food, Dear,  
And broached the spiced and brewed, Dear ;  
And if our July hope should antedate,  
Let the char-wench mount and gallop by the halterpath and  
wood, Dear,  
And fetch assistance straight.

"As for Buonaparte, forget him ;  
He's not like to land ! But let him,  
Those strike with aim who strike for wives and sons !  
And the war-boats built to float him ; 'twere but wanted to upset  
him  
A slat from Nelson's guns !

"But, to assure thee,  
And of creeping fears to cure thee,  
If he *should* be rumoured anchoring in the Road,  
Drive with the nurse to Kingsbere ; and let nothing thence allure  
thee  
Till we have him safe-bestowed.

"Now, to turn to marching matters :—  
I've my knapsack, firelock, spatters,



Crossbelts, priming-horn, stock, bay'net, blackball, clay,  
Pouch, magazine, and flint-box that at every quick-step clatters ;—  
My heart, Dear ; that must stay ! ”

—With breathings broken  
Farewell was kissed unspoken,  
And they parted there as morning stroked the panes ;  
And the Volunteer went on, and turned, and twirled his glove for  
token,  
And took the coastward lanes.

When above He'th Hills he found him,  
He saw, on gazing round him,  
The Barrow-Beacon burning—burning low,  
As if, perhaps, enkindled ever since he'd homeward bound him ;  
And it meant : Expect the Foe !

Leaving the byway,  
He entered on the highway,  
Where were cars and chariots, faring fast inland ;  
“ He's anchored, Soldier ! ” shouted some : “ God save thee,  
marching thy way,  
Th'lt front him on the strand ! ”

He slowed ; he stopped ; he paltered  
Awhile with self, and faltered,  
“ Why courting misadventure shoreward roam ?  
To Molly, surely ! Seek the woods with her till times have  
altered ;  
Charity favours home.

“ Else, my denying  
He'd come, she'll read as lying—  
Think the Barrow-Beacon must have met my eyes—  
That my words were not unawareness, but deceit of her, while  
vying  
In deeds that jeopardize.

“ At home is stocked provision,  
And to-night, without suspicion,  
We might bear it with us to a covert near ;  
Such sin, to save a childing wife, would earn it Christ's remission,  
Though none forgive it here ! ”

While he stood thinking,  
 A little bird, perched drinking  
 Among the crowfoot tufts the river bore,  
 Was tangled in their stringy arms and fluttered, almost sinking  
 Near him, upon the moor.

He stepped in, reached, and seized it,  
 And, preening, had released it  
 But that a thought of Holy Writ occurred,  
 And Signs Divine ere battle, till it seemed him Heaven had  
 pleased it  
 As guide to send the bird.

"O Lord, direct me ! . . .  
 Doth Duty now expect me  
 To march a-coast, or guard my weak ones near ?  
 Give this bird a flight according, that I thence learn to elect me  
 The southward or the rear."

He loosed his clasp ; when, rising,  
 The bird—as if surmising—  
 Bore due to southward, crossing by the Froom,  
 And Durnover Great Field and Fort, the soldier clear advising—  
 Prompted he deemed by Whom.

Then on he panted  
 By grim Mai-Don, and slanted  
 Up the steep Ridge-way, hearkening between whiles ;  
 Till nearing coast and harbour he beheld the shore-line planted  
 With Foot and Horse for miles.

Mistrusting not the omen,  
 He gained the beach, where Yeomen  
 Militia, Fencibles and Pikemen bold,  
 With Regulars in thousands, were enmassed to meet the Foemen,  
 Whose fleet had not yet shoaled.

Captain and Colonel,  
 Sere Generals, Ensigns vernal,  
 Were there ; of neighbour-natives, Michel, Smith,  
 Meggs, Bingham, Gambier, Cunningham, to face the said  
 nocturnal  
 Swoop on thir land and kith.

But Buonaparte still tarried :  
 His project had miscarried ;  
 At the last hour, equipped for victory,  
 The fleet had paused ; his subtle combinations had been parried  
 By British strategy.

Homeward returning  
 Anon, no beacons burning,  
 No alarms, the Volunteer, in modest bliss,  
 Te Deum sang with wife and friends : " We praise Thee, Lord,  
 discerning  
 That Thou hast helped in this ! "

### HER DEATH AND AFTER

THE summons was urgent : and forth I went—  
 By the way of the Western Wall, so drear  
 On that winter night, and sought a gate,  
     Where one, by Fate,  
     Lay dying that I held dear.

And there, as I paused by her tenement,  
 And the trees shed on me their rime and hoar,  
 I thought of the man who had left her lone—  
     Him who made her his own  
     When I loved her, long before.

The rooms within had the piteous shine  
 That home-things wear when there's aught amiss ;  
 From the stairway floated the rise and fall  
     Of an infant's call,  
     Whose birth had brought her to this.

Her life was the price she would pay for that whine—  
 For a child by the man she did not love.  
 " But let that rest for ever," I said,  
     And bent my tread  
     To the bedchamber above.

She took my hand in her thin white own,  
 And smiled her thanks—though nigh too weak—  
 And made them a sign to leave us there,  
     Then faltered, ere  
     She could bring herself to speak.

"Just to see you—before I go—he'll condone  
Such a natural thing now my time's not much—  
When Death is so near it hustles hence

    All passioned sense  
    Between woman and man as such !

"My husband is absent. As heretofore  
The City detains him. But, in truth,  
He has not been kind. . . . I will speak no blame,

    But—the child is lame ;  
    O, I pray she may reach his ruth !

"Forgive past days—I can say no more—  
Maybe had we wed you would now repine ! . . .  
But I treated you ill. I was punished. Farewell !

    —Truth shall I tell ?  
    Would the child were yours and mine !

"As a wife I was true. But, such my unease  
That, could I insert a deed back in Time,  
I'd make her yours, to secure your care ;

    And the scandal bear,  
    And the penalty for the crime !"

—When I had left, and the swinging trees  
Rang above me, as lauding her candid say,  
Another was I. Her words were enough :

    Came smooth, came rough,  
    I felt I could live my day.

Next night she died ; and her obsequies  
In the Field of Tombs where the earthworks frowned  
Had her husband's heed. His tendance spent,

    I often went  
    And pondered by her mound.

All that year and the next year whiled,  
And I still went thitherward in the gloam ;  
But the Town forgot her and her nock,

    And her husband took  
    Another Love to his home.

And the rumour flew that the lame lone child  
Whom she wished for its safety child of mine,  
Was treated ill when offspring came  
    Of the new-made dame,  
And marked a more vigorous line.

A smarter grief within me wrought  
Than even at loss of her so dear—  
That the being whose soul my soul suffused  
    Had a child ill-used,  
While I dared not interfere !

One eve as I stood at my spot of thought  
In the white-stoned Garth, brooding thus her wrong,  
Her husband neared ; and to shun his nod  
    By her hallowed sod  
I went from the tombs among

To the Cirque of the Gladiators which faced—  
That haggard mark of Imperial Rome,  
Whose Pagan echoes mock the chime  
    Of our Christian time  
From its hollows of chalk and loam.

The sun's gold touch was scarce displaced  
From the vast Arena where men once bled,  
When her husband followed ; bowed ; half-passed  
    With lip upcast ;  
Then halting sullenly said :

“ It is noised that you visit my first wife's tomb.  
Now, I gave her an honoured name to bear  
While living, when dead. So I've claim to ask  
    By what right you task  
My patience by vigiling there ?

“ There's decency even in death, I assume ;  
Preserve it, sir, and keep away ;  
For the mother of my first-born you  
    Show mind undue !  
—Sir, I've nothing more to say.”

A desperate stroke discerned I then—  
God pardon—or pardon not—the lie ;  
She had sighed that she wished (lest the child should pine  
Of slights) 'twere mine,  
So I said : “ But the father I.

“ That you thought it yours is the way of men ;  
But I won her troth long ere your day :  
You learnt how, in dying, she summoned me ?  
’Twas in fealty.  
—Sir, I’ve nothing more to say,

“ Save that, if you’ll hand me my little maid,  
I’ll take her, and rear her, and spare you toil.  
Think it more than a friendly act none can ;  
I’m a lonely man.  
While you’ve a large pot to boil.

“ If not, and you’ll put it to ball or blade—  
To-night, to-morrow night, anywhen—  
I’ll meet you here. . . . But think of it,  
And in season fit  
Let me hear from you again.”

—Well, I went away, hoping ; but nought I heard  
Of my stroke for the child, till there greeted me  
A little voice that one day came  
To my window-frame  
And babbled innocently :

“ My father who’s not my own, sends word  
I’m to stay here, sir, where I belong ! ”  
Next a writing came : “ Since the child was the fruit  
Of your lawless suit,  
Pray take her, to right a wrong.”

And I did. And I gave the child my love,  
And the child loved me, and estranged us none.  
But compunctions loomed ; for I’d harmed the dead  
By what I said  
For the good of the living one.

—Yet though, God wot, I am sinner enough,  
And unworthy the woman who drew me so,  
Perhaps this wrong for her darling's good  
    She forgives, or would,  
    If only she could know !

## THE DANCE AT THE PHŒNIX

To Jenny came a gentle youth  
    From inland leazes lone,  
His love was fresh as apple-blooth  
    By Parrett, Yeo, or Tone.  
And duly he entreated her  
To be his tender minister,  
    And take him for her own.

Now Jenny's life had hardly been  
    A life of modesty ;  
And few in Casterbridge had seen  
    More loves of sorts than she  
From scarcely sixteen years above ;  
Among them sundry troopers of  
    The King's-Own Cavalry.

But each with charger, sword, and gun,  
    Had bluffed the Biscay wave ;  
And Jenny prized her rural one  
    For all the love he gave.  
She vowed to be, if they were wed,  
His honest wife in heart and head  
    From bride-ale hour to grave.

Wedded they were. Her husband's trust  
    In Jenny knew no bound,  
And Jenny kept her pure and just,  
    Till even malice found  
No sin or sign of ill to be  
In one who walked so decently  
    The duteous helpmate's round.

Two sons were born, and bloomed to men,  
And roamed, and were as not :  
Alone was Jenny left again  
As ere her mind had sought  
A solace in domestic joys,  
And ere the vanished pair of boys  
Were sent to sun her cot.

She numbered near on sixty years,  
And passed as elderly,  
When, on a day, with flushing fears,  
She learnt from shouts of glee,  
And shine of swords, and thump of drum,  
Her early loves from war had come,  
The King's-Own Cavalry.

She turned aside, and bowed her head  
Anigh Saint Peter's door ;  
"Alas for chastened thoughts !" she said ;  
"I'm faded now, and hoar,  
And yet those notes—they thrill me through,  
And those gay forms move me anew  
As they moved me of yore !" . . .

'Twas Christmas, and the Phœnix Inn  
Was lit with tapers tall,  
For thirty of the trooper men  
Had vowed to give a ball  
As "Theirs" had done ('twas handed down)  
When lying in the selfsame town  
Ere Buonaparté's fall.

That night the throbbing "Soldier's Joy,"  
The measured tread and sway  
Of "Fancy-Lad" and "Maiden Coy,"  
Reached Jenny as she lay  
Beside her spouse ; till springtide blood  
Seemed scouring through her like a flood  
That whisked the years away.

She rose, arrayed, and decked her head  
Where the bleached hairs grew thin ;  
Upon her cap two bows of red  
She fixed with hasty pin ;



Unheard descending to the street  
 She trod the flags with tune-led feet,  
 And stood before the Inn.

Save for the dancers', not a sound  
 Disturbed the icy air ;  
 No watchman on his midnight round  
 Or traveller was there ;  
 But over All-Saints', high and bright,  
 Pulsed to the music Sirius white,  
 The Wain by Bullstake Square.

She knocked, but found her further stride  
 Checked by a sergeant tall :  
 "Gay Granny, whence come you ?" he cried  
 "This is a private ball."  
 —"No one has more right here than me !  
 Ere you were born, man," answered she,  
 "I knew the regiment all !"

"Take not the lady's visit ill !"  
 The steward said ; "for see,  
 We lack sufficient partners still,  
 So, prithee, let her be !"  
 They seized and whirled her mid the maze,  
 And Jenny felt as in the days  
 Of her immodesty.

Hour chased each hour, and night advanced ;  
 She sped as shod with wings ;  
 Each time and every time she danced—  
 Reels, jigs, poussettes, and flings :  
 They cheered her as she soared and swooped,  
 (She had learnt ere art in dancing drooped  
 From hops to slothful swings).

The favourite Quick-step "Speed the Plough"—  
 (Cross hands, cast off, and wheel)—  
 "The Triumph," "Sylph," "The Row-dow-dow,"  
 Famed "Major Malley's Reel,"  
 "The Duke of York's," "The Fairy Dance,"  
 "The Bridge of Lodi" (brought from France),  
 She beat out, toe and heel.

The "Fall of Paris" clanged its close,  
And Peter's chime went four,  
When Jenny, bosom-beating, rose  
To seek her silent door.  
They tiptoed in escorting her,  
Lest stroke of heel or clink of spur  
Should break her goodman's snore.

The fire that lately burnt fell slack  
When lone at last was she ;  
Her nine-and-fifty years came back ;  
She sank upon her knee  
Beside the durn, and like a dart  
A something arrowed through her heart  
In shoots of agony.

Their footsteps died as she leant there,  
Lit by the morning star  
Hanging above the moorland, where  
The aged elm-rows are ;  
As overnight, from Pummery Ridge  
To Maembury Ring and Standfast Bridge  
No life stirred, near or far.

Though inner mischief worked amain,  
She reached her husband's side ;  
Where, toil-weary, as he had lain  
Beneath the patchwork pied  
When forthward yestereve she crept,  
And as unwitting, still he slept  
Who did in her confide.

A tear sprang as she turned and viewed  
His features free from guile ;  
She kissed him long, as when, just wooed,  
She chose his domicile.  
She felt she would give more than life  
To be the single-hearted wife  
That she had been erstwhile. . . .

Time wore to six. Her husband rose  
And struck the steel and stone ;  
He glanced at Jenny, whose repose  
Seemed deeper than his own.

With dumb dismay, on closer sight,  
 He gathered sense that in the night,  
 Or morn, her soul had flown.

When told that some too mighty strain  
 For one so many-yearred  
 Had burst her bosom's master-vein,  
 His doubts remained unstirred.  
 His Jenny had not left his side  
 Betwixt the eve and morning-tide :  
 —The King's said not a word.

Well ! times are not as times were then,  
 Nor fair ones half so free ;  
 And truly they were martial men,  
 The King's-Own Cavalry.  
 And when they went from Casterbridge  
 And vanished over Mellstock Ridge,  
 'Twas saddest morn to see.

## THE CASTERBRIDGE CAPTAINS

(KHYBER PASS, 1842)

A TRADITION OF J. B. L——, T. G. B——, AND J. L

THREE captains went to Indian wars,  
 And only one returned :  
 Their mate of yore, he singly wore  
 The laurels all had earned.

At home he sought the ancient aisle  
 Wherein, untrumped of fame,  
 The three had sat in pupilage,  
 And each had carved his name.

The names, rough-hewn, of equal size,  
 Stood on the panel still ;  
 Unequal since.—“ 'Twas theirs to aim,  
 Mine was it to fulfil ! ”

—“Who saves his life shall lose it, friends !”  
Outspake the preacher then,  
Unweeting he his listener, who  
Looked at the names again.

That he had come and they had been stayed  
Was but the chance of war :  
Another chance, and they had been here.  
And he had lain afar.

Yet saw he something in the lives  
Of those who had ceased to live  
That sphered them with a majesty  
Which living failed to give.

Transcendent triumph in return  
No longer lit his brain ;  
Transcendence rayed the distant urn  
Where slept the fallen twain.

### A SIGN-SEEKER

I MARK the months in liveries dank and dry,  
The noontides many-shaped and hued ;  
I see the nightfall shades subtrude,  
And hear the monotonous hours clang negligently by.

I view the evening bonfires of the sun  
On hills where morning rains have hissed ;  
The eyeless countenance of the mist  
Pallidly rising when the summer droughts are done.

I have seen the lightning-blade, the leaping star,  
The cauldrons of the sea in storm,  
Have felt the earthquake's lifting arm,  
And trodden where abysmal fires and snow-cones are.

I learn to prophesy the hid eclipse,  
The coming of eccentric orbs ;  
To mete the dust the sky absorbs,  
To weigh the sun, and fix the hour each planet dips.

I witness fellow earth-men surge and strive ;  
Assemblies meet, and throb, and part ;  
Death's sudden finger, sorrow's smart ;  
—All the vast various moils that mean a world alive.

But that I fain would wot of shuns my sense—  
Those sights of which old prophets tell,  
Those signs the general word so well  
As vouchsafed their unheed, denied my long suspense

In graveyard green, where his pale dust lies pent  
To glimpse a phantom parent, friend,  
Wearing his smile, and “Not the end !”  
Outbreathing softly : that were blest enlightenment :

Or, if a dead Love's lips, whom dreams reveal  
When midnight imps of King Decay  
Delve sly to solve me back to clay,  
Should leave some print to prove her spirit-kisses real ;

Or, when Earth's Frail lie bleeding of her Strong,  
If some Recorder, as in Writ,  
Near to the weary scene should flit  
And drop one plume as pledge that Heaven inscrolls the wrong

—There are who, rapt to heights of trancelike trust,  
These tokens claim to feel and see,  
Read radiant hints of times to be—  
Of heart to heart returning after dust to dust.

Such scope is granted not to lives like mine . . .  
I have lain in dead men's beds, have walked  
The tombs of those with whom I had talked,  
Called many a gone and goodly one to shape a sign,

And panted for response. But none replies ;  
No warnings loom, nor whisperings  
To open out my limitings,  
And Nescience mutely muses : When a man falls he lies.

## MY CICELY

(17—)

"ALIVE?"—And I leapt in my wonder,  
Was faint of my joyance,  
And grasses and grove shone in garments  
Of glory to me.

"She lives, in a plenteous well-being,  
To-day as aforehand ;  
The dead bore the name—though a rare one —  
The name that bore she."

She lived . . . I, afar in the city  
Of frenzy-led factions,  
Had squandered green years and maturer  
In bowing the knee

To Baals illusive and specious,  
Till chance had there voiced me  
That one I loved vainly in nonage  
Had ceased her to be.

The passion the planets had scowled on,  
And change had let dwindle,  
Her death-rumour smartly relifted  
To full apogee.

I mounted a steed in the dawning  
With acheful remembrance,  
And made for the ancient West Highway  
To far Exonb'ry.

Passing heaths, and the House of Long Sieging,  
I neared the thin steeple  
That tops the fair fane of Poore's olden  
Episcopal see ;

And, changing anew my blown bearer,  
I traversed the downland  
Whereon the bleak hill-graves of Chieftains  
Bulge barren of tree ;

And still sadly onward I followed  
 That Highway the Icen,  
 Which trails its pale riband down Wessex  
 By lynchet and lea.

Along through the Stour-bordered Forum,  
 Where Legions had wayfared,  
 And where the slow river-face glasses  
 Its green canopy,

And by Weatherbury Castle, and thencefrom  
 Through Casterbridge held I  
 Still on, to entomb her my mindsight  
 Saw stretched pallidly.

No highwayman's trot blew the night-wind  
 To me so life-weary,  
 But only the creak of a gibbet  
 Or waggoner's jee.

Triple-ramparted Maidon gloomed grayly  
 Above me from southward,  
 And north the hill-fortress of Eggar,  
 And square Pummerie.

The Nine-Pillared Cromlech, the Bride-streams,  
 The Axe, and the Otter  
 I passed, to the gate of the city  
 Where Exe scents the sea ;

Till, spent, in the graveacre pausing,  
 I learnt 'twas not *my* Love  
 To whom Mother Church had just murmured  
 A last lullaby.

—"Then, where dwells the Canon's kinswoman,  
 My friend of aforetime?"  
 I asked, to disguise my heart-heavings  
 And new ecstasy.

"She wedded."—"Ah!"—"Wedded beneath her—  
 She keeps the stage-hostel  
 Ten miles hence, beside the great Highway—  
 The famed Lions-Three.

"Her spouse was her lackey—no option  
'Twixt wedlock and worse things ;  
A lapse over-sad for a lady  
Of her pedigree !"

I shuddered, said nothing, and wandered  
To shades of green laurel :  
More ghastly than death were these tidings  
Of life's irony !

For, on my ride down I had halted  
Awhile at the Lions,  
And her—her whose name had once opened  
My heart as a key—

I'd looked on, unknowing, and witnessed  
Her jests with the tapsters,  
Her liquor-fired face, her thick accents  
In naming her fee.

"O God, why this seeming derision !'  
I cried in my anguish :  
"O once Loved, O fair Unforgotten—  
That Thing—meant it thee !

"Inurned and at peace, lost but sainted,  
Were grief I could compass ;  
Depraved—'tis for Christ's poor dependent  
A cruel decree !"

I backed on the Highway ; but passed not  
The hostel. Within there  
Too mocking to Love's re-expression  
Was Time's repartee !

Uptracking where Legions had wayfared  
By cromlechs unstoried,  
And lynchets, and sepultured Chieftains,  
In self-colloquy,

A feeling stirred in me and strengthened  
That *she* was not my Love,  
But she of the garth, who lay rapt in  
Her long reverie.



And thence till to-day I persuade me  
 That this was the true one ;  
 That Death stole intact her young dearness  
 And innocence.

Frail-witted, illuded they call me ;  
 I may be. Far better  
 To dream than to own the debasement  
 Of sweet Cicely.

Moreover I rate it unseemly  
 To hold that kind Heaven  
 Could work such device—to her ruin  
 And my misery.

So, lest I disturb my choice vision,  
 I shun the West Highway,  
 Even now, when the knaps ring with rhythme  
 From blackbird and bee ;

And feel that with slumber half-consciour  
 She rests in the church-hay,  
 Her spirit unsoiled as in youth-time  
 When lovers were we.

## HER IMMORTALITY

UPON a noon I pilgrimed through  
 A pasture, mile by mile,  
 Unto the place where last I saw  
 My dead Love's living smile.

And sorrowing I lay me down  
 Upon the heated sod :  
 It seemed as if my body pressed  
 The very ground she trod.

I lay, and thought ; and in a trance  
 She came and stood thereby—  
 The same, even to the marvellous ray  
 That used to light her eye.

"You draw me, and I come to you,  
My faithful one," she said,  
In voice that had the moving tone  
It bore ere she was wed.

"Seven years have circled since I died :  
Few now remember me ;  
My husband clasps another bride .  
My children's love has she.

"My brethren, sisters, and my friends  
Care not to meet my sprite :  
Who prized me most I did not know  
Till I passed down from sight."

I said : "My days are lonely here ;  
I need thy smile away :  
I'll use this night my ball or blade,  
And join thee ere the day."

A tremor stirred her tender lips,  
Which parted to dissuade :  
"That cannot be, O friend," she cried ;  
"Think, I am but a Shade !

"A Shade but in its mindful ones  
Has immortality ;  
By living, me you keep alive,  
By dying you slay me.

"In you resides my single power  
Of sweet continuance here ;  
On your fidelity I count  
Through many a coming year."

—I started through me at her plight,  
So suddenly confessed :  
Dismissing late distaste for life,  
I craved its bleak unrest.

"I will not die, my One of all !—  
To lengthen out thy days  
I'll guard me from minutest harms  
That may invest my ways !"

## WESSEX POEMS

She smiled and went. Since then she comes  
Oft when her birth-moon climbs,  
Or at the seasons' ingresses,  
Or anniversary times ;

But grows my grief. When I surcease,  
Through whom alone lives she,  
Her spirit ends its living lease,  
Never again to be !

## THE IVY-WIFE

I LONGED to love a full-boughed beech  
And be as high as he :  
I stretched an arm within his reach,  
And signalled unity.  
But with his drip he forced a breach,  
And tried to poison me.

I gave the grasp of partnership  
To one of other race—  
A plane : he barked him strip by strip  
From upper bough to base ;  
And me therewith ; for gone my grip,  
My arms could not enlace.

In new affection next I strove  
To coll an ash I saw,  
And he in trust received my love ;  
Till with my soft green claw  
I cramped and bound him as I wove . . .  
Such was my love : ha-ha !

By this I gained his strength and height  
Without his rivalry.  
But in my triumph I lost sight  
Of afterhaps. Soon he,  
Being bark-bound, flagged, snapped, fell outright,  
And in his fall felled me !

## A MEETING WITH DESPAIR

As evening shaped I found me on a moor  
Sight shunned to entertain :  
The black lean land, of featureless contour,  
Was like a tract in pain.

"This scene, like my own life," I said, "is one  
Where many glooms abide ;  
Toned by its fortune to a deadly dun—  
Lightless on every side."

I glanced aloft and halted, pleasure-caught  
To see the contrast there :  
The ray-lit clouds gleamed glory ; and I thought,  
"There's solace everywhere !"

Then bitter self-reproaches as I stood  
I dealt me silently  
As one perverse, misrepresenting Good  
In graceless mutiny.

Against the horizon's dim-discernèd wheel  
A form rose, strange of mould :  
That he was hideous, hopeless, I could feel  
Rather than could behold.

"'Tis a dead spot, where even the light lies spent  
To darkness !" croaked the Thing.  
"Not if you look aloft !" said I, intent  
On my new reasoning.

"Yea—but await awhile !" he cried. "Ho-ho !—  
Now look aloft and see !"  
I looked. There, too, sat night : Heaven's radiant show  
Had gone that heartened me.

## UNKNOWNING

WHEN, soul in soul reflected,  
We breathed an æthered air,  
When we neglected  
All things elsewhere,

## WESSEX POEMS

And left the friendly friendless  
 To keep our love aglow,  
     We deemed it endless . . .  
     —We did not know !

When panting passion-goaded,  
 We planned to hie away,  
     But, unforeboded,  
     All the long day  
 The storm so pierced and pattered  
 That none could up and go,  
     Our lives seemed shattered .  
     —We did not know !

When I found you helpless lying,  
 And you waived my long misprise,  
     And swore me, dying,  
     In phantom-guise  
 To wing to me when grieving,  
 And touch away my woe,  
     We kissed, believing . . .  
     —We did not know !

But though, your powers outreckoning  
 You tarry dead and dumb,  
     Or scorn my beckoning,  
     And will not come :  
 And I say, "Why thus inanely  
 Brood on her memory so !"  
     I say it vainly—  
     I feel and know !

## FRIENDS BEYOND

WILLIAM DEWY, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,  
     Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,  
 And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock churchyard  
     now !

"Gone," I call them, gone for good, that group of local hearts  
     and heads ;  
     Yet at mothy curfew-tide,  
 And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes it back from walls  
     and leads,

They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-wight who yet abide—  
 In the muted, measured note  
 Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's stillicide :

"We have triumphed: this achievement turns the bane to  
 antidote,  
 Unsuccesses to success,  
 Many thought-worn eves and morrows to a morrow free of  
 thought.

"No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old terrestrial stress ;  
 Chill detraction stirs no sigh ;  
 Fear of death has even bygone us: death gave all that we  
 possess."

*W. D.*—"Ye mid burn the old bass-viol that I set such value  
 by."

*Squire.*—"You may hold the manse in fee,  
 You may wed my spouse, may let my children's memory of  
 me die."

*Lady S.*—"You may have my rich brocades, my laces ; take each  
 household key ;  
 Ransack coffer, desk, bureau ;  
 Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con the letters kept by  
 me."

*Far.*—"Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid let the charlock  
 grow,  
 Foul the grinterns, give up thrift."

*Far. Wife.*—"If ye break my best blue china, children, I shan't  
 care or ho."

*All.*—"We've no wish to hear the tidings, how the people's  
 fortunes shift ;  
 What your daily doings are ;  
 Who are wedded, born, divided ; if your lives beat slow or swift.

"Curious not the least are we if our intents you make or mar,  
 If you quire to our old tune,  
 If the City stage still passes, if the weirs still roar afar."

—Thus, with very gods' composure, freed those crosses late  
 and soon  
 Which, in life, the Trine allow  
 (Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps beneath the moon,

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,  
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,  
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur mildly to me now.

### TO OUTER NATURE

SHOW thee as I thought thee  
When I early sought thee,  
Omen-scouting,  
All undoubting  
Love alone had wrought thee—

Wrought thee for my pleasure,  
Planned thee as a measure  
For expounding  
And resounding  
Glad things that men treasure.

O for but a moment  
Of that old endowment—  
Light to gaily  
See thy daily  
Iris-hued embowment !

But such re-adorning  
Time forbids with scorning—  
Makes me see things  
Cease to be things  
They were in my morning.

Fad'st thou, glow-forsaken,  
Darkness-overtaken !  
Thy first sweetness,  
Radiance, meetness,  
None shall re-awaken.

Why not sempiternal  
Thou and I ? Our vernal  
Brightness keeping,  
Time outleaping ;  
Passed the hodiernal !

## THOUGHTS OF PHENA

## AT NEWS OF HER DEATH

NOT a line of her writing have I,  
 Not a thread of her hair,  
 No mark of her late time as dame in her dwelling, whereby  
 I may picture her there ;  
 And in vain do I urge my unsight  
 To conceive my lost prize  
 At her close, whom I knew when her dreams were upbrimming  
 with light,  
 And with laughter her eyes.

What scenes spread around her last days,  
 Sad, shining, or dim ?  
 Did her gifts and compassions enray and enarch her sweet ways  
 With an aureate nimb ?  
 Or did life-light decline from her years,  
 And mischances control  
 Her full day-star ; unease, or regret, or forebodings, or fears  
 Disennoble her soul ?

Thus I do but the phantom retain  
 Of the maiden of yore  
 As my relic ; yet haply the best of her—fined in my brain  
 It may be the more  
 That no line of her writing have I,  
 Nor a thread of her hair,  
 No mark of her late time as dame in her dwelling, whereby  
 I may picture her there.

*March 1890.*

## MIDDLE-AGE ENTHUSIASMS

## TO M. H.

WE passed where flag and flower  
 Signalled a jocund throng ;  
 We said : " Go to, the hour  
 Is apt ! "—and joined the song ;  
 And, kindling, laughed at life and care,  
 Although we knew no laugh lay there.



We walked where shy birds stood  
 Watching us, wonder-dumb ;  
 Their friendship met our mood :  
 We cried : " We'll often come :  
 We'll come morn, noon, eve, everywhen ! "  
 —We doubted we should come again.

We joyed to see strange sheens  
 Leap from quaint leaves in shade ;  
 A secret light of greens  
 They'd for their pleasure made.  
 We said : " We'll set such sorts as these ! "  
 —We knew with night the wish would cease.

" So sweet the place," we said,  
 " Its tacit tales so dear,  
 Our thoughts, when breath has sped,  
 Will meet and mingle here ! " . . .  
 " Words ! " mused we. " Passed the mortal door  
 Our thoughts will reach this nook no more."

## IN A WOOD

*From " The Woodlanders "*

PALE beech and pine so blue,  
 Set in one clay,  
 Bough to bough cannot you  
 Live out your day ?  
 When the rains skim and skip,  
 Why mar sweet comradeship,  
 Blighting with poison-drip  
 Neighbourly spray ?

Heart-halt and spirit-lame,  
 City-opprest,  
 Unto this wood I came  
 As to a nest ;  
 Dreaming that sylvan peace  
 Offered the harrowed ease—  
 Nature a soft release  
 From men's unrest.

But, having entered in,  
 Great growths and small  
 Show them to men akin—  
 Combatants all!  
 Sycamore shoulders oak,  
 Bines the slim sapling yoke,  
 Ivy-spun halters choke  
 Elms stout and tall.

Touches from ash, O wych,  
 Sting you like scorn!  
 You, too, brave hollies, twitch  
 Sidelong from thorn.  
 Even the rank poplars bear  
 Lothly a rival's air,  
 Cankering in black despair  
 If overborne.

Since, then, no grace I find  
 Taught me of trees,  
 Turn I back to my kind,  
 Worthy as these.  
 There at least smiles abound,  
 There discourse trills around,  
 There, now and then, are found  
 Life-loyalties.

1887: 1896.

## TO A LADY

OFFENDED BY A BOOK OF THE WRITER'S

NOW that my page is exiled,—doomed, maybe,  
 Never to press thy cosy cushions more,  
 Or wake thy ready Yeas as heretofore,  
 Or stir thy gentle vows of faith in me:

Knowing thy natural receptivity,  
 I figure that, as flambeaux banish eve,  
 My sombre image, warped by insidious heave  
 Of those less forthright, must lose place in thee.

So be it. I have borne such. Let thy dreams  
 Of me and mine diminish day by day,  
 And yield their space to shine of smugger things ;  
 Till I shape to thee but in fitful gleams,  
 And then in far and feeble visitings,  
 And then surcease. Truth will be truth alway.

### TO A MOTHERLESS CHILD

AH, child, thou art but half thy darling mother's ;  
 Hers couldst thou wholly be,  
 My light in thee would outglow all in others ;  
 She would relive to me.  
 But niggard Nature's trick of birth  
 Bars, lest she overjoy,  
 Renewal of the loved on earth  
 Save with alloy.

The Dame has no regard, alas, my maiden,  
 For love and loss like mine—  
 No sympathy with mindsight memory-laden ;  
 Only with fickle eyne.  
 To her mechanic artistry  
 My dreams are all unknown,  
 And why I wish that thou couldst be  
 But One's alone !

### NATURE'S QUESTIONING

WHEN I look forth at dawning, pool,  
 Field, flock, and lonely tree,  
 All seem to gaze at me  
 Like chastened children sitting silent in a school ;  
 Their faces dulled, constrained, and worn,  
 As though the master's ways  
 Through the long teaching days  
 Had cowed them till their early zest was overborne.

Upon them stirs in lippings mere  
 (As if once clear in call,  
 But now scarce breathed at all)—

“We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us here !

“Has some Vast Imbecility,  
 Mighty to build and blend,  
 But impotent to tend,  
 Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry ?

“Or come we of an Automaton  
 Unconscious of our pains ? . . .  
 Or are we live remains  
 Of Godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone ?

“Or is it that some high Plan betides,  
 As yet not understood,  
 Of Evil stormed by Good,  
 We the Forlorn Hope over which Achievement strides ?”

Thus things around. No answerer I. . .  
 Meanwhile the winds, and rains,  
 And Earth's old glooms and pains  
 Are still the same, and Life and Death are neighbours nigh.

## THE IMPERCIPIENT

(AT A CATHEDRAL SERVICE)

THAT with this bright believing band  
 I have no claim to be,  
 That faiths by which my comrades stand  
 Seem fantasies to me,  
 And mirage-mists their Shining Land,  
 Is a strange destiny.

Why thus my soul should be consigned  
 To infelicity,  
 Why always I must feel as blind  
 To sights my brethren see,  
 Why joys they've found I cannot find,  
 Abides a mystery.

Since heart of mine knows not that ease  
 Which they know ; since it be  
 That He who breathes All's Well to these  
 Breathes no All's-Well to me,  
 My lack might move their sympathies  
 And Christian charity !

I am like a gazer who should mark  
 An inland company  
 Standing upfingered, with, " Hark ! hark !  
 The glorious distant sea ! "  
 And feel, " Alas, 'tis but yon dark  
 And wind-swept pine to me ! "

Yet I would bear my shortcomings  
 With meet tranquillity,  
 But for the charge that blessed things  
 I'd liefer not have be.  
 O, doth a bird deprived of wings  
 Go earth-bound wilfully !

Enough. As yet disquiet clings  
 About us. Rest shall we.

### AT AN INN

WHEN we as strangers sought  
 Their catering care,  
 Veiled smiles bespoke their thought  
 Of what we were.  
 They warmed as they opined  
 Us more than friends—  
 That we had all resigned  
 For love's dear ends  
 And that swift sympathy  
 With living love  
 Which quicks the world—maybe  
 The spheres above,  
 Made them our ministers,  
 Moved them to say,  
 " Ah, God, that bliss like theirs  
 Would flush our day ! "

And we were left alone  
 As Love's own pair ;  
 Yet never the love-light shone  
 Between us there !  
 But that which chilled the breath  
 Of afternoon,  
 And palsied unto death  
 The pane-fly's tune.

The kiss their zeal forctold,  
 And now deemed come,  
 Came not : within his hold  
 Love lingered numb.  
 Why cast he on our port  
 A bloom not ours ?  
 Why shaped us for his sport  
 In after-hours ?

As we seemed we were not  
 That day afar,  
 And now we seem not what  
 We aching are.  
 O severing sea and land,  
 O laws of men,  
 Ere death, once let us stand  
 As we stood then !

## THE SLOW NATURE

(AN INCIDENT OF FROMM VALLEY)

' THY husband—poor, poor Heart !—is dead—  
 Dead, out by Moreford Rise ;  
 A bull escaped the barton-shed,  
 Gored him, and there he lies ! ”

—“ Ha, ha—go away ! ’Tis a tale, methink,  
 Thou joker Kit ! ” laughed she.  
 “ I’ve known thee many a year, Kit Twink,  
 And ever hast thou fooled me ! ”

—"But, Mistress Damon—I can swear  
 Thy goodman John is dead !  
 And soon th'lt hear their feet who bear  
 His body to his bed."

So unwontedly sad was the merry man's face—  
 That face which had long deceived—  
 That she gazed and gazed ; and then could trace  
 The truth there ; and she believed.

She laid a hand on the dresser-ledge,  
 And scanned far Egdon-side ;  
 And stood ; and you heard the wind-swept sedge  
 And the rippling Froom ; till she cried :

"O my chamber's untidied, unmade my bed,  
 Though the day has begun to wear !  
 'What a slovenly hussif !' it will be said,  
 When they all go up my stair !"

She disappeared ; and the joker stood  
 Depressed by his neighbour's doom,  
 And amazed that a wife struck to widowhood  
 Thought first of her unkempt room.

But a fortnight thence she could take no food,  
 And she pined in a slow decay ;  
 While Kit soon lost his mournful mood  
 And laughed in his ancient way.

1894.

## IN A EWELEAZE NEAR WEATHERBURY

THE years have gathered grayly  
 Since I danced upon this leaze  
 With one who kindled gaily  
 Love's fitful ecstasies !  
 But despite the term as teacher,  
 I remain what I was then  
 In each essential feature  
 Of the fantasies of men.

Yet I note the little chisel  
 Of never-napping Time  
 Defacing wan and grizzel  
 The blazon of my prime.  
 When at night he thinks me sleeping  
 I feel him boring sly  
 Within my bones, and heaping  
 Quaintest pains for by-and-by.  
 Still, I'd go the world with Beauty,  
 I would laugh with her and sing,  
 I would shun divinest duty  
 To resume her worshipping.  
 But she'd scorn my brave endeavour,  
 She would not balm the breeze  
 By murmuring "Thine for ever!"  
 As she did upon this leaze.

1890.

## THE BRIDE-NIGHT FIRE

(A WESSEX TRADITION)

THEY had long met o' Zundays—her true love and she—  
 And at junketings, maypoles, and flings;  
 But she bode wi' a thirtover<sup>1</sup> uncle, and he  
 Swore by noon and by night that her goodman should be  
 Naibour Sweatley—a wight often weak at the knee  
 From taking o' sommat more cheerful than tea—  
 Who tranted,<sup>2</sup> and moved people's things.  
 She cried, "O pray pity me!" Nought would he hear;  
 Then with wild rainy eyes she obeyed.  
 She chid when her Love was for clinking off wi' her:  
 The pa'son was told, as the season drew near,  
 To throw over pu'pit the names of the pair  
 As fitting one flesh to be made.  
 The wedding-day dawned and the morning drew on;  
 The couple stood bridegroom and bride;  
 The evening was passed, and when midnight had gone  
 The feasters horned,<sup>3</sup> "God save the King," and anon  
 The pair took their homealong<sup>4</sup> ride.

<sup>1</sup> *thirtover*, cross.

<sup>3</sup> *horned*, sang loudly.

<sup>2</sup> *tranted*, traded as carrier.

<sup>4</sup> *homealong*, homeward.



The lover Tim Tankens mourned heart-sick and leer<sup>1</sup>  
 To be thus of his darling deprived :  
 He roamed in the dark ath'art field, mound, and mere,  
 And, a'most without knowing it, found himself near  
 The house of the tranter, and now of his Dear,  
 Where the lantern-light showed 'em arrived.

The bride sought her chamber so calm and so pale  
 That a Northern had thought her resigned ;  
 But to eyes that had seen her in tidetimes<sup>2</sup> of weal,  
 Like the white cloud o' smoke, the red battlefield's vail,  
 That look spak' of havoc behind.

The bridegroom yet laitered a beaker to drain,  
 Then reeled to the linhay<sup>3</sup> for more,  
 When the candle-snoff kindled some chaff from his grain—  
 Flames spread, and red vlankers<sup>4</sup> wi' might and wi' main  
 Around beams, thatch, and chimley-tun<sup>5</sup> roar.

Young Tim away yond, rafted<sup>6</sup> up by the light,  
 Through brimbles and underwood tears,  
 Till he comes to the orchet, when crooping<sup>7</sup> from sight  
 In the lewth<sup>8</sup> of a codlin-tree, bivering<sup>9</sup> wi' fright,  
 Wi' on'y her night-rail to cover her plight,  
 His lonesome young Barbree appears.

Her cwoId little figure half-naked he views  
 Played about by the frolicsome breeze,  
 Her light-tripping totties,<sup>10</sup> her ten little tooes,  
 All bare and besprinkled wi' Fall's<sup>11</sup> chilly dews,  
 While her great gallied<sup>12</sup> eyes through her hair hanging loose  
 Shone as stars through a tardle<sup>13</sup> o' trees.

She eyed him ; and, as when a weir-hatch is drawn,  
 Her tears, penned by terror afore,  
 With a rushing of sobs in a shower were strawn,  
 Till her power to pour 'em seemed wasted and gone  
 From the heft<sup>14</sup> o' misfortune she bore.

<sup>1</sup> *leer*, empty-stomached.

<sup>3</sup> *linhay*, lean-to building.

<sup>5</sup> *chimley-tun*, chimney-stack.

<sup>7</sup> *crooping*, squatting down.

<sup>9</sup> *bivering*, with chattering teeth

<sup>11</sup> *Fall*, autumn.

<sup>13</sup> *tardle*, entanglement.

<sup>2</sup> *tidetimes*, holidays.

<sup>4</sup> *vlankers*, fire-flakes.

<sup>6</sup> *rafted*, roused.

<sup>8</sup> *lewth*, shelter.

<sup>10</sup> *totties*, feet.

<sup>12</sup> *gallied*, frightened.

<sup>14</sup> *heft*, weight.

"O Tim, my *own* Tim I must call 'ee—I will!

All the world has turned round on me so!  
Can you help her who loved 'ee, though acting so ill?  
Can you pity her misery—feel for her still?  
When worse than her body so quivering and chill  
Is her heart in its winter o' woe!

"I think I mid<sup>1</sup> almost ha' borne it," she said,

"Had my griefs one by one come to hand;  
But O, to be slave to thik husbird,<sup>2</sup> for bread,  
And then, upon top o' that, driven to wed,  
And then, upon top o' that, burnt out o' bed,  
Is more than my nater can stand!"

Like a lion 'ithin en Tim's spirit outsprung—  
(Tim had a great soul when his feelings were wrung)—

"Feel for 'ee, dear Barbree?" he cried;  
And his warm working-jacket then straightway he flung  
Round about her, and horsed her by jerks, till she clung  
Like a chiel on a gipsy, her figure uphung  
By the sleeves that he tightly had tied.

Over piggeries, and mixens,<sup>3</sup> and apples, and hay,  
They lumped<sup>4</sup> straight into the night;  
And finding ere long where a halter-path<sup>5</sup> lay,  
Sighted Tim's house by dawn, on'y seen on their way  
By a naibour or two who were up wi' the day,  
But who gathered no clue to the sight.

Then tender Tim Tankens he searched here and there  
For some garment to clothe her fair skin;  
But though he had breeches and waistcoats to spare,  
He had nothing quite seemly for Barbree to wear,  
Who, half shrammed<sup>6</sup> to death, stood and cried on a chair  
At the caddle<sup>7</sup> she found herself in.

There was one thing to do, and that one thing he did,  
He lent her some clothes of his own,

<sup>1</sup> mid, might.

<sup>3</sup> mixens, manure-heaps.

<sup>5</sup> halter-path, bridle-path.

<sup>2</sup> thik husbird, that rascal.

<sup>4</sup> lumped, stumbled.

<sup>6</sup> shrammed, numbed.

<sup>7</sup> caddle, quandary.

And she took 'em perforce ; and while swiftly she slid  
 Them upon her Tim turned to the winder, as bid,  
 Thinking, "O that the picter my duty keeps hid  
 To the sight o' my eyes mid<sup>1</sup> be shown !"

In the tallet<sup>2</sup> he stowed her ; there huddled<sup>3</sup> she lay,  
 Shortening sleeves, legs, and tails to her limbs ;  
 But most o' the time in a mortal bad way,  
 Well knowing that there'd be the divel to pay  
 If 'twere found that, instead o' the element's prey,  
 She was living in lodgings at Tim's.

"Where's the tranter ?" said men and boys ; "where cau  
 he be ?"  
 "Where's the tranter ?" said Barbree alone.  
 "Where on e'th is the tranter ?" said everybod-y :  
 They sifted the dust of his perished roof-tree,  
 And all they could find was a bone.

Then the uncle cried, "Lord, pray have mercy on me !"  
 And in terror began to repent.  
 But before 'twas complete, and till sure she was free,  
 Barbree drew up her loft-ladder, tight turned her key—  
 Tim bringing up breakfast and dinner and tea—  
 Till the news of her hiding got vent.

Then followed the custom-kept rout, shout, and flare  
 Of a skimmity-ride<sup>4</sup> through the naighbourhood, ere  
 Folk had proof o' wold<sup>5</sup> Sweatley's decay.  
 Whereupon decent people all stood in a stare,  
 Saying Tim and his lodger should risk it, and pair :  
 So he took her to church. An' some laughing lads there  
 Cried to Tim, "After Sweatley !" She said, "I declare  
 I stand as a maiden to-day !"

*Written 1866 ; printed 1875.*

<sup>1</sup> mid, might.  
<sup>3</sup> huddled, hidden.

<sup>2</sup> tallet, loft.  
<sup>4</sup> skimmity-ride, satirical procession with effigies.  
<sup>5</sup> wold, old.

And moralists, reflecting, said,  
 As "dust to dust" anon was read  
 And echoed from each coffin-lid,  
 "These men were like in all they did."

1866.

## LINES

*Spoken by Miss ADA REHAN at the Lyceum Theatre, July 23,  
 1890, at a performance on behalf of Lady Jeune's Holiday  
 Fund for City Children.*

BEFORE we part to alien thoughts and aims,  
 Permit the one brief word the occasion claims :  
 —When mumming and grave motives are allied,  
 Perhaps an Epilogue is justified.

Our under-purpose has, in truth, to-day  
 Commanded most our musings ; least the play :  
 A purpose futile but for your good-will  
 Swiftly responsive to the cry of ill :  
 A purpose all too limited !— to aid  
 Frail human flowerets, sicklied by the shade,  
 In winning some short spell of upland breeze,  
 Or strengthening sunlight on the level leas.

Who has not marked, where the full cheek should be,  
 Incipient lines of lank flaccidity,  
 Lymphatic pallor where the pink should glow,  
 And where the throb of transport, pulses low ?—  
 Most tragical of shapes from Pole to Line,  
 O wondering child, unwitting Time's design,  
 Why should Man add to Nature's quandary,  
 And worsen ill by thus immuring thee ?  
 —That races do despite unto their own,  
 That Might supernal do indeed condone  
 Wrongs individual for the general ease,  
 Instance the proof in victims such as these.

Launched into thoroughfares too thronged before,  
 Mothered by those whose protest is "No more !"

Vitalized without option : who shall say  
 That did Life hang on choosing—Yea or Nay—  
 They had not scorned it with such penalty,  
 And nothingness implored of Destiny?

And yet behind the horizon smile serene  
 The down, the cornland, and the stretching green—  
 Space—the child's heaven : scenes which at least ensure  
 Some palliative for ill they cannot cure.

Dear friends—now moved by this poor show of ours  
 To make your own long joy in buds and bowers  
 For one brief while the joy of infant eyes,  
 Changing their urban murk to paradise—  
 You have our thanks !—may your reward include  
 More than our thanks, far more : their gratitude.

SAVILE CLUB, *Midnight*, July 1890.

### “I LOOK INTO MY GLASS”

I LOOK into my glass,  
 And view my wasting skin,  
 And say, “Would God it came to pass  
 My heart had shrunk as thin !”

For then, I, undistrest  
 By hearts grown cold to me,  
 Could lonely wait my endless rest  
 With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,  
 Part steals, lets part abide ;  
 And shakes this fragile frame at eve  
 With throbbings of noontide.

POEMS OF  
THE PAST AND THE PRESENT



## PREFACE

HEREWITH I tender my thanks to the editors and proprietors of the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Westminster Gazette*, *Literature*, the *Graphic*, *Cornhill*, *Sphere*, and other papers, for permission to reprint from their pages such of the following pieces of verse as have already been published.

Of the subject-matter of this volume—even that which is in other than narrative form—much is dramatic or impersonative even where not explicitly so. Moreover, that portion which may be regarded as individual comprises a series of feelings and fancies written down in widely differing moods and circumstances, and at various dates. It will probably be found, therefore, to possess little cohesion of thought or harmony of colouring. I do not greatly regret this. Unadjusted impressions have their value, and the road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena as they are forced upon us by chance and change.

T.H.

*August 1901.*





V.R. 1819-1901

A REVERIE

THE mightiest moments pass uncalendared,  
And when the Absolute  
In backward Time pronounced the deedful word  
Whereby all life is stirred :  
“ Let one be born and throned whose mould shall constitute  
The norm of every royal-reckoned attribute,”  
No mortal knew or heard.

But in due days the purposed Life outshone—  
Serene, sagacious, free ;  
Her waxing seasons bloomed with deeds well done,  
And the world's heart was won . . .  
Yet may the deed of hers most bright in eyes to be  
Lie hid from ours—as in the All-One's thought lay she—  
Till ripening years have run.

SUNDAY NIGHT,  
*27th January 1901.*

## WAR POEMS

### EMBARCATION

*(Southampton Docks : October 1899)*

HERE, where Vespasian's legions struck the sands,  
And Cerdic with his Saxons entered in,  
And Henry's army leapt afloat to win  
Convincing triumphs over neighbour lands,

Vaster battalions press for further strands,  
To argue in the selfsame bloody mode  
Which this late age of thought, and pact, and code,  
Still fails to mend.—Now deckward tramp the bands,

Yellow as autumn leaves, alive as spring ;  
And as each host draws out upon the sea  
Beyond which lies the tragical To-be,  
None dubious of the cause, none murmuring,

Wives, sisters, parents, wave white hands and smile,  
As if they knew not that they weep the while.

### DEPARTURE

*(Southampton Docks : October 1899)*

WHILE the far farewell music thins and fails,  
And the broad bottoms rip the bearing brine—  
All smalling slowly to the gray sea-line—  
And each significant red smoke-shaft pales,

Keen sense of severance everywhere prevails,  
Which shapes the late long tramp of mounting men  
To seeming words that ask and ask again :  
“How long, O striving Teutons, Slavs, and Gaels

Must your wroth reasonings trade on lives like these,  
That are as puppets in a playing hand ?—  
When shall the saner softer politics  
Whereof we dream, have sway in each proud land  
And patriotism, grown Godlike, scorn to stand  
Bondslave to realms, but circle earth and seas ?”

## THE COLONEL'S SOLILOQUY

*(Southampton Docks : October 1899)*

“THE quay recedes. Hurrah ! Ahead we go !  
It's true I've been accustomed now to home,  
And joints get rusty, and one's limbs may grow  
More fit to rest than roam.

“But I can stand as yet fair stress and strain :  
There's not a little steel beneath the rust ;  
My years mount somewhat, but here's to't again !  
And if I fall, I must.

“God knows that for myself I have scanty care ;  
Past scrimmages have proved as much to all ;  
In Eastern lands and South I have had my share  
Both of the blade and ball.

“And where those villains ripped me in the flitch  
With their old iron in my early time,  
I'm apt at change of wind to feel a twitch,  
Or at a change of clime.

"And what my mirror shows me in the morning  
Has more of blotch and wrinkle than of bloom ;  
My eyes, too, heretofore all glasses scorning,  
Have just a touch of rheum. . . .

"Now sounds 'The Girl I've left behind me,'—Ah,  
The years, the ardours, wakened by that tune !  
Time was when, with the crowd's farewell 'Hurrah !  
'Twould lift me to the moon.

"But now it's late to leave behind me one  
Who if, poor soul, her man goes underground,  
Will not recover as she might have done  
In days when hopes abound.

"She's waving from the wharfside, palely grieving,  
As down we draw. . . . Her tears make little show  
Yet now she suffers more than at my leaving  
Some twenty years ago !

"I pray those left at home will care for her ;  
I shall come back ; I have before ; though when  
The Girl you leave behind you is a grandmother,  
Things may not be as then."

## THE GOING OF THE BATTERY

### WIVES' LAMENT

(*November 2, 1899*)

#### I

O IT was sad enough, weak enough, mad enough—  
Light in their loving as soldiers can be—  
First to risk choosing them, leave alone losing them  
Now, in far battle, beyond the South Sea ! . . .

## II

—Rain came down drenchingly ; but we unblenchingly  
Trudged on beside them through mirk and through mire,  
They stepping steadily—only too readily !—  
Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.

## III

Great guns were gleaming there, living things seeming there,  
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, upmouthed to the night ;  
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to felloe,  
Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.

## IV

Gas-glimmers drearily, bleakly, eerily  
Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,  
While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them  
Not to court perils that honour could miss.

## V

Sharp were those sighs of ours, blinded these eyes of ours,  
When at last moved away under the arch  
All we loved. Aid for them each woman prayed for them,  
Treading back slowly the track of their march.

## VI

Some one said : “ Nevermore will they come : evermore  
Are they now lost to us.” O it was wrong !  
Though may be hard their ways, some Hand will guard their  
ways,  
Bear them through safely, in brief time or long.

## VII

—Yet, voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,  
Hint in the night-time when life beats are low  
Other and graver things. . . . Hold we to braver things,  
Wait we, in trust, what Time’s fulness shall show.

## AT THE WAR OFFICE, LONDON

*(Affixing the Lists of Killed and Wounded: December 1899)*

## I

LAST year I called this world of gaingivings  
 The darkest thinkable, and questioned sadly  
 If my own land could heave its pulse less gladly,  
 So charged it seemed with circumstance that brings  
                     The tragedy of things.

## II

Yet at that censured time no heart was rent  
 Or feature blanched of parent, wife, or daughter  
 By hourly posted sheets of scheduled slaughter;  
 Death waited Nature's wont; Peace smiled unshent  
                     From Ind to Occident.

## A CHRISTMAS GHOST-STORY

SOUTH of the Line, inland from far Durban,  
 A mouldering soldier lies—your countryman.  
 Awry and doubled up are his gray bones,  
 And on the breeze his puzzled phantom moans  
 Nightly to clear Canopus: "I would know  
 By whom and when the All-Earth-gladdening Law  
 Of Peace, brought in by that Man Crucified,  
 Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?  
 And what of logic or of truth appears  
 In tacking 'Anno Domini' to the years?  
 Near twenty-hundred liveried thus have hied,  
 But tarries yet the Cause for which He died."

*Christmas-eve 1899.*

DRUMMER HODGE

I

THEY throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest  
 Uncoffined—just as found :  
 His landmark is a kopje-crest  
 That breaks the veldt around ;  
 And foreign constellations west  
 Each night above his mound.

II

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew—  
 Fresh from his Wessex home—  
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,  
 The Bush, the dusty loam,  
 And why uprose to nightly view  
 Strange stars amid the gloam.

III

Yet portion of that unknown plain  
 Will Hodge for ever be ;  
 His homely Northern breast and brain  
 Grow to some Southern tree,  
 And strange-eyed constellations reign  
 His stars eternally.

A WIFE IN LONDON

(December 1899)

I

SHE sits in the tawny vapour  
 That the Thames-side lanes have uprolled,  
 Behind whose webby fold on fold  
 Like a waning taper  
 The street-lamp glimmers cold.

A messenger's knock cracks smartly,  
 Flashed news is in her hand  
 Of meaning it dazes to understand  
 Though shaped so shortly :  
*He—has fallen—in the far South Land. .*



## II

'Tis the morrow ; the fog hangs thicker,  
 The postman nears and goes :  
 A letter is brought whose lines disclose  
 By the firelight flicker  
 His hand, whom the worm now knows :  
 Fresh—firm—penned in highest feather—  
 Page-full of his hoped return,  
 And of home-planned jaunts by brake and burn  
 In the summer weather,  
 And of new love that they would learn.

## THE SOULS OF THE SLAIN

## I

THE thick lids of Night closed upon me  
 Alone at the Bill  
 Of the Isle by the Race<sup>1</sup>—  
 Many-caverned, bald, wrinkled of face—  
 And with darkness and silence the spirit was on me  
 To brood and be still.

## II

No wind fanned the flats of the ocean,  
 Or promontory sides,  
 Or the ooze by the strand,  
 Or the bent-bearded slope of the land,  
 Whose base took its rest amid everlong motion  
 Of criss-crossing tides.

## III

Soon from out of the Southward seemed nearing  
 A whirr, as of wings  
 Waved by mighty-vanned flies,  
 Or by night-moths of measureless size,  
 And in softness and smoothness wel-nigh beyond hearing  
 Of corporal things.

<sup>1</sup> The "Race" is the turbulent sea-area off the Bill of Portland, where contrary tides meet.

## IV

And they bore to the bluff, and alighted—  
A dim-discerned train  
Of sprites without mould,  
Frameless souls none might touch or might hold—  
On the ledge by the turreted lantern, far-sighted  
By men of the main.

## V

And I heard them say "Home!" and I knew them  
For souls of the felled  
On the earth's nether bord  
Under Capricorn, whither they'd warred,  
And I neared in my awe, and gave heedfulness to them  
With breathings inheld.

## VI

Then, it seemed, there approached from the northward  
A senior soul-flame  
Of the like filmy hue :  
And he met them and spake : "Is it you,  
O my men?" Said they, "Aye! We bear homeward and  
hearthward  
To feast on our fame!"

## VII

"I've flown there before you," he said then :  
"Your households are well ;  
But—your kin linger less  
On your glory and war-mightiness  
Than on dearer things."—"Dearer?" cried these from the  
dead then,  
"Of what do they tell?"

## VIII

"Some mothers muse sadly, and murmur  
Your doings as boys—  
Recall the quaint ways  
Of your babyhood's innocent days.  
Some pray that, ere dying, your faith had grown firmer,  
And higher your joys.

## IX

“A father broods : ‘ Would I had set him  
 To some humble trade,  
 And so slacked his high fire,  
 And his passionate martial desire ;  
 And told him no stories to woo him and whet him  
 To this dire crusade ! ’ ”

## X

“And, General, how hold out our sweethearts,  
 Sworn loyal as doves ? ”  
 —“ Many mourn ; many think  
 It is not unattractive to prink  
 Them in sables for heroes. Some fickle and fleet hearts  
 Have found them new loves.”

## XI

“And our wives ? ” quoth another resignedly,  
 “ Dwell they on our deeds ? ”  
 —“ Deeds of home ; that live yet  
 Fresh as new—deeds of fondness or fret ;  
 Ancient words that were kindly expressed or unkindly,  
 These, these have their heeds.”

## XII

—“ Alas ! then it seems that our glory  
 Weighs less in their thought  
 Than our old homely acts,  
 And the long-ago commonplace facts  
 Of our lives—held by us as scarce part of our story,  
 And rated as nought ! ”

## XIII

Then bitterly some : “ Was it wise now  
 To raise the tomb-door  
 For such knowledge ? Away ! ”  
 But the rest : “ Fame we prized till to-day ;  
 Yet that hearts keep us green for old kindness we prize now  
 A thousand times more ! ”

## XIV

Thus speaking, the trooped apparitions  
Began to disband  
And resolve them in two :  
Those whose record was lovely and true  
Bore to northward for home : those of bitter traditions  
Again left the land,

## XV

And, towering to seaward in legions,  
They paused at a spot  
Overbending the Race—  
That engulfing, ghast, sinister place—  
Whither headlong they plunged, to the fathomless regions  
Of myriads forgot.

## XVI

And the spirits of those who were homing  
Passed on, rushingly,  
Like the Pentecost Wind ;  
And the whirr of their wayfaring thinned  
And surceased on the sky, and but left in the gloaming  
Sea-mutterings and me.

*December 1899.*

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS' WIVES AND  
SWEETHEARTS

## I

At last ! In sight of home again,  
Of home again ;  
No more to range and roam again  
As at that bygone time ?  
No more to go away from us  
And stay from us ?—  
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,  
But quicken it to prime !

## II

Now all the town shall ring to them,  
     Shall ring to them,  
 And we who love them cling to them  
     And clasp them joyfully ;  
 And cry, " O much we'll do for you  
     Anew for you,  
 Dear Loves !—aye, draw and hew for you,  
     Come back from oversea."

## III

Some told us we should meet no more,  
     Yea, meet no more !—  
 Should wait, and wish, but greet no more  
     Your faces round our fires ;  
 That, in a while, uncharily  
     And drearily  
 Men gave their lives—even wearily,  
     Like those whom living tires.

## IV

And now you are nearing home again,  
     Dears, home again ;  
 No more, may be, to roam again  
     As at that bygone time,  
 Which took you far away from us  
     To stay from us ;  
 Dawn, hold not long the day from us,  
     But quicken it to prime !

## THE SICK BATTLE-GOD

## I

IN days when men found joy in war,  
 A God of Battles sped each mortal jar ;  
 The peoples pledged him heart and hand,  
 From Israel's land to isles afar.

## II

His crimson form, with clang and chime,  
Flashed on each murk and murderous meeting-time,  
And kings invoked, for rape and raid,  
His fearsome aid in rune and rhyme.

## III

On bruise and blood-hole, scar and seam,  
On blade and bolt, he flung his fulgid beam :  
His haloes rayed the very gore,  
And corpses wore his glory-gleam.

## IV

Often an early King or Queen,  
And storied hero onward, caught his sheen ;  
'Twas glimpsed by Wolfe, by Ney anon,  
And Nelson on his blue demesne.

## V

But new light spread. That god's gold nimb  
And blazon have waned dimmer and more dim ;  
Even his flushed form begins to fade,  
Till but a shade is left of him.

## VI

That modern meditation broke  
His spell, that penmen's pleadings dealt a stroke,  
Say some ; and some that crimes too dire  
Did much to mire his crimson cloak.

## VII

Yea, seeds of crescent sympathy  
Were sown by those more excellent than he,  
Long known, though long condemned till then—  
The gods of men in amity.

## VIII

Souls have grown seers, and thought outbrings  
The mournful many-sidedness of things  
With foes as friends, enfeebling ired  
And fury-fires by gaingivings !

## IX

He rarely gladdens champions now ;  
They do and dare, but tensely—pale of brow ;  
And would they fain uplift the arm  
Of that weak form they know not how.

## X

Yet wars arise, though zest grows cold ;  
Wherefore, at times, as if in ancient mould  
He looms, bepatched with paint and lath ;  
But never hath he seemed the old !

## XI

Let men rejoice, let men deplore,  
The lurid Deity of heretofore  
Succumbs to one of saner nod ;  
The Battle-god is god no more.

## POEMS OF PILGRIMAGE

### GENOA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

(*March 1887*)

O EPIC-FAMED, god-haunted Central Sea,  
Heave careless of the deep wrong done to thee  
When from Torino's track I saw thy face first flash on me.

And multimarbled Genova the Proud,  
Gleam all unconscious how, wide-lipped, up-browed,  
I first beheld thee clad—not as the Beauty but the Dowd.

Out from a deep-delved way my vision lit  
On housebacks pink, green, ochreous—where a slit  
Shoreward 'twixt row and row revealed the classic blue through it.

And thereacross waved fishwives' high-hung smocks,  
Chrome kerchiefs, scarlet hose, darned underfrocks ;  
Often since when my dreams of thee, O Queen, that frippery  
mocks :

Whereat I grieve, Superba ! . . . Afterhours  
Within Palazzo Doria's orange bowers  
Went far to mend these marrings of thy soul-subliming powers.

But, Queen, such squalid undress none should see,  
Those dream-endangering eyewounds no more be  
Where lovers first behold thy form in pilgrimage to thee.



## SHELLEY'S SKYLARK

*(The neighbourhood of Leghorn: March 1887)*

SOMEWHERE afield here something lies  
In Earth's oblivious eyeless trust  
That moved a poet to prophecies—  
A pinch of unseen, unguarded dust :

The dust of the lark that Shelley heard,  
And made immortal through times to be ;—  
Though it only lived like another bird,  
And knew not its immortality :

Lived its meek life ; then, one day, fell—  
A little ball of feather and bone ;  
And how it perished, when piped farewell,  
And where it wastes, are alike unknown.

Maybe it rests in the loam I view,  
Maybe it throbs in a myrtle's green,  
Maybe it sleeps in the coming hue  
Of a grape on the slopes of yon inland scene.

Go find it, faeries, go and find  
That tiny pinch of priceless dust,  
And bring a casket silver-lined,  
And framed of gold that gems encrust ;

And we will lay it safe therein,  
And consecrate it to endless time ;  
For it inspired a bard to win  
Ecstatic heights in thought and rhyme.

## IN THE OLD THEATRE, FIESOLE

*(April 1887)*

I TRACED the Circus whose gray stones incline  
Where Rome and dim Etruria interjoin,  
Till came a child who showed an ancient coin  
That bore the image of a Constantine.

She lightly passed ; nor did she once opine  
How, better than all books, she had raised for me  
In swift perspective Europe's history  
Through the vast years of Cæsar's sceptred line.

For in my distant plot of English loam  
'Twas but to delve, and straightway there to find  
Coins of like impress. As with one half blind  
Whom common simples cure, her act flashed home  
In that mute moment to my opened mind  
The power, the pride, the reach of perished Rome.

### ROME: ON THE PALATINE

*(April 1887)*

WE walked where Victor Jove was shrined awhile,  
And passed to Livia's rich red mural show,  
Whence, thridding cave and Criptoportico,  
We gained Caligula's dissolving pile.

And each ranked ruin tended to beguile  
The outer sense, and shape itself as though  
It wore its marble gleams, its pristine glow  
Of scenic frieze and pompous peristyle.

When lo, swift hands, on strings nigh overhead,  
Began to melodize a waltz by Strauss :  
It stirred me as I stood, in Cæsar's house,  
Raised the old routs Imperial lyres had led,

And blended pulsing life with lives long done,  
Till Time seemed fiction, Past and Present one.

### ROME

#### BUILDING A NEW STREET IN THE ANCIENT QUARTER

*(April 1887)*

THESE umbered cliffs and gnarls of masonry  
Outskeleton Time's central city, Rome ;  
Whereof each arch, entablature, and dome  
Lies bare in all its gaunt anatomy.

And cracking frieze and rotten metope  
Express, as though they were an open tome  
Top-lined with caustic monitory gnome ;  
“Dunces, Learn here to spell Humanity !”

And yet within these ruins' very shade  
The singing workmen shape and set and join  
Their frail new mansion's stuccoed cove and quoin  
With no apparent sense that years abrade,  
Though each rent wall their feeble works invade  
Once shamed all such in power of pier and groin.

## ROME

### THE VATICAN: SALA DELLE MUSE

(1887)

I SAT in the Muses' Hall at the mid of the day,  
And it seemed to grow still, and the people to pass away,  
And the chiselled shapes to combine in a haze of sun,  
Till beside a Carrara column there gleamed forth One.

She looked not this nor that of those beings divine,  
But each and the whole—an essence of all the Nine ;  
With tentative foot she neared to my halting-place,  
A pensive smile on her sweet, small, marvellous face.

“Regarded so long, we render thee sad ?” said she.  
“Not you,” sighed I, “but my own inconstancy !  
I worship each and each ; in the morning one,  
And then, alas ! another at sink of sun.

“To-day my soul clasps Form ; but where is my troth  
Of yesternight with Tune : can one cleave to both ?”  
—“Be not perturbed,” said she. “Though apart in fame,  
As I and my sisters are one, those, too, are the same.”

—“But my love goes further—to Story, and Dance, and Hymn,  
The lover of all in a sun-sweep is fool to whim—  
Is swayed like a river-weed as the ripples run !”  
—“Nay, wooer, thou sway'st not. These are but phases of one ;

"And that one is I ; and I am projected from thee,  
 One that out of thy brain and heart thou causest to be—  
 Extern to thee nothing. Grieve not, nor thyself becall,  
 Woo where thou wilt ; and rejoice thou canst love at all ! "

## ROME

AT THE PYRAMID OF CESTIUS NEAR THE  
GRAVES OF SHELLEY AND KEATS

(1887)

WHO, then, was Cestius,  
 And what is he to me?—  
 Amid thick thoughts and memories multitudinous  
 One thought alone brings he.

I can recall no word  
 Of anything he did ;  
 For me he is a man who died and was interred  
 To leave a pyramid

Whose purpose was exprest  
 Not with its first design,  
 Nor till, far down in Time, beside it found their rest  
 Two countrymen of mine.

Cestius in life, maybe,  
 Slew, breathed out threatening ;  
 I know not. This I know : in death all silently  
 He does a finer thing,

In beckoning pilgrim feet  
 With marble finger high  
 To where, by shadowy wall and history-haunted street,  
 Those matchless singers lie. . . .

—Say, then, he lived and died  
 That stones which bear his name  
 Should mark, through Time, where two immortal Shades abide ;  
 It is an ample fame.

LAUSANNE  
IN GIBBON'S OLD GARDEN: 11-12 P.M.

June 27, 1897

(The 110th anniversary of the completion of the "Decline and Fall" at  
the same hour and place)

A SPIRIT seems to pass,  
Formal in pose, but grave withal and grand:  
He contemplates a volume in his hand,  
And far lamps fleck him through the thin acacias.

Anon the book is closed,  
With "It is finished!" And at the alley's end  
He turns, and when on me his glances bend  
As from the Past comes speech—small, muted, yet composed.

"How fares the Truth now?—Ill?  
—Do pens but slily further her advance?  
May one not speed her but in phrase askance?  
Do scribes aver the Comic to be Reverend still?

"Still rule those minds on earth  
At whom sage Milton's wormwood words were hurled:  
'Truth like a bastard comes into the world  
*Never without ill-fame to him who gives her birth*'?"

ZERMATT  
TO THE MATTERHORN

(June-July 1897)

THIRTY-TWO years since, up against the sun,  
Seven shapes, thin atomies to lower sight,  
Labouringly leapt and gained thy gabled height,  
And four lives paid for what the seven had won.

They were the first by whom the deed was done,  
And when I look at thee, my mind takes flight  
To that day's tragic feat of manly might,  
As though, till then, of history thou hadst none.

Yet ages ere men topped thee, late and soon  
Thou didst behold the planets lift and lower ;  
Saw'st, maybe, Joshua's pausing sun and moon,  
And the betokening sky when Cæsar's power  
Approached its bloody end ; yea, even that Noon  
When darkness filled the earth till the ninth hour

THE BRIDGE OF LODI<sup>1</sup>

(*Spring* 1887)

## I

WHEN of tender mind and body,  
I was moved by minstrelsy,  
And that air "The Bridge of Lodi"  
Brought a strange delight to me.

## II

In the battle-breathing jingle  
Of its forward-footing tune  
I could see the armies mingle,  
And the columns crushed and hewr.

## III

On that far-famed spot by Lodi  
Where Napoleon clove his way  
To his fame, when like a god he  
Bent the nations to his sway.

## IV

Hence the tune came capering to me  
While I traced the Rhone and Po ;  
Nor could Milan's Marvel woo me  
From the spot englamoured so.

## V

And to-day, sunlit and smiling,  
Here I stand upon the scene,  
With its saffron walls, dun tiling,  
And its meads of maiden green,

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce "Loddy."

## VI

Even as when the trackway thundered  
 With the charge of grenadiers,  
 And the blood of forty hundred  
 Splashed its parapets and piers. . .

## VII

Any ancient crone I'd toady  
 Like a lass in young-eyed prime,  
 Could she tell some tale of Lodi  
 At that moving mighty time.

## VIII

So, I ask the wives of Lodi  
 For traditions of that day ;  
 But, alas ! not anybody  
 Seems to know of such a fray.

## IX

And they heed but transitory  
 Marketings in cheese and meat,  
 Till I judge that Lodi's story  
 Is extinct in Lodi's street.

## X

Yet while here and there they thrud them  
 In their zest to sell and buy,  
 Let me sit me down amid them  
 And behold those thousands die. . .

## XI

—Not a creature cares in Lodi  
 How Napoleon swept each arch,  
 Or where up and downward trod he,  
 Or for his outmatching march !

## XII

So that wherefore should I be here,  
 Watching Adda lip the lea,  
 When the whole romance to see here  
 Is the dream I bring with me ?

## XIII

And why sing "The Bridge of Lodi"  
As I sit thereon and swing,  
When none shows by smile or nod he  
Guesses why or what I sing ? . .

## XIV

Since all Lodi, low and head ones,  
Seem to pass that story by,  
It may be the Lodi-bred ones  
Rate it truly, and not I.

## XV

Once engrossing Bridge of Lodi,  
Is thy claim to glory gone ?  
Must I pipe a palinody,  
Or be silent thereupon ?

## XVI

And if here, from strand to steeple,  
Be no stone to fame the fight,  
Must I say the Lodi people  
Are but viewing war aright ? . .

## XVII

Nay ; I'll sing "The Bridge of Lodi"—  
That long-loved, romantic thing,  
Though none show by smile or nod he  
Guesses why and what I sing !

## ON AN INVITATION TO THE UNITED STATES

## I

MY ardours for emprise nigh lost  
Since Life has bared its bones to me,  
I shrink to seek a modern coast  
Whose riper times have yet to be ;  
Where the new regions claim them free  
From that long drip of human tears  
Which peoples old in tragedy  
Have left upon the centuried years.



## II

For, winning in these ancient lands,  
Enchased and lettered as a tomb,  
And scored with prints of perished hands,  
And chronicled with dates of doom,  
Though my own Being bear no bloom  
I trace the lives such scenes enshrine,  
Give past exemplars present room,  
And their experience count as mine.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### THE MOTHER MOURNS

WHEN mid-autumn's moan shook the night-time,  
And sedges were horny,  
And summer's green wonderwork faltered  
On leaze and in lane,

I fared Yell'ham-Firs way, where dimly  
Came wheeling around me  
Those phantoms obscure and insistent  
That shadows unchain.

Till airs from the needle-thicks brought me  
A low lamentation,  
As though from a tree-god disheartened,  
Perplexed, or in pain.

And, heeding, it awed me to gather  
That Nature herself there  
Was breathing in æry accents,  
With dirge-like refrain,

Weary plaint that Mankind, in these late days,  
Had grieved her by holding  
Her ancient high fame of perfection  
In doubt and disdain. . . .

—"I had not proposed me a Creature  
(She soughed) so excelling  
All else of my kingdom in compass  
And brightness of brain

"As to read my defects with a god-glance,  
 Uncover each vestige  
 Of old inadvertence, annunciate  
 Each flaw and each stain !

"My purpose went not to develop  
 Such insight in Earthland ;  
 Such potent appraisements affront me,  
 And sadden my reign !

"Why loosened I olden control here  
 To mechanize skywards,  
 Undeeming great scope could outshape in  
 A globe of such grain ?

"Man's mountings of mindsight I checked not,  
 Till range of his vision  
 Now tops my intent, and finds blemish  
 Throughout my domain.

"He holds as inept his own soul-shell—  
 My deffest achievement—  
 Contemns me for fitful inventions  
 Ill-timed and inane :

"No more sees my sun as a Sanct-shape,  
 My moon as the Night-queen,  
 My stars as august and sublime ones  
 That influences rain :

"Reckons gross and ignoble my teaching  
 Immoral my story,  
 My love-lights a lure that my species  
 May gather and gain.

"'Give me,' he has said, 'but the matter  
 And means the gods lot her,  
 My brain could evolve a creation  
 More seemly, more sane.'

—"If ever a naughtiness seized me  
 To woo adulation  
 From creatures more keen than those crude ones  
 That first formed my train—

- " If inly a moment I murmured,  
    'The simple praise sweetly,  
But sweetlier the sage'—and did rashly  
    Man's vision unrein,
- " I rue it ! . . . His guileless forerunners,  
    Whose brains I could blandish,  
To measure the deeps of my mysteries  
    Applied them in vain.
- " From them my waste aimings and futile  
    I subtly could cover ;  
'Every best thing,' said they, 'to best purpose  
    Her powers preordain.'—
- " No more such ! . . . My species are dwindling,  
    My forests grow barren,  
My popinjays fail from their tappings,  
    My larks from their strain.
- " My leopardine beauties are rarer,  
    My tusky ones vanish,  
My children have aped mine own slaughters  
    To quicken my wane.
- " Let me grow, then, but mildews and mandrakes,  
    And slimy distortions,  
Let nevermore things good and lovely  
    To me appertain ;
- " For Reason is rank in my temples,  
    And Vision unruly,  
And chivalrous laud of my cunning  
    Is heard not again ! "

### "I SAID TO LOVE"

I SAID to Love,  
" It is not now as in old days  
When men adored thee and thy ways  
    All else above ;  
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One  
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,"  
I said to Love.

I said to him,  
 "We now know more of thee than then ;  
 We were but weak in judgment when,  
     With hearts abrim,  
 We clamoured thee that thou would'st please  
 Inflict on us thine agonies,"  
 I said to him.

I said to Love,  
 "Thou art not young, thou art not fair,  
 No elfin darts, no cherub air,  
     Nor swan, nor dove  
 Are thine ; but features pitiless,  
 And iron daggers of distress,"  
 I said to Love.

"Depart then, Love ! . . .  
 —Man's race shall perish, threatenest thou,  
 Without thy kindling coupling-vow ?  
 The age to come the man of now  
     Know nothing of?—  
 We fear not such a threat from thee ;  
 We are too old in apathy !  
*Mankind shall cease.*—So let it be,"  
 I said to Love.

## A COMMONPLACE DAY

THE day is turning ghost,  
 And scuttles from the kalendar in fits and furtively,  
     To join the anonymous host  
 Of those that throng oblivion ; ceding his place, maybe,  
     To one of like degree.

I part the fire-gnawed logs,  
 Rake forth the embers, spoil the busy flames, and lay the ends  
     Upon the shining dogs ;  
 Further and further from the nooks the twilight's stride extends,  
 And beamless black impends.

Nothing of tiniest worth  
Have I wrought, pondered, planned ; no one thing asking blame  
or praise,

Since the pale corpse-like birth  
Of this diurnal unit, bearing blanks in all its rays—  
Dullest of dull-hued Days !

Wanly upon the panes  
The rain slides, as have slid since morn my colourless thoughts ;  
and yet

Here, while Day's presence wanes,  
And over him the sepulchre-lid is slowly lowered and set,  
He wakens my regret.

Regret—though nothing dear  
That I wot of, was toward in the wide world at his prime,  
Or bloomed elsewhere than here,  
To die with his decease, and leave a memory sweet, sublime,  
Or mark him out in Time. . . .

—Yet, maybe, in some soul,  
In some spot undiscerned on sea or land, some impulse rose,  
Or some intent upstole  
Of that enkindling ardency from whose maturer glows  
The world's amendment flows ;

But which, benumbed at birth  
By momentary chance or wile, has missed its hope to be  
Embodied on the earth ;  
And undervoicings of this loss to man's futurity  
May wake regret in me.

## AT A LUNAR ECLIPSE

THY shadow, Earth, from Pole to Central Sea,  
Now steals along upon the Moon's meek shine  
In even monochrome and curving line  
Of imperturbable serenity.

How shall I link such sun-cast symmetry  
With the torn troubled form I know as thine,  
That profile, placid as a brow divine,  
With continents of moil and misery ?

And can immense Mortality but throw  
 So small a shade, and Heaven's high human scheme  
 Be hemmed within the coasts yon arc implies ?

Is such the stellar gauge of earthly show,  
 Nation at war with nation, brains that teem,  
 Heroes, and women fairer than the skies ?

## THE LACKING SENSE

SCENE.—*A sad-coloured landscape, Waddon Vale*

### I

"O TIME, whence comes the Mother's moody look amid her  
 labours,  
 As of one who all unwittingly has wounded where she loves ?  
 Why weaves she not her world-webs to according lutes and  
 tabors,  
 With nevermore this too remorseful air upon her face,  
 As of angel fallen from grace ?"

### II

—"Her look is but her story : construe not its symbols keenly :  
 In her wonderworks yea surely has she wounded where she  
 loves.  
 The sense of ills misdealt for blisses blanks the mien most queenly,  
 Self-smittings kill self-joys ; and everywhere beneath the sun  
 Such deeds her hands have done."

### III

—"And how explains thy Ancient Mind her crimes upon her  
 creatures,  
 These fallings from her fair beginnings, woundings where she  
 loves,  
 Into her would-be perfect motions, modes, effects, and features  
 Admitting cramps, black humours, wan decay, and baleful  
 blight,  
 Distress into delights ?"

## IV

~“Ah! knowest thou not her secret yet, her vainly veiled  
deficiency,  
Whence it comes that all unwittingly she wounds the lives she  
loves?  
That sightless are those orbs of hers?—which bar to her  
omniscience  
Brings those fearful unfulfilments, that red ravage through her  
zones  
Whereat all creation groans.

## V

“She whispers it in each pathetic strenuous slow endeavour,  
When in mothering she unwittingly sets wounds on what she  
loves;  
Yet her primal doom pursues her, faultful, fatal is she ever;  
Though so deft and nigh to vision is her facile finger-touch  
That the seers marvel much.

## VI

“Deal, then, her groping skill no scorn, no note of malediction;  
Not long on thee will press the hand that hurts the lives it  
loves;  
And while she plods dead-reckoning on, in darkness of affliction,  
Assist her where thy creaturely dependence can or may,  
For thou art of her clay.”

## TO LIFE

O LIFE with the sad seared face,  
I weary of seeing thee,  
And thy draggled cloak, and thy hobbling pace,  
And thy too-forced pleasantry!

I know what thou would'st tell  
Of Death, Time, Destiny—  
I have known it long, and know, too, well  
What it all means for me.

But canst thou not array  
Thyself in rare disguise,  
And feign like truth, for one mad day,  
That Earth is Paradise?



I'll tune me to the mood,  
 And mumm with thee till eve ·  
 And maybe what as interlude  
 I feign, I shall believe !

## DOOM AND SHE

## I

THERE dwells a mighty pair ·  
 Slow, statuesque, intense—  
 Amid the vague Immense :  
 None can their chronicle declare,  
 Nor why they be, nor whence.

## II

Mother of all things made,  
 Matchless in artistry,  
 Unlit with sight is she.—  
 And though her ever well-obeyed  
 Vacant of feeling he.

## III

The Matron mildly asks—  
 A throb in every word—  
 “Our clay-made creatures, lord.  
 How fare they in their mortal tasks  
 Upon Earth's bounded bord ?

## IV

“The fate of those I bear,  
 Dear lord, pray turn and view,  
 And notify me true ;  
 Shapings that eyelessly I dare  
 Maybe I would undo.

## V

“Sometimes from lairs of life  
 Methinks I catch a groan,  
 Or multitudinous moan,  
 As though I had schemed a world of strife,  
 Working by touch alone.”

## VI

"World-weaver!" he replies,  
 "I scan all thy domain;  
 But since nor joy nor pain  
 It lies in me to recognize,  
 Thy questionings are vain.

## VII

"World-weaver! what *is* Grief?  
 And what are Right, and Wrong,  
 And Feeling, that belong  
 To creatures all who owe thee fief?  
 'Why is Weak worse than Strong?' . . .

## VIII

—Unanswered, curious, meek,  
 She broods in sad surmise. . . .  
 —Some say they have heard her sighs  
 On Alpine height or Polar peak  
 When the night tempests rise.

## THE PROBLEM

SHALL we conceal the Case, or tell it—  
 We who believe the evidence?  
 Here and there the watch-towers knell it  
 With a sullen significance,  
 Heard of the few who hearken intently and carry an eagerly  
 upstrained sense.

Hearts that are happiest hold not by it;  
 Better we let, then, the old view reign:  
 Since there is peace in that, why decry it?  
 Since there is comfort, why disdain?  
 Note not the pigment so long as the painting determines  
 humanity's joy and pain.

## THE SUBALTERNS

## I

"POOR wanderer," said the leaden sky,  
 "I fain would lighten thee,  
 But there are laws in force on high  
 Which say it must not be."

## II

—"I would not freeze thee, shorn one," cried  
 The North, "knew I but how  
 To warm my breath, to slack my stride ;  
 But I am ruled as thou."

## III

—"To-morrow I attack thee, wight,"  
 Said Sickness. "Yet I swear  
 I bear thy little ark no spite,  
 But am bid enter there."

## IV

—"Come hither, Son," I heard Death say ;  
 "I did not will a grave  
 Should end thy pilgrimage to-day,  
 But I, too, am a slave !"

## V

We smiled upon each other then,  
 And life to me had less  
 Of that fell look it wore ere when  
 They owned their passiveness.

## THE SLEEP-WORKER

WHEN wilt thou wake, O Mother, wake and see—  
 As one who, held in trance, has laboured long  
 By vacant rote and prepossession strong—  
 The coils that thou hast wrought unwittingly ;

Wherein have place, unrealized by thee,  
 Fair growths, foul cankers, right enmeshed with wrong,  
 Strange orchestras of victim-shriek and song,  
 And curious blends of ache and ecstasy?—

Should that morn come, and show thy opened eyes  
 All that Life's palpitating tissues feel,  
 How wilt thou bear thyself in thy surprise?—

Wilt thou destroy, in one wild shock of shame,  
 Thy whole high heaving firmamental frame,  
 Or patiently adjust, amend, and heal?

## THE BULLFINCHES

BROTHER Bulleys, let us sing  
 From the dawn till evening!—  
 For we know not that we go not  
 When to-day's pale pinions fold  
 Where they be that sang of old.

When I flew to Blackmoor Vale,  
 Whence the green-gowned faeries hail,  
 Roosting near them I could hear them  
 Speak of queenly Nature's ways,  
 Means, and moods,—well known to fays.

All we creatures, nigh and far  
 (Said they there), the Mother's are;  
 Yet she never shows endeavour  
 To protect from warrings wild  
 Bird or beast she calls her child.

Busy in her handsome house  
 Known as Space, she falls a-drowse;  
 Yet, in seeming, works on dreaming,  
 While beneath her groping hands  
 Fiends make havoc in her bands.

How her hussif'ry succeeds  
 She unknowns or she unheeds,  
 All things making for Death's taking!  
 —So the green-gowned faeries say  
 Living over Blackmoor way.

Come then, brethren, let us sing,  
 From the dawn till evening !—  
 For we know not that we go not  
 When the day's pale pinions fold  
 Where those be that sang of old.

### GOD-FORGOTTEN

I TOWERED far, and lo ! I stood within  
 The presence of the Lord Most High,  
 Sent thither by the sons of Earth, to win  
 Some answer to their cry.

—“The Earth, sayest thou ? The Human race ?  
 By Me created ? Sad its lot ?  
 Nay : I have no remembrance of such place :  
 Such world I fashioned not.”—

—“O Lord, forgive me when I say  
 Thou spakest the word that made it all.”—  
 “The Earth of men—let me bethink me. . . . Yea !  
 I dimly do recall

“Some tiny sphere I built long back  
 (Mid millions of such shapes of mine)  
 So named . . . It perished, surely—not a wrack  
 Remaining, or a sign ?

“It lost my interest from the first,  
 My aims therefor succeeding ill ;  
 Haply it died of doing as it durst ?”—  
 “Lord, it existeth still.”—

“Dark, then, its life ! For not a cry  
 Of aught it bears do I now hear ;  
 Of its own act the threads were snapt whereby  
 Its plaints had reached mine ear.

“It used to ask for gifts of good,  
 Till came its severance, self-entailed,  
 When sudden silence on that side ensued,  
 And has till now prevailed.

“ All other orbs have kept in touch ;  
Their voicings reach me speedily :  
Thy people took upon them overmuch  
In sundering them from me !

“ And it is strange—though sad enough—  
Earth’s race should think that one whose call  
Frames, daily, shining spheres of flawless stuff  
Must heed their tainted ball ! . . .

“ But sayest it is by pangs distraught,  
And strife, and silent suffering ?—  
Sore grieved am I that injury should be wrought  
Even on so poor a thing !

“ Thou shouldst have learnt that *Not to Mend*  
For Me could mean but *Not to Know* :  
Hence, Messengers ! and straightway put an end  
To what men undergo.” . .

Homing at dawn, I thought to see  
One of the Messengers standing by.  
—Oh, childish thought ! . . . Yet often it comes to me  
When trouble hovers nigh.

## THE BEDRIDDEN PEASANT

TO AN UNKNOWING GOD

MUCH wonder I—here long low-laid—  
That this dead wall should be  
Betwixt the Maker and the made,  
Between Thyself and me !

For, say one puts a child to nurse,  
He eyes it now and then  
To know if better it is, or worse,  
And if it mourn, and when.

But Thou, Lord, giv’st us men our day  
In helpless bondage thus  
To Time and Chance, and seem’st straightway  
To think no more of us !

That some disaster cleft Thy scheme  
 And tore us wide apart,  
 So that no cry can cross, I deem ;  
 For Thou art mild of heart,  
 And wouldst not shape and shut us in  
 Where voice can not be heard :  
 Plainly Thou meant'st that we should win  
 Thy succour by a word.  
 Might but Thy sense flash down the skies  
 Like man's from clime to clime,  
 Thou wouldst not let me agonize  
 Through my remaining time ;  
 But, seeing how much Thy creatures bear—  
 Lane, starved, or maimed, or blind—  
 Wouldst heal the ills with quickest care  
 Of me and all my kind.  
 Then, since Thou mak'st not these things be,  
 But these things dost not know,  
 I'll praise Thee as were shown to me  
 The mercies Thou wouldst show !

## BY THE EARTH'S CORPSE

### I

"O LORD, why grieveest Thou?—  
 Since Life has ceased to be  
 Upon this globe, now cold  
 As lunar land and sea,  
 And humankind, and fowl, and fur  
 Are gone eternally,  
 All is the same to Thee as ere  
 They knew mortality."

### II

"O Time," replied the Lord,  
 "Thou readest me ill, I ween ;  
 Were all *the same*, I should not grieve  
 At that late earthly scene,

Now blestly past—though planned by me  
With interest close and keen !—  
Nay, nay : things now are *not* the same  
As they have earlier been.

## III

“ Written indelibly  
On my eternal mind  
Are all the wrongs endured  
By Earth's poor patient kind,  
Which my too oft unconscious hand  
Let enter undesigned.  
No god can cancel deeds foredone,  
Or thy old coils unwind !

## IV

“ As when, in Noë's days,  
I whelmed the plains with sea,  
So at this last, when flesh  
And herb but fossils be,  
And, all extinct, their piteous dust  
Revolves obliviously,  
That I made Earth, and life, and man,  
It still repenteth me !”

## MUTE OPINION

## I

I TRAVERSED a dominion  
Whose spokesmen spake out strong  
Their purpose and opinion  
Through pulpit, press, and song.  
I scarce had means to note there  
A large-eyed few, and dumb,  
Who thought not as those thought there  
That stirred the heat and hum.



## II

When, grown a Shade, beholding  
 That land in lifetime trode,  
 To learn if its unfolding  
 Fulfilled its clamoured code,  
 I saw, in web unbroken,  
 Its history outwrought  
 Not as the loud had spoken,  
 But as the mute had thought.

## TO AN UNBORN PAUPER CHILD

## I

BREATHE not, hid Heart : cease silently,  
 And though thy birth-hour beckons thee,  
     Sleep the long sleep :  
     The Doomsters heap  
 Travails and teens around us here,  
 And Time-wraiths turn our songsingings to fear.

## II

Hark, how the peoples surge and sigh,  
 And laughter fail, and greetings die :  
     Hopes dwindle ; yea,  
     Faiths waste away,  
 Affections and enthusiasms numb ;  
 Thou canst not mend these things if thou dost come.

## III

Had I the ear of wombèd souls  
 Ere their terrestrial chart unrolls,  
     And thou wert free  
     To cease, or be,  
 Then would I tell thee all I know,  
 And put it to thee : Wilt thou take Life so ?

## IV

Vain vow ! No hint of mine may hence  
 To theeward fly : to thy locked sense  
     Explain none can  
     Life's pending plan :  
 Thou wilt thy ignorant entry make  
 Though skies spout fire and blood and nations quake.

## V

Fain would I, dear, find some shut plot  
Of earth's wide wold for thee, where not  
    One tear, one qualm,  
    Should break the calm.  
But I am weak as thou and bare ;  
No man can change the common lot to rare.

## VI

Must come and bide. And such are we—  
Unreasoning, sanguine, visionary—  
    That I can hope  
    Health, love, friends, scope  
In full for thee ; can dream thou'lt find  
Joys seldom yet attained by humankind !

## TO FLOWERS FROM ITALY IN WINTER

SUNNED in the South, and here to-day ;  
—If all organic things  
Be sentient, Flowers, as some men say,  
What are your ponderings ?

How can you stay, nor vanish quite  
From this bleak spot of thorn,  
And birch, and fir, and frozen white  
Expanse of the forlorn ?

Frail luckless exiles hither brought !  
Your dust will not regain  
Old sunny haunts of Classic thought  
When you shall waste and wane ;

But mix with alien earth, be lit  
With frigid Boreal flame,  
And not a sign remain in it  
To tell man whence you came.

## ON A FINE MORNING

## I

WHENCE comes Solace?—Not from seeing  
 What is doing, suffering, being,  
 Not from noting Life's conditions,  
 Nor from heeding Time's monitions;  
     But in cleaving to the Dream,  
     And in gazing at the gleam  
     Whereby gray things golden seem.

## II

Thus do I this heyday, holding  
 Shadows but as lights unfolding,  
 As no specious show this moment  
 With its iris-hued embowment;  
     But as nothing other than  
     Part of a benignant plan;  
     Proof that earth was made for man.

*February 1899.*

## TO LIZBIE BROWNE

## I

DEAR Lizbie Browne,  
 Where are you now?  
 In sun, in rain?—  
 Or is your brow  
 Past joy, past pain,  
 Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,  
 How you could smile,  
 How you could sing!—  
 How archly wile  
 In glance-giving,  
 Sweet Lizbie Browne!

## III

And, Lizbie Browne,  
Who else had hair  
Bay-red as yours,  
Or flesh so fair  
Bred out of doors,  
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

## IV

When, Lizbie Browne,  
You had just begun  
To be endeared  
By stealth to one,  
You disappeared  
My Lizbie Browne!

## V

Ay, Lizbie Browne,  
So swift your life,  
And mine so slow,  
You were a wife  
Ere I could show  
Love, Lizbie Browne.

## VI

Still, Lizbie Browne,  
You won, they said,  
The best of men  
When you were wed. . .  
Where went you then,  
O Lizbie Browne?

## VII

Dear Lizbie Browne,  
I should have thought,  
"Girls ripen fast,"  
And coaxed and caught  
You ere you passed,  
Dear Lizbie Browne!

## VIII

But, Lizbie Browne,  
 I let you slip ;  
 Shaped not a sign ;  
 Touched never your lip  
 With lip of mine,  
 Lost Lizbie Browne !

## IX

So, Lizbie Browne,  
 When on a day  
 Men speak of me  
 As not, you'll say,  
 " And who was he ? "—  
 Yes, Lizbie Browne !

## SONG OF HOPE

O SWEET To-morrow !—  
     After to-day  
     There will away  
 This sense of sorrow.  
 Then let us borrow  
 Hope, for a gleaming  
 Soon will be streaming,  
     Dimmed by no gray—  
     No gray !

While the winds wing us  
     Sighs from The Gone,  
     Nearer to dawn  
 Minute-beats bring us ;  
 When there will sing us  
 Larks, of a glory  
 Waiting our story  
     Further anon—  
     Anon !

Doff the black token,  
    Don the red shoon,  
    Right and retune  
Viol-strings broken :  
Null the words spoken  
In speeches of rueing,  
The night cloud is hueing,  
    To-morrow shines soon—  
    Shines soon !

## THE WELL-BELOVED

I WENT by star and planet shine  
    Towards the dear one's home  
At Kingsbere, there to make her mine  
    When the next sun upclomb.

I edged the ancient hill and wood  
    Beside the Ikling Way,  
Nigh where the Pagan temple stood  
    In the world's earlier day.

And as I quick and quicker walked  
    On gravel and on green,  
I sang to sky, and tree, or talked  
    Of her I called my queen.

—"O faultless is her dainty form,  
    And luminous her mind ;  
She is the God-created norm  
    Of perfect womankind !"

A shape whereon one star-blink gleamed  
    Slid softly by my side,  
A woman's ; and her motion seemed  
    The motion of my bride.

And yet methought she'd drawn erstwhile  
    Out from the ancient leaze,  
Where once were pile and peristyle  
    For men's idolatries.

—“O maiden lithe and lone, what may  
 Thy name and lineage be  
 Who so resemblest by this ray  
 My darling?—Art thou she?”

The Shape: “Thy bride remains within  
 Her father’s grange and grove”  
 —“Thou speakest rightly,” I broke in,  
 “Thou art not she I love.”

—“Nay: though thy bride remains inside  
 Her father’s walls,” said she,  
 “The one most dear is with thee here,  
 For thou dost love but me.”

Then I: “But she, my only choice,  
 Is now at Kingsbere Grove?”  
 Again her soft mysterious voice  
 “I am thy only Love.”

Thus still she vouched, and still I said,  
 “O sprite, that cannot be!” . . .  
 It was as if my bosom bled,  
 So much she troubled me.

The sprite resumed: “Thou hast transferred  
 To her dull form awhile  
 My beauty, fame, and deed, and word,  
 My gestures and my smile.

“O fatuous man, this truth infer,  
 Brides are not what they seem;  
 Thou lovest what thou dreamest her;  
 I am thy very dream!”

—“O then,” I answered miserably,  
 Speaking as scarce I knew,  
 “My loved one, I must wed with thee  
 If what thou sayest be true!”

She, proudly, thinning in the gloom:  
 “Though, since troth-plight began,  
 I have ever stood as bride to groom,  
 I wed no mortal man!”

Thereat she vanished by the lane  
Adjoining Kingsbere town,  
Near where, men say, once stood the Fane  
To Venus, on the Down.

—When I arrived and met my bride  
Her look was pinched and thin,  
As if her soul had shrunk and died,  
And left a waste within.

### HER REPROACH

CON the dead page as 'twere live love : press on !  
Cold wisdom's words will ease thy track for thee ;  
Aye, go ; cast off sweet ways, and leave me wan  
To biting blasts that are intent on me.

But if thy object Fame's far summits be,  
Whose inclines many a skeleton overlies  
That missed both dream and substance, stop and see  
How absence wears these cheeks and dims these eyes !

It surely is far sweeter and more wise  
To water love, than toil to leave anon  
A name whose glory-gleam will but advise  
Invidious minds to eclipse it with their own,

And over which the kindest will but stay  
A moment ; musing, "He, too, had his day !"

WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS, 1867.

### THE INCONSISTENT

I SAY, "She was as good as fair !"  
When standing by her mound ;  
"Such passing sweetness," I declare,  
"No longer treads the ground."  
I say, "What living Love can catch  
Her bloom and bonhomie,  
And what in recent maidens match  
Her olden warmth to me !"



—There stands within yon vestry-nook  
 Where bonded lovers sign,  
 Her name upon a faded book  
 With one that is not mine.  
 To him she breathed the tender vow  
 She once had breathed to me,  
 But yet I say, "O Love, even now  
 Would I had died for thee!"

### A BROKEN APPOINTMENT

YOU did not come,  
 And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb.-  
 Yet less for loss of your dear presence there  
 Than that I thus found lacking in your make  
 That high compassion which can overbear  
 Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake  
 Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sun,  
 You did not come.

You love not me,  
 And love alone can lend you loyalty ;  
 —I know and knew it. But, unto the store  
 Of human deeds divine in all but name,  
 Was it not worth a little hour or more  
 To add yet this : Once you, a woman, came  
 To soothe a time-torn man ; even though it be  
 You love not me ?

### "BETWEEN US NOW"

BETWEEN us now and here—  
 Two thrown together  
 Who are not wont to wear  
 Life's flushest feather—  
 Who see the scenes slide pass,  
 The daytimes dimming fast,  
 Let there be truth at last,  
 Even if despair.

So thoroughly and long  
     Have you now known me,  
 So real in faith and strong  
     Have I now shown me,  
 That nothing needs disguise  
 Further in any wise,  
 Or asks or justifies  
     A guarded tongue.

Face unto face, then, say,  
     Eyes my own meeting,  
 Is your heart far away,  
     Or with mine beating?  
 When false things are brought low,  
 And swift things have grown slow,  
 Feigning like froth shall go,  
     Faith be for aye.

"HOW GREAT MY GRIEF"

(TRIOLET)

How great my grief, my joys how few,  
     Since first it was my fate to know thee !  
 —Have the slow years not brought to view  
 How great my grief, my joys how few,  
 Nor memory shaped old times anew,  
     Nor loving-kindness helped to show thee  
 How great my grief, my joys how few,  
     Since first it was my fate to know thee?

"I NEED NOT GO"

I NEED not go  
 Through sleet and snow  
 To where I know  
 She waits for me :  
 She will tarry me there  
 Till I find it fair.  
 And have time to spare  
 From company.

When I've overgot  
 The world somewhat,  
 When things cost not  
 Such stress and strain,  
 Is soon enough  
 By cypress sough  
 To tell my Love  
 I am come again.

And if some day,  
 When none cries nay,  
 I still delay  
 To seek her side,  
 (Though ample measure  
 Of fitting leisure  
 Await my pleasure)  
 She will not chide.

What—not upbraid me  
 That I delayed me,  
 Nor ask what stayed me  
 So long? Ah, no!—  
 New cares may claim me,  
 New loves inflame me,  
 She will not blame me,  
 But suffer it so.

## THE COQUETTE, AND AFTER

(TRIOLETS)

### I

FOR long the cruel wish I knew  
 That your free heart should ache for me  
 While mine should bear no ache for you;  
 For long—the cruel wish!—I knew  
 How men can feel, and craved to view  
 My triumph—fated not to be  
 For long! . . . The cruel wish I knew  
 That your free heart should ache for me!

## II

At last one pays the penalty—  
The woman—women always do.  
My farce, I found, was tragedy  
At last !—One pays the penalty  
With interest when one, fancy-free,  
Learns love, learns shame. . . . Of sinners two  
At last *one* pays the penalty—  
The woman—women always do !

## A SPOT

IN years defaced and lost,  
Two sat here, transport-tossed,  
Lit by a living love  
The wilted world knew nothing of :  
Scared momentarily  
By gaingivings,  
Then hoping things  
That could not be. . . .

Of love and us no trace  
Abides upon the place ;  
The sun and shadows wheel,  
Season and season sereward steal ;  
Foul days and fair  
Here, too, prevail,  
And gust and gale  
As everywhere.

But lonely shepherd souls  
Who bask amid these knolls  
May catch a faery sound  
On sleepy noontides from the ground :  
“ O not again  
Till Earth outwears  
Shall love like theirs  
Suffuse this glen ! ”

## LONG PLIGHTED

Is it worth while, dear, now,  
 To call for bells, and sally forth arrayed  
 For marriage-rites—discussed, descried, delayed  
 So many years ?

Is it worth while, dear, now,  
 To stir desire for old fond purposings,  
 By feints that Time still serves for dallyings,  
 Though quittance nears ?

Is it worth while, dear, when  
 The day being so far spent, so low the sun,  
 The undone thing will soon be as the done,  
 And smiles as tears ?

Is it worth while, dear, when  
 Our cheeks are worn, our early brown is gray ;  
 When, meet or part we, none says yea or nay,  
 Or heeds, or cares ?

Is it worth while, dear, since  
 We still can climb old Yell'ham's wooded mounds  
 Together, as each season steals its rounds  
 And disappears ?

Is it worth while, dear, since  
 As mates in Mellstock churchyard we can lie,  
 Till the last crash of all things low and high  
 Shall end the spheres ?

## THE WIDOW BETROTHED

I PASSED the lodge and avenue  
 To her fair tenement,  
 And sunset on her window-panes  
 Reflected our intent.

The creeper on the gable nigh  
Was fired to more than red,  
And when I came to halt thereby  
"Bright as my joy!" I said.

Of late days it had been her aim  
To meet me in the hall;  
Now at my footsteps no one came,  
And no one to my call.

Again I knocked, and tardily  
An inner tread was heard,  
And I was shown her presence then  
With a mere answering word.

She met me, and but barely took  
My proffered warm embrace;  
Preoccupation weighed her look,  
And hardened her sweet face.

"To-morrow—could you—would you call?  
Abridge your present stay?  
My child is ill—my one, my all!—  
And can't be left to-day."

And then she turns, and gives commands  
As I were out of sound,  
Or were no more to her and hers  
Than any neighbour round. . . .

—As maid I loved her; but one came  
And pleased, and coaxed, and wooed.  
And when in time he wedded her  
I deemed her gone for good.

He won, I lost her; and my loss  
I bore I know not how;  
But I do think I suffered then  
Less wretchedness than now.

For Time, in taking him, unclosed  
An unexpected door  
Of bliss for me, which grew to seem  
Far surer than before.

Yet in my haste I overlooked  
 When secondly I sued  
 That then, as not at first, she had learnt  
 The call of motherhood. . . .

Her word is steadfast, and I know  
 How firmly pledged are we :  
 But a new love-claim shares her since  
 She smiled as maid on me !

### AT A HASTY WEDDING

(TRIOLET)

If hours be years the twain are blest,  
 For now they solace swift desire  
 By bonds of every bond the best,  
 If hours be years. The twain are blest  
 Do eastern stars slope never west,  
 Nor pallid ashes follow fire :  
 If hours be years the twain are blest,  
 For now they solace swift desire.

### THE DREAM-FOLLOWER

A DREAM of mine flew over the mead  
 To the halls where my old Love reigns ;  
 And it drew me on to follow its lead :  
 And I stood at her window-panes ;  
 And I saw but a thing of flesh and bone  
 Speeding on to its cleft in the clay ;  
 And my dream was scared, and expired on a moan,  
 And I whitely hastened away.

### HIS IMMORTALITY

I

I SAW a dead man's finer part  
 Shining within each faithful heart  
 Of those bereft. Then said I : "This must be  
 His immortality."

## II

I looked there as the seasons wore,  
And still his soul continuously bore  
A life in theirs. But less its shine excelled  
Than when I first beheld.

## III

His fellow-years-men passed, and then  
In later hearts I looked for him again ;  
And found him—shrunk, alas ! into a thin  
And spectral mannikin.

## IV

Lastly I ask—now old and chill—  
If aught of him remain unperished still ;  
And find, in me alone, a feeble spark,  
Dying amid the dark.

*February 1899.*

## THE TO-BE-FORGOTTEN

## I

I HEARD a small sad sound,  
And stood awhile among the tombs around :  
“ Wherefore, old friends,” said I, “ are you distrest,  
Now, screened from life’s unrest ? ”

## II

—“ O not at being here ;  
But that our future second death is near ;  
When, with the living, memory of us numbs,  
And blank oblivion comes !

## III

“ These, our sped ancestry,  
Lie here embraced by deeper death than we ;  
Nor shape nor thought of theirs can you descry  
With keenest backward eye.



## IV

"They count as quite forgot ;  
 They are as men who have existed not ;  
 Theirs is a loss past loss of fitful breath ;  
 It is the second death.

## V

"We here, as yet, each day  
 Are blest with dear recall ; as yet, can say  
 We hold in some soul loved continuance  
 Of shape and voice and glance.

## VI

"But what has been will be—  
 First memory, then oblivion's swallowing sea ;  
 Like men foregone, shall we merge into those  
 Whose story no one knows.

## VII

"For which of us could hope  
 To show in life that world-awakening scope  
 Granted the few whose memory none lets die,  
 But all men magnify ?

## VIII

"We were but Fortune's sport ;  
 Things true, things lovely, things of good report  
 We neither shunned nor sought . . . We see our bourne,  
 And seeing it we mourn."

## WIVES IN THE SERE

## I

NEVER a careworn wife but shows,  
 If a joy suffuse her,  
 Something beautiful to those  
 Patient to peruse her,  
 Some one charm the world unknowns  
 Precious to a muser,  
 Haply what, ere years were foes,  
 Moved her mate to choose her.

## II

But, be it a hint of rose  
That an instant hues her,  
Or some early light or pose  
Wherewith thought renews her—  
Seen by him at full, ere woes  
Practised to abuse her—  
Sparely comes it, swiftly goes,  
Time again subdues her.

## THE SUPERSEDED

## I

As newer comers crowd the fore,  
We drop behind.  
—We who have laboured long and sore  
Times out of mind,  
And keen are yet, must not regret  
To drop behind.

## II

Yet there are some of us who grieve  
To go behind ;  
Staunch, strenuous souls who scarce believe  
Their fires declined,  
And know none spares, remembers, cares  
Who go behind.

## III

'Tis not that we have unfortold  
The drop behind ;  
We feel the new must oust the old  
In every kind ;  
But yet we think, must we, must *we*,  
Too, drop behind ?

## AN AUGUST MIDNIGHT

## I

A SHADED lamp and a waving blind,  
 And the beat of a clock from a distant floor :  
 On this scene enter--winged, horned, and spined-  
 A longlegs, a moth, and a dumbledore ;  
 While 'mid my page there idly stands  
 A sleepy fly, that rubs its hands . . .

## II

Thus meet we five, in this still place,  
 At this point of time, at this point in space.  
 —My guests besmear my new-penned line,  
 Or bang at the lamp and fall supine.  
 "God's humblest, they !" I muse. Yet why?  
 They know Earth-secrets that know not I.

MAX GATE, 1899.

THE CAGED THRUSH FREED AND  
HOME AGAIN

(VILLANELLE)

"MEN know but little more than we,  
 Who count us least of things terrene,  
 How happy days are made to be !

"Of such strange tidings what think ye,  
 O birds in brown that peck and preen ?  
 Men know but little more than we !

"When I was borne from yonder tree  
 In bonds to them, I hoped to glean  
 How happy days are made to be,

"And want and wailing turned to glee ;  
 Alas, despite their mighty mien  
 Men know but little more than we !

"They cannot change the Frost's decree,  
They cannot keep the skies serene ;  
How happy days are made to be

"Eludes great Man's sagacity  
No less than ours, O tribes in treen !  
Men know but little more than we  
How happy days are made to be."

## BIRDS AT WINTER NIGHTFALL

(TRIOLET)

AROUND the house the flakes fly faster,  
And all the berries now are gone  
From holly and cotonea-aster  
Around the house. The flakes fly !—faster  
Shutting indoors that crumb-outcaster  
We used to see upon the lawn  
Around the house. The flakes fly faster,  
And all the berries now are gone !

MAX GATE.

## THE PUZZLED GAME-BIRDS

(TRIOLET)

THEY are not those who used to feed us  
When we were young—they cannot be—  
These shapes that now bereave and bleed us ?  
They are not those who used to feed us,  
For did we then cry, they would heed us.  
—If hearts can house such treachery  
They are not those who used to feed us  
When we were young—they cannot be !

## WINTER IN DURNOVER FIELD

SCENE.—*A wide stretch of fallow ground recently sown with wheat, and frozen to iron hardness. Three large birds walking about thereon, and wistfully eyeing the surface. Wind keen from north-east : sky a dull grey.*

(TRIOLET)

*Rook*.—Throughout the field I find no grain ;  
The cruel frost encrusts the cornland !

*Starling*.—Aye : patient pecking now is vain  
Throughout the field, I find . . .

*Rook*.— No grain !

*Pigeon*.—Nor will be, comrade, till it rain,  
Or genial thawings loose the lorn land  
Throughout the field.

*Rook*.— I find no grain :  
The cruel frost encrusts the cornland !

## THE LAST CHRYSANTHEMUM

WHY should this flower delay so long  
To show its tremulous plumes ?  
Now is the time of plaintive robin-song,  
When flowers are in their tombs.

Through the slow summer, when the sun  
Called to each frond and whorl  
That all he could for flowers was being done,  
Why did it not uncurl ?

It must have felt that fervid call  
Although it took no heed,  
Waking but now, when leaves like corpses fall,  
And saps all retrocede.

Too late its beauty, lonely thing,  
The season's shine is spent,  
Nothing remains for it but shivering  
In tempests turbulent.

Had it a reason for delay,  
Dreaming in witlessness  
That for a bloom so delicately gay  
Winter would stay its stress ?

—I talk as if the thing were born  
    With sense to work its mind ;  
Yet it is but one mask of many worn  
    By the Great Face behind.

## THE DARKLING THRUSH

I LEANT upon a coppice gate  
    When Frost was spectre-gray,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
    The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
    Like strings of broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
    Had sought their household fires.  
The land's sharp features seemed to be  
    The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
    The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
    Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
    Seemed fervourless as I.  
At once a voice arose among  
    The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
    Of joy illimited ;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
    In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
    Upon the growing gloom.  
So little cause for carolings  
    Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
    Afar or nigh around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
    His happy good-night air  
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
    And I was unaware.

*31st December 1900.*

## THE COMET AT YELL'HAM

### I

IT bends far over Yell'ham Plain,  
And we, from Yell'ham Height,  
Stand and regard its fiery train,  
So soon to swim from sight.

### II

It will return long years hence, when  
As now its strange swift shine  
Will fall on Yell'ham ; but not then  
On that sweet form of thine.

## MAD JUDY

WHEN the hamlet hailed a birth  
Judy used to cry :  
When she heard our christening mirth  
She would kneel and sigh.  
She was crazed, we knew, and we  
Humoured her infirmity.

When the daughters and the sons  
Gathered them to wed,  
And we like-intending ones  
Danced till dawn was red,  
She would rock and mutter, " More  
Comers to this stony shore ! "

When old Headsman Death laid hands  
On a babe or twain,  
She would feast, and by her brands  
Sing her songs again.  
What she liked we let her do,  
Judy was insane, we knew.

## A WASTED ILLNESS

THROUGH vaults of pain,  
Enribbed and wrought with groins of ghastliness.  
I passed, and garish spectres moved my brain  
To dire distress.

And hammerings,  
And quakes, and shoots, and stifling hotness, blent  
With webby waxing things and waning things  
As on I went.

"Where lies the end  
To this foul way?" I asked with weakening breath.  
Thereon ahead I saw a door extend—  
The door to Death.

It loomed more clear :  
"At last!" I cried. "The all-delivering door!"  
And then, I knew not how, it grew less near  
Than theretofore.

And back slid I  
Along the galleries by which I came,  
And tediously the day returned, and sky,  
And life—the same.

And all was well :  
Old circumstance resumed its former show,  
And on my head the dews of comfort fell  
As ere my woe.

I roam anew,  
Scarce conscious of my late distress. . . . And yet  
Those backward steps to strength I cannot view  
Without regret.

For that dire train  
Of waxing shapes and waning, passed before,  
And those grim chambers, must be ranged again  
To reach that door.



## A MAN

(IN MEMORY OF H. OF M.)

## I

IN Casterbridge there stood a noble pile,  
 Wrought with pilaster, bay, and balustrade  
 In tactful times when shrewd Eliza swayed.—  
     On burgher, squire, and clown  
 It smiled the long street down for near a mile.

## II

But evil days beset that domicile ;  
 The stately beauties of its roof and wall  
 Passed into sordid hands. Condemned to fall  
     Were cornice, quoin, and cove,  
 And all that art had wove in antique style.

## III

Among the hired dismantlers entered there  
 One till the moment of his task untold.  
 When charged therewith he gazed, and answered bold :  
     “ Be needy I or no,  
 I will not help lay low a house so fair !

## IV

“ Hunger is hard. But since the terms be such—  
 No wage, or labour stained with the disgrace  
 Of wrecking what our age cannot replace  
     To save its tasteless soul—  
 I'll do without your dole. Life is not much ! ”

## V

Dismissed with sneers he packed his tools and went,  
 And wandered workless ; for it seemed unwise  
 To close with one who dared to criticize  
     And carp on points of taste :  
 Rude men should work where placed, and be content.

## VI

Years whiled. He aged, sank, sickened ; and was not .  
And it was said, "A man intractable  
And curst is gone." None sighed to hear his knell,  
None sought his churchyard-place ;  
His name, his rugged face, were soon forgot.

## VII

The stones of that fair hall lie far and wide,  
And but a few recall its ancient mould ;  
Yet when I pass the spot I long to hold  
As truth what fancy saith :  
"His protest lives where deathless things abide !"

## THE DAME OF ATHELHALL

## I

"DEAR ! Shall I see thy face," she said,  
"In one brief hour ?  
And away with thee from a loveless bed  
To a far-off sun, to a vine-wrapt bower,  
And be thine own unseparated,  
And challenge the world's white glower ?"

## II

She quickened her feet, and met him where  
They had predesigned :  
And they clasped, and mounted, and cleft the air  
Upon whirling wheels ; till the will to bind  
Her life with his made the moments there  
Efface the years behind.

## III

Miles slid, and the port uprose to view  
As they sped on ;  
When slipping its bond the bracelet flew  
From her fondled arm. Replaced anon,  
Its cameo of the abjured one drew  
Her musings thereupon.

## IV

The gaud with his image once had been  
     A gift from him :  
 And so it was that its carving keen  
 Refurbished memories wearing dim,  
 Which set in her soul a twinge of teen,  
     And a tear on her lashes' brim.

## V

"I may not go !" she at length outspake,  
     "Thoughts call me back—  
 I would still lose all for your dear, true sake ;  
 My heart is thine, friend ! But my track  
 Home, home to Athelhall I must take  
     To hinder household wrack !"

## VI

He was wroth. And they parted, weak and wan,  
     And he left the shore ;  
 His ship diminished, was low, was gone ;  
 And she heard in the waves as the daytide wore,  
 And read in the leer of the sun that shone,  
     That they parted for evermore.

## VII

She homed as she came, at the dip of eve  
     On Athel Coomb  
 Regaining the Hall she had sworn to leave.  
 The house was soundless as a tomb,  
 And she stole to her chamber, there to grieve  
     Lone, kneeling, in the gloom.

## VIII

From the lawn without rose her husband's voice  
     To one his friend :  
 "Another her Love, another my choice,  
 Her going is good. Our conditions mend ;  
 In a change of mates we shall both rejoice ;  
     I hoped that it thus might end !

## IX

“A quick divorce ; she will make him hers,  
And I wed mine.  
So Time rights all things in long, long years—  
Or rather she, by her bold design !  
I admire a woman no balk deters :  
She has blessed my life, in fine.

## X

“I shall build new rooms for my new true bride,  
Let the bygone be :  
By now, no doubt, she has crossed the tide  
With the man to her mind. Far happier she  
In some warm vineland by his side  
Than ever she was with me.”

## THE SEASONS OF HER YEAR

## I

WINTER is white on turf and tree,  
And birds are fled ;  
But summer songsters pipe to me,  
And petals spread,  
For what I dreamt of secretly  
His lips have said !

O 'tis a fine May morn, they say, —  
And blooms have blown :  
But wild and wintry is my day,  
My song-birds moan ;  
For he who vowed leaves me to pay  
Alone—alone !

## THE MILKMAID

UNDER a daisied bank  
There stands a rich red ruminating cow,  
And hard against her flank  
A cotton-hooded milkmaid bends her brow.

The flowery river-ooze  
 Upheaves and falls ; the milk purrs in the pail ;  
 Few pilgrims but would choose  
 The peace of such a life in such a vale.

The maid breathes words—to vent,  
 It seems, her sense of Nature's scenery,  
 Of whose life, sentiment,  
 And essence, very part itself is she.

She bends a glance of pain,  
 And, at a moment, lets escape a tear ;  
 Is it that passing train,  
 Whose alien whirr offends her country ear ?—

Nay ! Phyllis does not dwell  
 On visual and familiar things like these ;  
 What moves her is the spell  
 Of inner themes and inner poetries :

Could but by Sunday morn  
 Her gay new gown come, meads might dry to dun,  
 Trains shriek till ears were torn,  
 If Fred would not prefer that Other One.

## THE LEVELLED CHURCHYARD

“ O PASSENGER, pray list and catch  
 Our sighs and piteous groans,  
 Half stifled in this jumbled patch  
 Of wrenched memorial stones !

“ We late-lamented, resting here,  
 Are mixed to human jam,  
 And each to each exclaims in fear,  
 ‘ I know not which I am !’

“ The wicked people have annexed  
 The verses on the good ;  
 A roaring drunkard sports the text  
 Teetotal Tommy should !

"Where we are huddled none can trace,  
And if our names remain,  
They pave some path or porch or place  
Where we have never lain !

"Here's not a modest maiden elf  
But dreads the final Trumpet,  
Lest half of her should rise herself,  
And half some sturdy strumpet !

"From restorations of Thy fane,  
From smoothings of Thy sward,  
From zealous Churchmen's pick and plane  
Deliver us O Lord ! Amen !"

1882.

## THE RUINED MAID

"O 'MELIA, my dear, this does everything crown !  
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town ?  
And whence such fair garments, such prosperity ?"—  
"O didn't you know I'd been ruined ?" said she.

—"You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,  
Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks ;  
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three !"—  
"Yes : that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.

—"At home in the barton you said 'thee' and 'thou,'  
And 'thik oon,' and 'theas oon,' and 't'other' ; but now  
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny !"—  
"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

—"Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak  
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,  
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy !"—  
"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

—"You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,  
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock ; but at present you seem  
To know not of megrims or melancho-ly !"—  
"True. One's pretty lively when ruined," said she.

—"I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,  
 And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!"—  
 "My dear—a raw country girl, such as you be,  
 Cannot quite expect that. You ain't ruined," said she.

WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS, 1866.

## THE RESPECTABLE BURGHER

### ON "THE HIGHER CRITICISM"

SINCE Reverend Doctors now declare  
 That clerks and people must prepare  
 To doubt if Adam ever were ;  
 To hold the flood a local scare ;  
 To argue, though the stolid stare,  
 That everything had happened ere  
 The prophets to its happening sware ;  
 That David was no giant-slayer,  
 Nor one to call a God-obeyer  
 In certain details we could spare,  
 But rather was a debonair  
 Shrewd bandit, skilled as banjo-player :  
 That Solomon sang the fleshly Fair,  
 And gave the Church no thought whate'er ,  
 That Esther with her royal wear,  
 And Mordecai, the son of Jair,  
 And Joshua's triumphs, Job's despair,  
 And Balaam's ass's bitter blare ;  
 Nebuchadnezzar's furnace-flare,  
 And Daniel and the den affair,  
 And other stories rich and rare,  
 Were writ to make old doctrine wear  
 Something of a romantic air :  
 That the Nain widow's only heir,  
 And Lazarus with cadaverous glare  
 (As done in oils by Piombo's care)  
 Did not return from Sheol's lair :  
 That Jael set a fiendish snare,  
 That Pontius Pilate acted square,

That never a sword cut Malchus' ear ;  
 And (but for shame I must forbear)  
 That ——— did not reappear ! . . .  
 —Since thus they hint, nor turn a hair,  
 All churchgoing will I forswear,  
 And sit on Sundays in my chair,  
 And read that moderate man Voltaire.

## ARCHITECTURAL MASKS

### I

THERE is a house with ivied walls,  
 And mullioned windows worn and old,  
 And the long dwellers in those halls  
 Have souls that know but sordid calls,  
 And daily dote on gold.

In blazing brick and plated show  
 Not far away a "villa" gleams,  
 And here a family few may know,  
 With book and pencil, viol and bow,  
 Lead inner lives of dreams.

### III

The philosophic passers say,  
 "See that old mansion mossed and fair,  
 Poetic souls therein are they :  
 And O that gaudy box ! Away,  
 You vulgar people there."

## THE TENANT-FOR-LIFE

THE sun said, watching my watering-pot :  
 "Some morn you'll pass away ;  
 These flowers and plants I parch up hot—  
 Who'll water them that day ?



"Those banks and beds whose shape your eye  
Has planned in line so true,  
New hands will change, unreasoning why  
Such shape seemed best to you.

"Within your house will strangers sit,  
And wonder how first it came ;  
They'll talk of their schemes for improving it,  
And will not mention your name.

"They'll care not how, or when, or at what  
You sighed, laughed, suffered here,  
Though you feel more in an hour of the spot  
Than they will feel in a year.

"As I look on at you here, now,  
Shall I look on at these ;  
But as to our old times, avow  
No knowledge—hold my peace ! . . .

"O friend, it matters not, I say ;  
Bethink ye, I have shined  
On nobler ones than you, and they  
Are dead men out of mind !"

### THE KING'S EXPERIMENT

It was a wet wan hour in spring,  
And Nature met King Doom beside a lane,  
Wherein Hodge tramped, all blithely ballading  
The Mother's smiling reign.

"Why warbles he that skies are fair  
And coombs alight," she cried, "and fallows gay,  
When I have placed no sunshine in the air  
Or glow on earth to-day ?"

"'Tis in the comedy of things  
That such should be," returned the one of Doom ;  
"Charge now the scene with brightest blazonings,  
And he shall call them gloom."

She gave the word : the sunbeams broke,  
All Froomside shone, the hedgebirds raised a strain ;  
And later Hodge, upon the midday stroke,  
Returned along the lane,

Low murmuring : " O this bitter scene,  
And thrice accurst horizon hung with gloom !  
How deadly like this sky, these fields, these treen,  
To trappings of the tomb ! "

The Beldame then : " The fool and blind !  
Such mad perverseness who may apprehend ? "—  
" Nay ; there's no madness in it ; thou shalt find  
Thy law there," said her friend.

" When Hodge went forth 'twas to his Love,  
To make her, ere this eve, his wedded prize,  
And Earth, despite the heaviness above,  
Was bright as Paradise.

" But I sent on my messenger,  
With cunning arrows poisonous and keen,  
To take forthwith her laughing life from her,  
And dull her little een,

" And white her cheek, and still her breath,  
Ere her too buoyant Hodge had reached her side ;  
So, when he came, he clasped her but in death,  
And never as his bride.

" And there's the humour, as I said ;  
Thy dreary dawn he saw as gleaming gold,  
And in thy glistening green and radiant red  
Funereal gloom and cold."

## THE TREE

### AN OLD MAN'S STORY

#### I

ITS roots are bristling in the air  
Like some mad Earth-god's spiny hair ;  
The loud south-wester's swell and yell  
Smote it at midnight, and it fell.

Thus ends the tree  
Where Some One sat with me.

## II

Its boughs, which none but darers trod,  
 A child may step on from the sod,  
 And twigs that earliest met the dawn  
 Are lit the last upon the lawn.

Cart off the tree  
 Beneath whose trunk sat we !

## III

Yes, there we sat : she cooed content,  
 And bats ringed round, and daylight went ;  
 The gnarl, our seat, is wrenched and sunk,  
 Prone that queer pocket in the trunk

Where lay the key  
 To her pale mystery.

## IV

"Years back, within this pocket-hole  
 I found, my Love, a hurried scrawl  
 Meant not for me," at length said I ;  
 "I glanced thereat, and let it lie :

The words were three—  
*'Beloved, I agree.'*

## V

"Who placed it here ; to what request  
 It gave assent, I never guessed.  
 Some prayer of some hot heart, no doubt,  
 To some coy maiden hereabout,

Just as, maybe,  
 With you, Sweet Heart, and me."

## VI

She waited, till with quickened breath  
 She spoke, as one who banisheth  
 Reserves that lovecraft heeds so well,  
 To ease some mighty wish to tell :

"'Twas I," said she,  
 "Who wrote thus clinchingly.

## VII

"My lover's wife—aye, wife—knew nought  
 Of what we felt, and bore, and thought. . . .  
 He'd said : '*I wed with thee or die :*  
*She stands between, 'tis true. But why ?*  
*Do thou agree,*  
*And—she shall cease to be.'*

## VIII

"How I held back, how love supreme  
 Involved me madly in his scheme  
 Why should I say ? . . . I wrote assent  
 (You found it hid) to his intent. . . .  
     She—*died.* . . . But he  
     Came not to wed with me.

## IX

"O shrink not, Love !—Had these eyes seen  
 But once thine own, such had not been !  
 But we were strangers. . . . Thus the plot  
 Cleared passion's path.—Why came he not  
     To wed with me ? . . .  
     He wived the gibbet-tree."

## X

—Under that oak of heretofore  
 Sat Sweetheart mine with me no more :  
 By many a Fiord, and Strom, and Fleuve  
 Have I since wandered. . . . Soon, for love,  
     Distraught went she—  
     'Twas said for love of me.

## HER LATE HUSBAND

(KING'S HINTOCK, 182—)

"NO—not where I shall make my own ;  
     But dig his grave just by  
 The woman's with the initialed stone—  
     As near as he can lie—  
 After whose death he seemed to ail,  
     Though none considered why.

“And when I also claim a nook,  
 And your feet tread me in,  
 Bestow me, in my maiden name,  
 Among my kith and kin,  
 That strangers gazing may not dream  
 I did a husband win.”

“Widow, your wish shall be obeyed :  
 Though, thought I, certainly  
 You'd lay him where your folk are laid,  
 And your grave, too, will be,  
 As custom hath it ; you to right,  
 And on the left hand he.”

“Aye, sexton ; such the Hintock rule,  
 And none has said it nay ;  
 But now you find a native here  
 Eschews that ancient way . . .  
 And it may be, some Christmas night,  
 When angels walk, they'll say :

“‘O strange interment ! Civilized lands  
 Afford few types thereof ;  
 Here is a man who takes his rest  
 Beside his very Love,  
 Beside the one who was his wife  
 In our sight up above !’”

### THE SELF-UNSEEING

HERE is the ancient floor,  
 Footworn and hollowed and thin,  
 Here was the former door  
 Where the dead feet walked in.

She sat here in her chair,  
 Smiling into the fire ;  
 He who played stood there,  
 Bowing it higher and higher.

Childlike, I danced in a dream ;  
 Blessings emblazoned that day ;  
 Everything glowed with a gleam ;  
 Yet we were looking away !

## IN TENEBRIS

## I

“*Percussus sum sicut foenum, et aruit cor meum.*”—*Ps. ci.*

WINTERTIME nighs ;  
But my bereavement-pain  
It cannot bring again :  
Twice no one dies.

Flower-petals flee ;  
But, since it once hath been,  
No more that severing scene  
Can harrow me.

Birds faint in dread :  
I shall not lose old strength  
In the lone frost's black length :  
Strength long since fled !

Leaves freeze to dun ;  
But friends can not turn cold  
This season as of old  
For him with none.

Tempests may scath ;  
But love can not make smart  
Again this year his heart  
Who no heart hath.

Black is night's cope ;  
But death will not appal  
One who, past doubtings all,  
Waits in unhope.

## IN TENEBRIS

## II

"Considerabam ad dexteram, et videbam ; et non erat qui cognosceret me. . . . Non est qui requirat animam meam."—*Ps.* cxli.

WHEN the clouds' swoln bosoms echo back the shouts of the  
many and strong  
That things are all as they best may be, save a few to be right  
ere long,  
And my eyes have not the vision in them to discern what to  
these is so clear,  
The blot seems straightway in me alone ; one better he were not  
here.

The stout upstanders say, All's well with us : ruers have nought  
to rue !  
And what the potent say so oft, can it fail to be somewhat true ?  
Breezily go they, breezily come ; their dust smokes around their  
career,  
Till I think I am one born out of due time, who has no calling  
here.

Their dawns bring lusty joys, it seems ; their evenings all that is  
sweet ;  
Our times are blessed times, they cry : Life shapes it as is most  
meet,  
And nothing is much the matter ; there are many smiles to a  
tear ;  
Then what is the matter is I, I say. Why should such an one  
be here ? . . .

Let him in whose ears the low-voiced Best is killed by the  
clash of the First,  
Who holds that if way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look  
at the Worst,  
Who feels that delight is a delicate growth cramped by crooked-  
ness, custom, and fear,  
Get him up and be gone as one shaped awry ; he disturbs the  
order here.

## IN TENEBRIS

## III

"Heu mihi, quia incolatus meus prolongatus est ! Habitavi cum habitantibus Cedar ; multum incola fuit anima mea,"—*I's.* CLIX.

THERE have been times when I well might have passed and the ending have come—

Points in my path when the dark might have stolen on me, artless, unruing—

Ere I had learnt that the world was a welter of futile doing :  
Such had been times when I well might have passed, and the ending have come !

Say, on the noon when the half-sunny hours told that April was nigh,

And I upgathered and cast forth the snow from the crocus-border,

Fashioned and furbished the soil into a summer-seeming order,  
Glowing in gladsome faith that I quickened the year thereby.

Or on that loneliest of eves when afar and benighted we stood,  
She who upheld me and I, in the midmost of Egdon together,  
Confident I in her watching and ward through the blackening heather,

Deeming her matchless in might and with measureless scope endured.

Or on that winter-wild night when, reclined by the chimney-nook quoin,

Slowly a drowse overgat me, the smallest and feeblest of folk there,

Weak from my baptism of pain ; when at times and anon I awoke there—

Heard of a world wheeling on, with no listing or longing to join.

Even then ! while unweeting that vision could vex or that knowledge could numb,

That sweets to the mouth in the belly are bitter, and tart, and untoward,

Then, on some dim-coloured scene should my briefly raised curtain have lowered,

Then might the Voice that is law have said "Cease !" and the ending have come.



## THE CHURCH-BUILDER

## I

THE church flings forth a battled shade  
 Over the moon-blanced sward ;  
 The church ; my gift ; whereto I paid  
 My all in hand and hoard ;  
     Lavished my gains  
     With stintless pains  
 To glorify the Lord.

I squared the broad foundations in  
     Of ashlar'd masonry ;  
 I moulded mullions thick and thin,  
     Hew'd fillet and ogee :  
     I circleted  
     Each sculptured head  
 With nimb and canopy.

## III

I called in many a craftsman  
     To fix emblazoned glass,  
 To figure Cross and Sepulchre  
     On dossal, boss, and brass.  
     My gold all spent,  
     My jewels went  
 To gem the cups of Mass.

## IV

I borrowed deep to carve the screen  
     And raise the ivoried Rood ;  
 I parted with my small demesne  
     To make my owings good.  
     Heir-looms unpriced  
     I sacrificed,  
 Until debt-free I stood.

## V

So closed the task. "Deathless the Creed  
Here substantiated!" said my soul:  
"I heard me bidden to this deed,  
And straight obeyed the call.  
    Illumine this fane,  
    That not in vain  
I build it, Lord of all!"

## VI

But, as it chanced me, then and there  
Did dire misfortunes burst;  
My home went waste for lack of care,  
My sons rebelled and curst;  
    Till I confessed  
    That aims the best  
Were looking like the worst.

## VII

Enkindled by my votive work  
No burning faith I find;  
The deeper thinkers sneer and smirk,  
And give my toil no mind;  
    From nod and wink  
    I read they think  
That I am fool and blind.

## VIII

My gift to God seems futile, quite;  
The world moves as erstwhile;  
And powerful Wrong on feeble Right  
Tramples in olden style.  
    My faith burns down,  
    I see no crown;  
But Cares, and Grievings, and Guile.

## IX

So now, the remedy? Yea, this:  
I gently swing the door  
Here, of my fane—no soul to wis—  
And cross the patterned floor  
    To the rood-screen  
    That stands between  
The nave and inner chore.

## X

The rich red windows dim the moon,  
 But little light need I ;  
 I mount the prie-dieu, lately hewn  
 From woods of rarest dye ;  
 Then from below  
 My garment, so,  
 I draw this cord, and tie

## XI

One end thereof around the beam  
 Midway 'twixt Cross and truss :  
 I noose the nethermost extreme,  
 And in ten seconds thus  
 I journey hence—  
 To that land whence  
 No ruinour reaches us.

## XII

Well : Here at morn they'll light on one  
 Dangling in mockery  
 Of what he spent his substance on  
 Blindly and uselessly ! . . .  
 " He might," they'll say,  
 " Have built, some way,  
 A cheaper gallows-tree !"

## THE LOST PYX

A MEDIÆVAL LEGEND <sup>1</sup>

SOME say the spot is banned : that the pillar Cross-and-Hand  
 Attests to a deed of hell ;  
 But of else than of bale is the mystic tale  
 That ancient Vale-folk tell.

<sup>1</sup> On a lonely table-land above the Vale of Blackmore, between High-Stoy and Bubb-Down hills, and commanding in clear weather views that extend from the English to the Bristol Channel, stands a pillar, apparently mediæval, called Cross-and-Hand, or Christ-in-Hand. One tradition of its origin is mentioned in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*; another, more detailed, preserves the story here given.

Ere Cernel's Abbey ceased hereabout there dwelt a priest,  
    (In later life sub-prior  
Of the brotherhood there, whose bones are now bare  
    In the field that was Cernel choir).

One night in his cell at the foot of yon dell  
    The priest heard a frequent cry :  
"Go, father, in haste to the cot on the waste,  
    And shrive a man waiting to die."

Said the priest in a shout to the caller without,  
    "The night howls, the tree-trunks bow ;  
One may barely by day track so rugged a way,  
    And can I then do so now ?"

No further word from the dark was heard,  
    And the priest moved never a limb ;  
And he slept and dreamed ; till a Visage seemed  
    'To frown from Heaven at him.

In a sweat he arose ; and the storm shrieked shrill,  
    And smote as in savage joy ;  
While High-Stoy trees twanged to Bubb-Down Hill,  
    And Bubb-Down to High-Stoy.

There seemed not a holy thing in hail,  
    Nor shape of light or love,  
From the Abbey north of Blackmore Vale  
    To the Abbey south thereof.

Yet he plodded thence through the dark immense,  
    And with many a stumbling stride  
Through copse and briar climbed nigh and nigher  
    To the cot and the sick man's side.

When he would have unslung the Vessels uphung  
    To his arm in the steep ascent,  
He made loud moan : the Pyx was gone  
    Of the Blessed Sacrament.

Then in dolorous dread he beat his head :  
    " No earthly prize or pelf  
Is the thing I've lost in tempest tossed,  
    But the Body of Christ Himself ! "

He thought of the Visage his dream revealed,  
 And turned towards whence he came,  
 Hands groping the ground along foot-track and field,  
 And head in a heat of shame.

Till here on the hill, betwixt vill and vill,  
 He noted a clear straight ray  
 Stretching down from the sky to a spot hard by,  
 Which shone with the light of day.

And gathered around the illumined ground  
 Were common beasts and rare,  
 All kneeling at gaze, and in pause profound  
 Attent on an object there.

'Twas the Pyx, unharmed 'mid the circling rows  
 Of Blackmore's hairy throng,  
 Whereof were oxen, sheep, and does,  
 And hares from the brakes among ;

And badgers grey, and conies keen,  
 And squirrels of the tree,  
 And many a member seldom seen  
 Of Nature's family.

The ireful winds that scoured and swept  
 Through coppice, clump, and dell,  
 Within that holy circle slept  
 Calm as in hermit's cell.

Then the priest bent likewise to the sod  
 And thanked the Lord of Love,  
 And Blessed Mary, Mother of God,  
 And all the saints above.

And turning straight with his priceless freight,  
 He reached the dying one,  
 Whose passing sprite had been stayed for the rite  
 Without which bliss hath none.

And when by grace the priest won place,  
 And served the Abbey well,  
 He reared this stone to mark where shone  
 That midnight miracle.

# I

II

### III

IV

G

**V**

How gay we looked that day we wed,  
 That day we wed !  
 " May joy be with ye ! " they all said  
 A-standing by the durn.  
 I wonder what they say o'us now,  
 And if they know my lot ; and how  
 She feels who milks my favourite cow,  
 And takes my place at churn !

## VI

It wears me out to think of it,  
To think of it ;  
I cannot bear my fate as writ,  
I'd have my life unbe ;  
Would turn my memory to a blot,  
Make every relic of me rot,  
My doings be as they were not,  
And gone all trace of me !

## THE SUPPLANTER

## A TALE

**I**

HE bends his travel-tarnished feet  
To where she wastes in clay :  
From day-dawn until eve he fares  
Along the wintry way ;  
From day-dawn until eve he bears  
A wreath of blooms and bay.

## II

“Are these the gravestone shapes that meet  
My forward-straining view?  
Or forms that cross a window-blind  
In circle, knot, and queue:  
Gay forms, that cross and whirl and wind  
To music throbbing through?”—

## III

'The Keeper of the Field of Tombs  
Dwells by its gateway-pier ;  
He celebrates with feast and dance  
His daughter's twentieth year :  
He celebrates with wine of France  
The birthday of his dear."—

## IV

"The gates are shut when evening glooms  
Lay down your wreath, sad wight ,  
To-morrow is a time more fit  
For placing flowers aright :  
The morning is the time for it ;  
Come, wake with us to-night !"—

## V

He drops his wreath, and enters in,  
And sits, and shares their cheer.—  
'I fain would foot with you, young man,  
Before all others here ;  
I fain would foot it for a span  
With such a cavalier !"

## VI

She coaxes, clasps, nor fails to win  
His first-unwilling hand :  
The merry music strikes its staves,  
The dancers quickly band ;  
And with the Damsel of the Graves  
He duly takes his stand.

## VII

"You dance divinely, stranger swain,  
Such grace I've never known.  
O longer stay ! Breathe not adieu  
And leave me here alone !  
O longer stay : to her be true  
Whose heart is all your own !"—



## VIII

"I mark a phantom through the pane,  
 That beckons in despair,  
 Its mouth all drawn with heavy moan—  
 Her to whom once I swear!"—  
 "Nay; 'tis the lately carven stone  
 Of some strange girl laid there!"—

## IX

"I see white flowers upon the floor  
 Betrodden to a clot;  
 My wreath were they?"—"Nay; love me much,  
 Swear you'll forget me not!  
 'Twas but a wreath! Full many such  
 Are brought here and forgot."

. . .

## X

The watches of the night grow hoar,  
 He wakens with the sun;  
 "Now could I kill thee here!" he says.  
 "For winning me from one  
 Who ever in her living days  
 Was pure as cloistered nun!"

## XI

She cowers; and, rising, roves he then  
 Afar for many a mile,  
 For evermore to be apart  
 From her who could beguile  
 His senses by her burning heart,  
 And win his love awhile.

## XII

A year beholds him wend again  
 To her who wastes in clay;  
 From day-dawn until eve he fares  
 Along the wintry way,  
 From day-dawn until eve repairs  
 Towards her mound to pray

## XIII

And there he sets him to fulfil  
His frustrate first intent :  
And lay upon her bed, at last,  
The offering earlier meant :  
When, on his stooping figure, ghast  
And haggard eyes are bent.

## XIV

“O surely for a little while  
You can be kind to me .  
For do you love her, do you hate,  
She knows not—cares not she :  
Only the living feel the weight  
Of loveless misery !

## XV

“I own my sin ; I’ve paid its cost,  
Being outcast, shamed, and bare :  
I give you daily my whole heart,  
Your child my tender care,  
I pour you prayers ; this life apart  
Is more than I can bear !”

## XVI

He turns—unpitying, passion-tossed ;  
“I know you not !” he cries,  
“Nor know your child. I knew this maid,  
But she’s in Paradise !”  
And he has vanished in the shade  
From her beseeching eyes.

## IMITATIONS, ETC.

### SAPPHIC FRAGMENT

"Thou shalt be—Nothing."—OMAR KHAYYAM.

"Tombless, with no remembrance."—W. SHAKESPEARE.

DEAD shalt thou lie ; and nought  
Be told of thee or thought,  
For thou hast plucked not of the Muses' tree :  
And even in Hades' halls  
Amidst thy fellow-thralls  
No friendly shade thy shade shall company !

### CATULLUS: XXXI

(After passing Sirmione, April 1887)

SIRMIO, thou dearest dear of strands  
That Neptune strokes in lake and sea,  
With what high joy from stranger lands  
Doth thy old friend set foot on thee !  
Yea, barely seems it true to me  
That no Bithynia holds me now,  
But calmly and assuringly  
Around me stretchest homely Thou.

Is there a scene more sweet than when  
Our clinging cares are undercast,  
And, worn by alien moils and men,  
The long untrodden sill repassed,  
We press the pined-for couch at last,  
And find a full repayment there ?  
Then hail, sweet Sirmio ; thou that wast,  
And art, mine own unrivalled Fair !

## AFTER SCHILLER

KNIGHT, a true sister-love  
This heart retains ;  
Ask me no other love,  
That way lie pains !

Calm must I view thee come,  
Calm see thee go ;  
Tale-telling tears of thine  
I must not know !

## SONG FROM HEINE

I SCANNED her picture, dreaming,  
Till each dear line and hue  
Was imaged, to my seeming,  
As if it lived anew.

Her lips began to borrow  
Their former wondrous smile :  
Her fair eyes, faint with sorrow,  
Grew sparkling as erstwhile.

Such tears as often ran not  
Ran then, my love, for thee ;  
And O, believe I cannot  
That thou art lost to me !

## FROM VICTOR HUGO

CHILD, were I king, I'd yield my royal rule,  
My chariot, sceptre, vassal-service due,  
My crown, my porphyry-basined waters cool,  
My fleets, whereto the sea is but a pool,  
For a glance from you !

Love, were I God, the earth and its heaving airs,  
 Angels, the demons abject under me,  
 Vast chaos with its teeming womby lairs,  
 Time, space, all would I give—aye, upper spheres,  
 For a kiss from thee!

# CARDINAL BEMBO'S EPITAPH ON RAPHAEL.

HERE'S one in whom Nature feared—faint at such vying—  
 Eclipse while he lived, and decease at his dying.

## RETROSPECT

### "I HAVE LIVED WITH SHADES"

#### I

I HAVE lived with Shades so long,  
And talked to them so oft,  
Since forth from cot and croft  
I went mankind among,  
That sometimes they  
In their dim style  
Will pause awhile  
To hear my say ;

#### II

And take me by the hand,  
And lead me through their rooms  
In the To-be, where Dooms  
Half-wove and shapeless stand :  
And show from there  
The dwindled dust  
And rot and rust  
Of things that were.

#### III

"Now turn," they said to me  
One day : "Look whence we came,  
And signify his name  
Who gazes thence at thee."—  
—"Nor name nor race  
Know I, or can,"  
I said, "Of man  
So commonplace.

## IV

"He moves me not at all;  
 I note no ray or jot  
 Of rareness in his lot,  
 Or star exceptional.  
     Into the dim  
     Dead throngs around  
     He'll sink, nor sound  
     Be left of him."

## V

"Yet," said they, "his frail speech,  
 Hath accents pitched like thine—  
 Thy mould and his define  
 A likeness each to each—  
     But go! Deep pain  
     Alas, would be  
     His name to thee,  
     And told in vain!"

*February 2, 1899.*

## MEMORY AND I

"O MEMORY, where is now my youth,  
 Who used to say that life was truth?"

"I saw him in a crumbled cot  
     Beneath a tottering tree;  
 That he as phantom lingers there  
     Is only known to me."

"O Memory, where is now my joy,  
 Who lived with me in sweet employ?"

"I saw him in gaunt gardens lone,  
     Where laughter used to be;  
 That he as phantom wanders there  
     Is known to none but me."

"O Memory, where is now my hope,  
Who charged with deeds my skill and scope ?

"I saw her in a tomb of tomes,  
Where dreams are wont to be ;  
That she as spectre haunteth there  
Is only known to me."

"O Memory, where is now my faith,  
One time a champion, now a wraith ?"

"I saw her in a ravaged aisle,  
Bowed down on bended knee ;  
That her poor ghost outflickers there  
Is known to none but me."

"O Memory, where is now my love,  
That rayed me as a god above ?"

"I saw her in an ageing shape  
Where beauty used to be ;  
That her fond phantom lingers there  
Is only known to me."

### 'ΑΓΝΩΣΤΩ. ΘΕΩ.

LONG have I framed weak phantasies of Thee,  
O Willer masked and dumb !  
Who makest Life become,—  
As though by labouring all-unknowingly,  
Like one whom reveries numb.

How much of consciousness informs Thy will,  
Thy biddings, as if blind,  
Of death-inducing kind,  
Nought shows to us ephemeral ones who fill  
But moments in Thy mind.



Perhaps Thy ancient rote-restricted ways  
Thy ripening rule transcends ;  
That listless effort tends  
To grow percipient with advance of days,  
And with percipience mends.

For, in unwonted purlieus, far and nigh,  
At whiles or short or long,  
May be discerned a wrong  
Dying as of self-slaughter ; whereat I  
Would raise my voice in song.

## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS



## PREFACE

IN collecting the following poems I have to thank the editors and proprietors of the periodicals in which certain of them have appeared for permission to reclaim them.

Now that the miscellany is brought together, some lack of concord in pieces written at widely severed dates, and in contrasting moods and circumstances, will be obvious enough. This I cannot help, but the sense of disconnection, particularly in respect of those lyrics penned in the first person, will be immaterial when it is borne in mind that they are to be regarded, in the main, as dramatic monologues by different characters.

As a whole they will, I hope, take the reader forward, even if not far, rather than backward. I should add that some lines in the early-dated poems have been rewritten, though they have been left substantially unchanged.

T. H.

*September 1909.*



## THE REVISITATION

As I lay awake at night-time  
In an ancient country barrack known to ancient cannoneers,  
And recalled the hopes that heralded each seeming brave and  
    bright time  
Of my primal purple years,

Much it haunted me that, nigh there,  
I had borne my bitterest loss—when One who went, came not again;  
In a joyless hour of discord, in a joyless-hued July there—  
    A July just such as then.

And as thus I brooded longer,  
With my faint eyes on the feeble square of wan-lit window frame,  
A quick conviction sprung within me, grew, and grew yet stronger  
    That the month-night was the same,

Too, as that which saw her leave me  
On the rugged ridge of Waterstone, the peewits plaining round;  
And a lapsing twenty years had ruled that—as it were to  
    grieve me—  
I should near the once-loved ground.

Though but now a war-worn stranger  
Chance had quartered here, I rose up and descended to the yard.  
All was soundless, save the troopers' horses tossing at the manger,  
    And the sentry keeping guard.

Through the gateway I betook me  
Down the High Street and beyond the lamps, across the battered  
    bridge,  
Till the country darkness clasped me and the friendly shine  
    forsook me,  
And I bore towards the Ridge,

With a dim unowned emotion  
Saying softly : " Small my reason, now at midnight, to be here . . .  
Yet a sleepless swain of fifty with a brief romantic notion  
May retrace a track so dear."

Thus I walked with thoughts half-uttered  
Up the lane I knew so well, the grey, gaunt, lonely Lane of Slyre ;  
And at whiles behind me, far at sea, a sullen thunder muttered  
As I mounted high and higher.

Till, the upper roadway quitting,  
I adventured on the open drouthy downland thinly grassed,  
While the spry white scuts of conies flashed before me, earthward  
fitting,  
And an arid wind went past.

Round about me bulged the barrows  
As before, in antique silence—immemorial funeral piles—  
Where the sleek herds trampled daily the remains of flint-tipt arrows  
Mid the thyme and chamomiles ;

And the Sarsen stone there, dateless,  
On whose breast we had sat and told the zephyrs many a  
tender vow,  
Held the heat of yester sun, as sank thereon one fated mateless  
From those far fond hours till now.

Maybe flustered by my presence  
Rose the peewits, just as all those years back, wailing soft  
and loud,  
And revealing their pale pinions like a fitful phosphorescence  
Up against the cope of cloud,

Where their dolesome exclamations  
Seemed the voicings of the self-same throats I had heard when  
life was green,  
Though since that day uncounted frail forgotten generations  
Of their kind had flecked the scene.—

And so, living long and longer  
In a past that lived no more, my eyes discerned there, suddenly,  
That a figure broke the skyline—first in vague contour, then  
stronger,  
And was crossing near to me.

Some long-missed familiar gesture,  
Something wonted, struck me in the figure's pause to list and  
    heed,  
Till I fancied from its handling of its loosely wrapping vesture  
    That it might be She indeed.

'Twas not reasonless : below there  
In the vale, had been her home ; the nook might hold her  
    even yet,  
And the downlands were her father's fief ; she still might come  
    and go there ;—  
So I rose, and said, " Agnette ! "

With a little leap, half-frightened,  
She withdrew some steps ; then letting intuition smother fear  
In a place so long-accustomed, and as one whom thought  
    enlightened,  
She replied : " What—*that* voice ?—here ! "

" Yes, Agnette !—And did the occasion  
Of our marching hither make you think I *might* walk where  
    we two—"  
" O, I often come," she murmured with a moment's coy evasion,  
    "( 'Tis not far ),—and—think of you."

Then I took her hand, and led her  
To the ancient people's stone whereon I had sat. ' There now  
    sat we ;  
And together talked, until the first reluctant shyness fled her,  
And she spoke confidently.

" It is *just* as ere we parted ! "  
Said she, brimming high with joy.—" And when, then, came you  
    here, and why ? "  
" —Dear, I could not sleep for thinking of our trystings when  
    twin-hearted."  
She responded, " Nor could I.

" There are few things I would rather  
Than be wandering at this spirit-hour—lone-lived, my kindred  
    dead—  
On this wold of well-known feature I inherit from my father :  
    Night or day, I have no dread . . .



"O I wonder, wonder whether  
Any heartstring bore a signal-thrill between us twain or no?—  
Some such influence can, at times, they say, draw severed souls  
together."

I said, "Dear, we'll dream it so."

Each one's hand the other's grasping,  
And a mutual forgiveness won, we sank to silent thought,  
A large content in us that seemed our rended lives reclasping,  
And contracting years to nought.

Till I, maybe overweary  
From the lateness, and a wayfaring so full of strain and stress  
For one no longer buoyant, to a peak so steep and eery,  
Sank to slow unconsciousness . . . .

How long I slept I knew not,  
But the brief warm summer night had slid when, to my swift  
surprise,  
A red upedging sun, of glory chambered mortals view not,  
Was blazing on my eyes,

From the Milton Woods to Dole-Hill  
All the spacious landscape lighting, and around about my feet  
Flinging tall thin tapering shadows from the meanest mound  
and mole-hill,  
And on trails the ewes had beat.

She was sitting still beside me,  
Dozing likewise ; and I turned to her, to take her hanging hand :  
When, the more regarding, that which like a spectre shook  
and tried me

In her image then I scanned ;

That which Time's transforming chisel  
Had been tooling night and day for twenty years, and tooled  
too well,  
In its rendering of crease where curve was, where was raven,  
grizzle—  
Pits, where peonies once did dwell.

She had wakened, and perceiving  
(I surmise) my sigh and shock, my quite involuntary dismay,  
Up she started, and—her wasted figure all throughout it heaving—  
Said, "Ah, yes : I am *thus* by day !

“Can you really wince and wonder  
That the sunlight should reveal you such a thing of skin and bone,  
As if unaware a Death's-head must of need lie not far under  
Flesh whose years out-count your own ?

“Yes : that movement was a warning  
Of the worth of man's devotion !—Yes, Sir, I am *old*,” said she,  
“And the thing which should increase love turns it quickly into  
scorning—  
And your new-won heart from me !”

Then she went, ere I could call her,  
With the too proud temper ruling that had parted us before,  
And I saw her form descend the slopes, and smaller grow  
and smaller,  
Till I caught its course no more . . . .

True ; I might have dogged her downward ;  
—But it *may* be (though I know not) that this trick on us of Time  
Disconcerted and confused me.—Soon I bent my footsteps  
townward,  
Like to one who had watched a crime.

Well I knew my native weakness,  
Well I know it still. I cherished her reproach like physic-wine,  
For I saw in that emaciate shape of bitterness and bleakness  
A nobler soul than mine.

Did I not return, then, ever ?—  
Did we meet again ?—mend all ?—Alas, what greyhead  
perseveres !—  
Soon I got the Route elsewhither.—Since that hour I have seen  
her never :  
Love is lame at fifty years.

## A TRAMPWOMAN'S TRAGEDY

(182—)

## I

FROM Wynyard's Gap the livelong day.  
The livelong day,  
We beat afoot the northward way  
We had travelled times before.  
The sun-blaze burning on our backs,  
Our shoulders sticking to our packs,  
By fosseway, fields, and turnpike tracks  
We skirted sad Sedge-Moor.

## II

Full twenty miles we jaunted on,  
We jaunted on,—  
My fancy-man, and jeering John,  
And Mother Lee, and I.  
And, as the sun drew down to west,  
We climbed the toilsome Poldon crest,  
And saw, of landskip sights the best,  
The inn that beamed thereby.

## III

For months we had padded side by side,  
Ay, side by side  
Through the Great Forest, Blackmoor wide.  
And where the Parret ran.  
We'd faced the gusts on Mendip ridge,  
Had crossed the Yeo unhelped by bridge,  
Been stung by every Marshwood midge,  
I and my fancy-man.

## IV

Lone inns we loved, my man and I,  
My man and I ;  
"King's Stag," "Windwhistle" high and dry,  
"The Horse" on Hintock Green,

The cosy house at Wynyard's Gap,  
"The Hut" renowned on Bredy Knap,  
And many another wayside tap  
Where folk might sit unseen.

## V

Now as we trudged—O deadly day,  
O deadly day!—  
I teased my fancy-man in play  
And wanton idleness.  
I walked alongside jeering John,  
I laid his hand my waist upon ;  
I would not bend my glances on  
My lover's dark distress.

## VI

Thus Poldon top at last we won,  
At last we won,  
And gained the inn at sink of sun  
Far-famed as " Marshal's Elm."  
Beneath us figured tor and lea,  
From Mendip to the western sea—  
I doubt if finer sight there be  
Within this royal realm.

## VII

Inside the settle all a-row—  
All four a-row  
We sat, I next to John, to show  
That he had wooed and won.  
And then he took me on his knee,  
And swore it was his turn to be  
My favoured mate, and Mother Lee  
Passed to my former one.

## VIII

Then in a voice I had never heard,  
I had never heard,  
My only Love to me : " One word,  
My lady, if you please !

Whose is the child you are like to bear?—  
*His?* After all my months o' care?"  
 God knows 'twas not! But, O despair!  
 I nodded—still to tease.

## IX

Then up he sprung, and with his knife—  
 And with his knife  
 He let out jeering Johnny's life,  
 Yes; there, at set of sun.  
 The slant ray through the window nigh  
 Gilded John's blood and glazing eye,  
 Ere scarcely Mother Lee and I  
 Knew that the deed was done.

## X

The taverns tell the gloomy tale,  
 The gloomy tale,  
 How that at Ivel-chester jail  
 My Love, my sweetheart swung;  
 Though stained till now by no misdeed  
 Save one horse ta'en in time o' need;  
 (Blue Jimmy stole right many a steed  
 Ere his last fling he flung.)

## XI

Thereaft I walked the world alone,  
 Alone, alone!  
 On his death-day I gave my groan  
 And dropt his dead-born child.  
 'Twas nigh the jail, beneath a tree,  
 None tending me; for Mother Lee  
 Had died at Glaston, leaving me  
 Unfriended on the wild.

## XII

And in the night as I lay weak,  
 As I lay weak,  
 The leaves a-falling on my cheek,  
 The red moon low declined—

The ghost of him I'd die to kiss  
 Rose up and said: "Ah, tell me this!  
 Was the child mine, or was it his?  
 Speak, that I rest may find!"

## XIII

O doubt not but I told him then,  
 I told him then,  
 That I had kept me from all men  
 Since we joined lips and swore.  
 Whereat he smiled, and thinned away  
 As the wind stirred to call up day . . .  
 —'Tis past! And here alone I stray  
 Haunting the Western Moor.

NOTES.—"Windwhistle" (Stanza iv.) The highness and dryness of Windwhistle Inn was impressed upon the writer two or three years ago, when, after climbing on a hot afternoon to the beautiful spot near which it stands and entering the inn for tea, he was informed by the landlady that none could be had, unless he would fetch water from a valley half a mile off, the house containing not a drop, owing to its situation. However, a tantalizing row of full barrels behind her back testified to a wetness of a certain sort, which was not at that time desired.

"Marshal's Elm" (Stanza vi), so picturesquely situated, is no longer an inn, though the house, or part of it, still remains. It used to exhibit a fine old swinging sign.

"Blue Jimmy" (Stanza x.) was a notorious horse-stealer of Wessex in those days, who appropriated more than a hundred horses before he was caught, among others one belonging to a neighbour of the writer's grandfather. He was hanged at the now demolished Ivel-chester or Ilchester jail above mentioned—that building formerly of so many sinister associations in the minds of the local peasantry, and the continual haunt of fever, which at last led to its condemnation. Its site is now an innocent-looking green meadow.

*April 1902.*

## THE TWO ROSALINDS

## I

THE dubious daylight ended,  
 And I walked the Town alone, unminding whither bound and  
 why,  
 As from each gaunt street and gaping square a mist of light  
 ascended  
 And dispersed upon the sky.

## II

Files of evanescent faces  
Passed each other without heeding, in their travail, teen, or joy,  
Some in void unvisioned listlessness inwrought with pallid traces  
Of keen penury's annoy.

## III

Nebulous flames in crystal cages  
Leered as if with discontent at city movement, murk, and grime,  
And as waiting some procession of great ghosts from bygone ages  
To exalt the ignoble time.

## IV

In a colonnade high-lighted,  
By a thoroughfare where stern utilitarian traffic dinned,  
On a red and white emblazonment of players and parts, I sighted  
The name of "Rosalind,"

## V

And her famous mates of "Arden,"  
Who observed no stricter customs than "the seasons' difference"  
bade,  
Who lived with running brooks for books in Nature's wildwood  
garden,  
And called idleness their trade . . .

## VI

Now the poster stirred an ember  
Still remaining from my ardours of some forty years before,  
When the self-same portal on an eve it thrilled me to remember  
A like announcement bore ;

## VII

And expectantly I had entered,  
And had first beheld in human mould a Rosalind woo and plead,  
On whose transcendent figuring my speedy soul had centred  
As it had been she indeed . . . .

## VIII

So ; all other plans discarding,  
I resolved on entrance, bent on seeing what I once had seen,

And approached the gangway of my earlier knowledge, dis-  
regarding  
The tract of time between.

## IX

"The words, sir?" cried a creature  
Hovering mid the shine and shade as 'twixt the live world and  
the tomb;  
But the well-known numbers needed not for me a text or teacher  
To revive and re-illuminate.

## X

Then the play. . . . But how unfitted  
Was *this* Rosalind!—a mammet quite to me, in memories nurst,  
And with chilling disappointment soon I sought the street I had  
quitted,  
To re-ponder on the first.

## XI

The hag still hawked,—I met her  
Just without the colonnade. "So you don't like her, sir?" said  
she.  
"Ah—I was once that Rosalind!—I acted her—none better—  
Yes—in eighteen sixty-three.

## XII

"Thus I won Orlando to me  
In my then triumphant days when I had charm and maidenhood,  
Now some forty years ago.—I used to say, *Come woo me, woo  
me!*"  
And she struck the attitude.

## XIII

It was when I had gone there nightly;  
And the voice—though raucous now—was yet the old one.—  
Clear as noon  
My Rosalind was here . . . . Thereon the hand withinside  
lightly  
Beat up a merry tune.



## A SUNDAY MORNING TRAGEDY

*(circa 186—)*

I BORE a daughter flower-fair,  
In Pydel Vale, alas for me ;  
I joyed to mother one so rare,  
But dead and gone I now would be.

Men looked and loved her as she grew,  
And she was won, alas for me ;  
She told me nothing, but I knew,  
And saw that sorrow was to be.

I knew that one had made her thrall,  
A thrall to him, alas for me ;  
And then, at last, she told me all,  
And wondered what her end would be.

She owned that she had loved too well,  
Had loved too well, unhappy she,  
And bore a secret time would tell,  
Though in her shroud she'd sooner be.

I plodded to her sweetheart's door  
In Pydel Vale, alas for me :  
I pleaded with him, pleaded sore,  
To save her from her misery.

He frowned, and swore he could not wed.  
Seven times he swore it could not be ;  
"Poverty's worse than shame," he said,  
Till all my hope went out of me.

"I've packed my traps to sail the main --  
Roughly he spake, alas did he—  
"Wessex beholds me not again,  
'Tis worse than any jail would be !"

—There was a shepherd whom I knew,  
A subtle man, alas for me

I sought him all the pastures through,  
Though better I had ceased to be.

I traced him by his lantern light,  
And gave him hint, alas for me,  
Of how she found her in the plight  
That is so scorned in Christendie.

"Is there an herb. . . ?" I asked. "Or none?"  
Yes, thus I asked him desperately.  
"—There is," he said; "a certain one. . . ."  
Would he had sworn that none knew he!

"To-morrow I will walk your way,"  
He hinted low, alas for me.—  
Fieldwards I gazed throughout next day;  
Now fields I never more would see!

The sunset-shine, as curfew strook,  
As curfew strook beyond the lea,  
Lit his white smock and gleaming crook.  
While slowly he drew near to me.

He pulled from underneath his smock  
The herb I sought, my curse to be—  
"At times I use it in my flock,"  
He said, and hope waxed strong in me.

"'Tis meant to balk ill-motherings"—  
(Ill-motherings! Why should they be?)—  
"If not, would God have sent such things?"  
So spoke the shepherd unto me.

That night I watched the poppling brew,  
With bended back and hand on knee:  
I stirred it till the dawnlight grew,  
And the wind whiffled wailfully.

"This scandal shall be slain," said I,  
"That lours upon her innocency:  
I'll give all whispering tongues the lie;"—  
But worse than whispers was to be.

"Here's physic for untimely fruit,"  
I said to her, alas for me,  
Early that morn in fond salute ;  
And in my grave I now would be.

—Next Sunday came, with sweet church chimes  
In Pydel Vale, alas for me :  
I went into her room betimes ;  
No more may such a Sunday be !

"Mother, instead of rescue nigh,"  
She faintly breathed, alas for me,  
"I feel as I were like to die,  
And underground soon, soon should be."

From church that noon the people walked  
In twos and threes, alas for me,  
Showed their new raiment—smiled and talked,  
Though sackcloth-clad I longed to be.

Came to my door her lover's friends,  
And cheerly cried, alas for me,  
"Right glad are we he makes amends,  
For never a sweeter bride can be."

My mouth dried, as 'twere scorched within,  
Dried at their words, alas for me :  
More and more neighbours crowded in,  
(O why should mothers ever be !)

"Ha-ha ! Such well-kept news !" laughed they,  
Yes—so they laughed, alas for me.  
"Whose banns were called in church to-day ?"—  
Christ, how I wished my soul could flee !

"Where is she ? O the stealthy miss,"  
Still bantered they, alas for me,  
"To keep a wedding close as this . . . ."  
Ay, Fortune worked thus wantonly !

"But you are pale—you did not know ?"  
They archly asked, alas for me,

I stammered, "Yes—some days—ago,"  
While coffined clay I wished to be.

"'Twas done to please her, we surmise?"  
(They spoke quite lightly in their glee)  
"Done by him as a fond surprise?"  
I thought their words would madden me.

Her lover entered. "Where's my bird?—  
My bird—my flower—my picotee?  
First time of asking, soon the third!"  
Ah, in my grave I well may be.

To me he whispered: "Since your call—"  
So spoke he then, alas for me—  
"I've felt for her, and righted all."  
—I think of it to agony.

"She's faint to-day—tired—nothing more—"  
Thus did I lie, alas for me. . . .  
I called her at her chamber door  
As one who scarce had strength to be.

No voice replied. I went within—  
O women! scourged the worst are we. . . .  
I shrieked. The others hastened in  
And saw the stroke there dealt on me.

There she lay—silent, breathless, dead,  
Stone dead she lay—wronged, sinless she!  
Ghost-white the cheeks once rosy-red:  
Death had took her. Death took not me.

I kissed her colding face and hair,  
I kissed her corpse—the bride to be!—  
My punishment I cannot bear,  
But pray God *not* to pity me.

## THE HOUSE OF HOSPITALITIES

HERE we broached the Christmas barrel,  
 Pushed up the charred log-ends ;  
 Here we sang the Christmas carol,  
 And called in friends.

Time has tired me since we met here  
 When the folk now dead were young  
 Since the viands were outset here  
 And quaint songs sung.

And the worm has bored the viol  
 That used to lead the tune,  
 Rust has eaten out the dial  
 That struck night's noon.

Now no Christmas brings in neighbours,  
 And the New Year comes unlit ;  
 Where we sang the mole now labours,  
 And spiders knit.

Yet at midnight if here walking,  
 When the moon sheets wall and tree,  
 I see forms of old time talking,  
 Who smile on me.

## BEREFT

IN the black winter morning  
 No light will be struck near my eyes  
 While the clock in the stairway is warning  
 For five, when he used to rise.  
     Leave the door unbarred,  
     The clock unwound.  
     Make my lone bed hard—  
     Would 'twere underground !

When the summer dawns clearly,  
 And the appletree-tops seem alight,

Who will undraw the curtain and cheerly  
Call out that the morning is bright ?

When I tarry at market  
No form will cross Durnover Lea  
In the gathering darkness, to hark at  
Grey's Bridge for the pit-pat o' me.

When the supper crock's steaming,  
And the time is the time of his tread,  
I shall sit by the fire and wait dreaming  
In a silence as of the dead.

Leave the door unbarred,  
The clock unwound,  
Make my lone bed hard—  
Would 'twere underground !

1901.

## JOHN AND JANE

### I

HE sees the world as a boisterous place  
Where all things bear a laughing face,  
And humorous scenes go hourly on,  
Does John.

### II

They find the world a pleasant place  
Where all is ecstasy and grace,  
Where a light has risen that cannot wane,  
Do John and Jane.

### III

They see as a palace their cottage-place,  
Containing a pearl of the human race,  
A hero, maybe, hereafter styled,  
Do John and Jane with a baby-child.

### IV

They rate the world as a gruesome place,  
Where fair looks fade to a skull's grimace,—  
As a pilgrimage they would fain get done—  
Do John and Jane with their worthless son.

## THE CURATE'S KINDNESS

## A WORKHOUSE IRONY

## I

I THOUGHT they'd be strangers aroun' me,  
 But she's to be there !  
 Let me jump out o' waggon and go back and drown me  
 At Pummery or Ten-Hatches Weir.

## II

I thought : " Well, I've come to the Union—  
 The workhouse at last—  
 After honest hard work all the week, and Communion  
 O' Zundays, these fifty years past.

## III

" 'Tis hard ; but," I thought, " never mind it :  
 There's gain in the end :  
 And when I get used to the place I shall find it  
 A home, and may find there a friend.

## IV

" Life there will be better than t'other,  
 For peace is assured.  
*The men in one wing and their wives in another*  
 Is strictly the rule of the Board."

## V

Just then one young Pa'son arriving  
 Steps up out of breath  
 To the side o' the waggon wherein we were driving  
 To Union ; and calls out and saith :

## VI

" Old folks, that harsh order is altered,  
 Be not sick of heart !  
 The Guardians they poohed and they pished and they paltered  
 When urged not to keep you apart.

## VII

" 'It is wrong,' I maintained, 'to divide them,  
Near forty years wed.'  
'Very well, sir. We promise, then, they shall abide them  
In one wing together,' they said."

## VIII

Then I sank—knew 'twas quite a foredone thing  
That misery should be  
To the end! . . . To get freed of her there was the one thing  
Had made the change welcome to me.

## IX

To go there was ending but badly ;  
'Twas shame and 'twas pain ;  
"But anyhow," thought I, "thereby I shall gladly  
Get free of this forty years' chain."

## X

I thought they'd be strangers aroun' me,  
But she's to be there !  
Let me jump out o' waggon and go back and drown me  
At Pummery or Ten-Hatches Weir.

## THE FLIRT'S TRAGEDY

(17—)

HERE alone by the logs in my chamber,  
Deserted, decrepit—  
Spent flames limning ghosts on the wainscot  
Of friends I once knew—

My drama and hers begins weirdly  
Its dumb re-enactment,  
Each scene, sigh, and circumstance passing  
In spectral review.



—Wealth was mine beyond wish when I met her—  
The pride of the lowland—  
Embowered in Tintinhull Valley  
By laurel and yew ;

And love lit my soul, notwithstanding  
My features' ill favour,  
Too obvious beside her perfections  
Of line and of hue.

But it pleased her to play on my passion,  
And whet me to pleadings  
That won from her mirthful negations  
And scornings undue.

Then I fled her disdains and derisions  
To cities of pleasure,  
And made me the crony of idlers  
In every purlieu.

Of those who lent ear to my story,  
A needy Adonis  
Gave hint how to grizzle her garden  
From roses to rue,

Could his price but be paid for so purging  
My scorner of scornings :  
Thus tempted, the lust to avenge me  
Germed inly and grew.

I clothed him in sumptuous apparel,  
Consigned to him coursers,  
Meet equipage, liveried attendants  
In full retinue.

So dowered, with letters of credit  
He wayfared to England,  
And spied out the manor she goddessed,  
And handy thereto,

Set to hire him a tenantless mansion  
As coign-stone of vantage  
For testing what gross adulation  
Of beauty could do.

He laboured through mornings and evens.  
On new moons and sabbaths,  
By wiles to enmesh her attention  
In park, path, and pew ;

And having afar played upon her,  
Advanced his lines nearer.  
And boldly outleaping conventions.  
Bent briskly to woo.

His gay godlike face, his rare seeming  
Anon worked to win her,  
And later, at noontides and night-tides  
They held rendezvous.

His tarriance full spent, he departed  
And met me in Venice,  
And lines from her told that my jilter  
Was stooping to sue.

Not long could be further concealment,  
She pled to him humbly :  
" By our love and our sin, O protect me ;  
I fly unto you ! "

A mighty remorse overgat me,  
I heard her low anguish,  
And there in the gloom of the *calle*  
My steel ran him through.

A swift push engulfed his hot carrion  
Within the canal there—  
That still street of waters dividing  
The city in two.

—I wandered awhile all unable  
To smother my torment,  
My brain racked by yells as from Tophet  
Of Satan's whole crew.

A month of unrest brought me hovering  
At home in her precincts,  
To whose hiding-hole local story  
Afforded a clue.

Exposed, and expelled by her people,  
Afar off in London  
I found her alone, in a sombre  
And soul-stifling mew.

Still burning to make reparation  
I pleaded to wive her,  
And father her child, and thus faintly  
My mischief undo.

She yielded, and spells of calm weather  
Succeeded the tempest ;  
And one sprung of him stood as scion  
Of my bone and thew. . . .

But Time unveils sorrows and secrets,  
And so it befell now :  
By inches the curtain was twitched at,  
And slowly undrew.

As we lay, she and I, in the night-time,  
We heard the boy moaning :  
"O misery mine ! My false father  
Has murdered my true !"

She gasped : yea, she heard ; understood it  
Next day the child fled us ;  
And nevermore sighted was even  
A print of his shoe.

Thenceforward she shunned me, and languished ;  
Till one day the park-pool  
Embraced her fair form, and extinguished  
Her eyes' living blue.

—So ; ask not what blast may account for  
This aspect of pallor,  
These bones that just prison within them  
Life's poor residue ;

But pass by, and leave unregarded  
A Cain to his suffering,  
For vengeance too dark on the woman  
Whose lover he slew.

## THE REJECTED MEMBER'S WIFE

WE shall see her no more  
On the balcony,  
Smiling, while hurt, at the roar  
As of surging sea  
From the stormy sturdy band  
Who have doomed her lord's cause,  
Though she waves her little hand  
As it were applause.

Here will be candidates yet,  
And candidates' wives,  
Fervid with zeal to set  
Their ideals on our lives :  
Here will come market-men  
On the market-days,  
Here will clash now and then  
More such party assays.

And the balcony will fill  
When such times are renewed,  
And the throng in the street will thrill  
With to-day's mettled mood ;  
But she will no more stand  
In the sunshine there,  
With that wave of her white-gloved hand,  
And that chestnut hair.

*January 1906.*

## THE FARM-WOMAN'S WINTER

## I

IF seasons all were summers,  
And leaves would never fall,  
And hopping casement-comers  
Were foodless not at all,  
And fragile folk might be here  
That white winds bid depart ;  
Then one I used to see here  
Would warm my wasted heart !

## II

One frail, who, bravely tilling  
Long hours in gripping gusts,  
Was mastered by their chilling,  
And now his ploughshare rusts.  
So savage winter catches  
The breath of limber things,  
And what I love he snatches,  
And what I love not, brings

## AUTUMN IN KING'S HINTOCK PARK

HERE by the baring bough  
Raking up leaves,  
Often I ponder how  
Springtime deceives,—  
I, an old woman now,  
Raking up leaves.

Here in the avenue  
Raking up leaves,  
Lords' ladies pass in view,  
Until one heaves  
Sighs at life's russet hue,  
Raking up leaves !

Just as my shape you see  
Raking up leaves,  
I saw, when fresh and free,  
Those memory weaves  
Into grey ghosts by me,  
Raking up leaves.

Yet, Dear, though one may sigh,  
Raking up leaves,  
New leaves will dance on high—  
Earth never grieves !—  
Will not, when missed am I  
Raking up leaves.

## SHUT OUT THAT MOON

CLOSE up the casement, draw the blind,  
 Shut out that stealing moon,  
 She wears too much the guise she wore  
 Before our lutes were strewn  
 With years-deep dust, and names we read  
 On a white stone were hewn.

Step not forth on the dew-dashed lawn  
 To view the Lady's Chair,  
 Immense Orion's glittering form,  
 The Less and Greater Bear :  
 Stay in ; to such sights we were drawn  
 When faded ones were fair.

Brush not the bough for midnight scents  
 That come forth lingeringly,  
 And wake the same sweet sentiments  
 They breathed to you and me  
 When living seemed a laugh, and love  
 All it was said to be.

Within the common lamp-lit room  
 Prison my eyes and thought ;  
 Let dingy details crudely loom,  
 Mechanic speech be wrought :  
 Too fragrant was Life's early bloom,  
 Too tart the fruit it brought !

1904.

## REMINISCENCES OF A DANCING MAN

## I

WHO now remembers Almack's balls—  
 Willis's sometime named—  
 In those two smooth-floored upper halls  
 For faded ones so famed ?

Where as we trod to trilling sound  
 The fancied phantoms stood around,

## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

Or joined us in the maze,  
 Of the powdered Dears from Georgian years.  
 Whose dust lay in sightless sealed-up biers.  
 The fairest of former days.

## II

Who now remembers gay Cremorne,  
 And all its jaunty jills,  
 And those wild whirling figures born  
 Of Jullien's grand quadrilles?  
 With hats on head and morning coats  
 There footed to his prancing notes  
 Our partner-girls and we;  
 And the gas-jets winked, and the lustres clinked,  
 And the platform throbbed as with arms enlinked  
 We moved to the minstrelsy.

## III

Who now recalls those crowded rooms  
 Of old yclept "The Argyle,"  
 Where to the deep Drum-polka's booms  
 We hopped in standard style?  
 Whither have danced those damsels now!  
 Is Death the partner who doth moue  
 Their wormy chaps and bare?  
 Do their spectres spin like sparks within  
 The smoky halls of the Prince of Sin  
 To a thunderous Jullien air?

## THE DEAD MAN WALKING

THEY hail me as one living,  
 But don't they know  
 That I have died of late years,  
 Untombed although?

I am but a shape that stands here,  
 A pulseless mould,  
 A pale past picture, screening  
 Ashes gone cold.

Not at a minute's warning,  
Not in a loud hour,  
For me ceased Time's enchantments  
In hall and bower.

There was no tragic transit,  
No catch of breath,  
When silent seasons inched me  
On to this death. . . .

--A Troubadour-youth I rambled  
With Life for lyre,  
The beats of being raging  
In me like fire.

But when I practised eyeing  
The goal of men,  
It iced me, and I perished  
A little then.

When passed my friend, my kinsfolk  
Through the Last Door,  
And left me standing bleakly,  
I died yet more ;

And when my Love's heart kindled  
In hate of me,  
Wherefore I knew not, died I  
One more degree.

And if when I died fully  
I cannot say,  
And changed into the corpse-thing  
I am to-day,

Yet is it that, though whiling  
The time somehow  
In walking, talking, smiling,  
I live not now.



## MORE LOVE LYRICS

1967

IN five-score summers ! All new eyes,  
New minds, new modes, new fools, new wise  
New woes to weep, new joys to prize ;

With nothing left of me and you  
In that live century's vivid view  
Beyond a pinch of dust or two ;

A century which, if not sublime,  
Will show, I doubt not, at its prime,  
A scope above this blinkered time.

—Yet what to me how far above ?  
For I would only ask thereof  
That thy worm should be my worm, Love !

16 WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS, 1867.

## HER DEFINITION

I LINGERED through the night to break of day,  
Nor once did sleep extend a wing to me,  
Intently busied with a vast array  
Of epithets that should outfigure thee.

Full-featured terms—all fitless—hastened by,  
And this sole speech remained : "That maiden mine !"—  
Debarred from due description then did I  
Perceive the indefinite phrase could yet define.

As common chests encasing wares of price  
Are borne with tenderness through halls of state,  
For what they cover, so the poor device  
Of homely wording I could tolerate,  
Knowing its unadornment held as freight  
The sweetest image outside Paradise.

W. P. V., Summer : 1866.

## THE DIVISION

RAIN on the windows, creaking doors,  
With blasts that besom the green,  
And I am here, and you are there,  
And a hundred miles between !

O were it but the weather, Dear,  
O were it but the miles  
That summed up all our severance,  
There might be room for smiles.

But that thwart thing betwixt us twain,  
Which nothing cleaves or clears,  
Is more than distance, Dear, or rain,  
And longer than the years !

1893.

## ON THE DEPARTURE PLATFORM

WE kissed at the barrier ; and passing through  
She left me, and moment by moment got  
Smaller and smaller, until to my view  
She was but a spot ;

A wee white spot of muslin fluff  
That down the diminishing platform bore  
Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough  
To the carriage door.

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,  
 Behind dark groups from far and near,  
 Whose interests were apart from ours,  
     She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see  
 That flexible form, that nebulous white ;  
 And she who was more than my life to me  
     Had vanished quite. . . .

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day  
 And in season she will appear again—  
 Perhaps in the same soft white array—  
     But never as then !

—“ And why, young man, must eternally fly  
 A joy you'll repeat, if you love her well ?  
 —O friend, nought happens twice thus ; why,  
     I cannot tell !

### IN A CATHEDRAL CITY

THESE people have not heard your name ;  
 No loungers in this placid place  
 Have helped to bruit your beauty's fame.

The grey Cathedral, towards whose face  
 Bend eyes untold, has met not yours ;  
 Your shade has never swept its base,

Your form has never darked its doors,  
 Nor have your faultless feet once thrown  
 A pensive pit-pat on its floors.

Along the street to maids well known  
 Blithe lovers hum their tender airs,  
 But in your praise voice not a tone. . . .

—Since nought bespeaks you here, or bears,  
 As I, your imprint through and through,  
 Here might I rest, till my heart shares  
 The spot's unconsciousness of you !

SALISBURY.

"I SAY I'LL SEEK HER"

I SAY, "I'll seek her side  
Ere hindrance interposes ;"  
But eve in midnight closes,  
And here I still abide.

'When darkness wears I see  
Her sad eyes in a vision ;  
They ask, "What indecision  
Detains you, Love, from me?—

"The creaking hinge is oiled,  
I have unbarred the backway,  
But you tread not the trackway  
And shall the thing be spoiled ?

"Far cockcrows echo shrill,  
The shadows are abating,  
And I am waiting, waiting ;  
But O, you tarry still !"

HER FATHER

I MET her, as we had privily planned,  
Where passing feet beat busily :  
She whispered : "Father is at hand !  
He wished to walk with me."

His presence as he joined us there  
Banished our words of warmth away ;  
We felt, with cloudings of despair,  
What Love must lose that day.

Her crimson lips remained unknissed,  
Our fingers kept no tender hold,  
His lack of feeling made the tryst  
Embarrassed, stiff, and cold.

## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

A cynic ghost then rose and said,  
 "But is his love for her so small  
 That, nigh to yours, it may be read  
 As of no worth at all ?

"You love her for her pink and white ;  
 But what when their fresh splendours close  
 His love will last her in despite  
 Of Time, and wrack, and foes."

WEYMOUTH.

## AT WAKING

WHEN night was lifting,  
 And dawn had crept under its shade,  
 Amid cold clouds drifting  
 Dead-white as a corpse outlaid,  
     With a sudden scare  
     I seemed to behold  
     My Love in bare  
     Hard lines unfold.

Yea, in a moment,  
 An insight that would not die  
 Killed her old endowment  
 Of charm that had capped all nigh,  
     Which vanished to none  
     Like the gilt of a cloud,  
     And showed her but one  
     Of the common crowd.

She seemed but a sample  
 Of earth's poor average kind,  
 Lit up by no ample  
 Enrichments of mien or mind.  
     I covered my eyes  
     As to cover the thought,  
     And unrecognize  
     What the morn had taught.

O vision appalling  
When the one believed-in thing  
Is seen falling, falling,  
With all to which hope can cling.  
Off: it is not true;  
For it cannot be  
That the prize I drew  
Is a blank to me!

WEYMOUTH, 1869.

#### FOUR FOOTPRINTS

HERE are the tracks upon the sand  
Where stood last evening she and I—  
Pressed heart to heart and hand to hand;  
The morning sun has baked them dry.

I kissed her wet face—wet with rain,  
For arid grief had burnt up tears,  
While reached us as in sleeping pain  
The distant gurgling of the weirs.

“I have married him—yes; feel that ring;  
'Tis a week ago that he put it on. . . .  
A dutiful daughter does this thing,  
And resignation succeeds anon!

“But that I body and soul was yours  
Ere he'd possession, he'll never know.  
He's a confident man. 'The husband scores,'  
He says, 'in the long run' . . . Now, Dear, go!”

I went. And to-day I pass the spot;  
It is only a smart the more to endure;  
And she whom I held is as though she were not,  
For they have resumed their honeymoon tour.

## IN THE VAULTED WAY

IN the vaulted way, where the passage turned  
To the shadowy corner that none could see,  
You paused for our parting,—plaintively ;  
Though overnight had come words that burned  
My fond frail happiness out of me.

And then I kissed you,—despite my thought  
That our spell must end when reflection came  
On what you had deemed me, whose one long aim  
Had been to serve you ; that what I sought  
Lay not in a heart that could breathe such blame.

But yet I kissed you ; whereon you again  
As of old kissed me. Why, why was it so ?  
Do you cleave to me after that light-tongued blow ?  
If you scorned me at eventide, how love then ?  
The thing is dark, Dear. I do not know.

## IN THE MIND'S EYE

THAT was once her casement,  
And the taper nigh,  
Shining from within there,  
Beckoned, "Here am I!"

Now, as then, I see her  
Moving at the pane ;  
Ah ; 'tis but her phantom  
Borne within my brain !—

Foremost in my vision  
Everywhere goes she ;  
Change dissolves the landscapes,  
She abides with me.

Shape so sweet and shy, Dear,  
Who can say thee nay ?  
Never once do I, Dear,  
Wish thy ghost away.

## THE END OF THE EPISODE

INDULGE no more may we  
In this sweet-bitter pastime :  
The love-light shines the last time  
Between you, Dear, and me.

There shall remain no trace  
Of what so closely tied us,  
And blank as ere love eyed us  
Will be our meeting-place.

The flowers and thymy air,  
Will they now miss our coming ?  
The dumbles thin their humming  
'To find we haunt not there ?

Though fervent was our vow,  
Though ruddily ran our pleasure,  
Bliss has fulfilled its measure,  
And sees its sentence now.

Ache deep ; but make no moans :  
Smile out ; but stilly suffer :  
The paths of love are rougher  
Than thoroughfares of stones.

## THE SIGH

LITTLE head against my shoulder,  
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,  
And up-eyed ;  
Till she, with a timid quaver,  
Yielded to the kiss I gave her ;  
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling  
Some sad thought she was concealing  
It implied.  
—Not that she had ceased to love me,  
None on earth she set above me ;  
But she sighed.



## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

She could not disguise a passion,  
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion  
If she tried :  
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,  
Hearts were victors ; so I wondered  
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,  
And she loved me staunchly, truly,  
Till she died ;  
But she never made confession  
Why, at that first sweet concession,  
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember ;  
And though now I near November,  
And abide  
Till my appointed change, unfretting,  
Sometimes I sit half regretting  
That she sighed.

## “IN THE NIGHT SHE CAME ”

I TOLD her when I left one day  
That whatsoever weight of care  
Might strain our love, Time's mere assault  
Would work no changes there.  
And in the night she came to me,  
Toothless, and wan, and old,  
With leaden concaves round her eyes,  
And wrinkles manifold.

I tremblingly exclaimed to her,  
“ O wherefore do you ghost me thus !  
I have said that dull defacing Time  
Will bring no dreads to us.”  
“ And is that true of *you* ? ” she cried  
In voice of troubled tune.  
I faltered : “ Well . . . I did not think  
You would test me quite so soon ! ”

She vanished with a curious smile,  
Which told me, plainlier than by word,  
That my staunch pledge could scarce beguile  
The fear she had averred.  
Her doubts then wrought their shape in me,  
And when next day I paid  
My due caress, we seemed to be  
Divided by some shade.

### THE CONFORMERS

YES ; we'll wed, my little fay,  
And you shall write you mine,  
And in a villa chastely gray  
We'll house, and sleep, and dine.  
But those night-screened, divine,  
Stolen trysts of heretofore,  
We of choice ecstasies and fine  
Shall know no more.

The formal-faced cohue  
Will then no more upbraid  
With smiting smiles and whisperings two  
Who have thrown less loves in shade.  
We shall no more evade  
The searching light of the sun,  
Our game of passion will be played,  
Our dreaming done.

We shall not go in stealth  
To rendezvous unknown,  
But friends will ask me of your health,  
And you about my own.  
When we abide alone,  
No leavings each to each,  
But syllables in frigid tone  
Of household speech.

When down to dust we glide  
Men will not say askance,  
As now : "How all the country side  
Rings with their mad romance !"

But as they graveward glance  
 Remark : " In them we lose  
 A worthy pair, who helped advance  
 Sound parish views."

## THE DAWN AFTER THE DANCE

HERE is your parents' dwelling with its curtained windows telling  
 Of no thought of us within it or of our arrival here ;  
 Their slumbers have been normal after one day more of formal  
 Matrimonial commonplace and household life's mechanic gear.

I would be candid willingly, but dawn draws on so chillingly  
 As to render further cheerlessness intolerable now,  
 So I will not stand endeavouring to declare a day for severing,  
 But will clasp you just as always—just the olden love avow.

Through serene and surly weather we have walked the ways  
 together,  
 And this long night's dance this-year's end eve now finishes the  
 spell ;

Yet we dreamt us but beginning a sweet sempiternal spinning  
 Of a cord we have spun to breaking—too intemperately, too well.

Yes ; last night we danced I know, Dear, as we did that year  
 ago, Dear,

When a new strange bond between our days was formed, and  
 felt, and heard ;

Would that dancing were the worst thing from the latest to the  
 first thing

That the faded year can charge us with ; but what avails a word !

That which makes man's love the lighter and the woman's burn  
 no brighter

Came to pass with us inevitably while slipped the shortening  
 year. . . .

And there stands your father's dwelling with its blind bleak  
 windows telling

That the vows of man and maid are frail as filmy gossamere.

## THE SUN ON THE LETTER

I DREW the letter out, while gleamed  
The sloping sun from under a roof  
Of cloud whose verge rose visibly.

The burning ball flung rays that seemed  
Stretched like a warp without a woof  
Across the levels of the lea

To where I stood, and where they beamed  
As brightly on the page of proof  
That she had shown her false to me

As if it had shown her true--had teemed  
With passionate thought for my behoof  
Expressed with their own ardency !

## THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE

THE cold moon hangs to the sky by its horn,  
And centres its gaze on me ;  
The stars, like eyes in reverie,  
Their westering as for a while forborne,  
Quiz downward curiously.

Old Robert draws the backbrand in,  
The green logs steam and spit ;  
The half-awakened sparrows flit  
From the riddled thatch ; and owls begin  
To whoo from the gable-slit.

Yes ; far and nigh things seem to know  
Sweet scenes are impending here ;  
That all is prepared ; that the hour is near  
For welcomes, fellowships, and flow  
Of sally, song, and cheer ;

That spigots are pulled and viols strung ;  
That soon will arise the sound  
Of measures trod to tunes renowned ;  
That She will return in Love's low tongue  
My vows as we wheel around.

## MISCONCEPTION

I BUSIED myself to find a sure  
 Snug hermitage  
 That should preserve my Love secure  
 From the world's rage ;  
 Where no unseemly saturnals,  
 Or strident traffic-roars,  
 Or hum of intervolved cabals  
 Should echo at her doors.

I laboured that the diurnal spin  
 Of vanities  
 Should not contrive to suck her in  
 By dark degrees,  
 And cunningly operate to blur  
 Sweet teachings I had begun ;  
 And then I went full-heart to her  
 To expound the glad deeds done.

She looked at me, and said thereto  
 With a pitying smile,  
 "And *this* is what has busied you  
 So long a while ?  
 O poor exhausted one, I see  
 You have worn you old and thin  
 For naught ! Those moils you fear for me  
 I find most pleasure in !"

## THE VOICE OF THE THORN

## I

WHEN the thorn on the down  
 Quivers naked and cold,  
 And the mid-aged and old  
 Pace the path there to town,  
 In these words dry and drear  
 It seems to them sighing :  
 "O winter is trying  
 To sojourners here !"

## II

When it stands fully tressed  
On a hot summer day,  
And the ewes there astray  
Find its shade a sweet rest,  
By the breath of the breeze  
It inquires of each farer :  
" Who would not be sharer  
Of shadow with these ? "

## III

But by day or by night,  
And in winter or summer,  
Should I be the comer  
Along that lone height,  
In its voicing to me  
Only one speech is spoken :  
" Here once was nigh broken  
A heart, and by thee. "

## FROM HER IN THE COUNTRY

I THOUGHT and thought of thy crass clanging town  
To folly, till convinced such dreams were ill,  
I held my heart in bond, and tethered down  
Fancy to where I was, by force of will.

I said : How beautiful are these flowers, this wood,  
One little bud is far more sweet to me  
Than all man's urban shows ; and then I stood  
Urging new zest for bird, and bush, and tree ;

And strove to feel my nature brought it forth  
Of instinct, or no rural maid was I ;  
But it was vain ; for I could not see worth  
Enough around to charm a midge or fly,

And mused again on city din and sin,  
Longing to madness I might move therein !

## HER CONFESSION

As some bland soul, to whom a debtor says  
"I'll now repay the amount I owe to you,"  
In inward gladness feigns forgetfulness  
That such a payment ever was his due

(His long thought notwithstanding), so did I  
At our last meeting waive your proffered kiss  
With quick divergent talk of scenery nigh,  
By such suspension to enhance my bliss.

And as his looks in consternation fall  
When, gathering that the debt is lightly deemed,  
The debtor makes as not to pay at all,  
So faltered I, when your intention seemed

Converted by my false uneagerness  
To putting off for ever the caress.

W. P. V., 1865-67.

## TO AN IMPERSONATOR OF ROSALIND

DID he who drew her in the years ago—  
Till now conceived creator of her grace—  
With telescopic sight high natures know,  
Discern remote in Time's untravelled space

Your soft sweet mien, your gestures, as do we,  
And with a copyist's hand but set them down,  
Glowing yet more to dream our ecstasy  
When his Original should be forthshown ?

For, kindled by that animated eye,  
Whereto all fairnesses about thee brim,  
And by thy tender tones, what wight can fly  
The wild conviction welling up in him

That he at length beholds woo, parley, plead,  
The "very, very Rosalind" indeed !

8 ADELPHI TERRACE, 21st April 1867.

## TO AN ACTRESS

I READ your name when you were strange to me,  
Where it stood blazoned bold with many more ;  
I passed it vacantly, and did not see  
Any great glory in the shape it wore.

O cruelty, the insight barred me then !  
Why did I not possess me with its sound,  
And in its cadence catch and catch again  
Your nature's essence floating therearound ?

Could *that* man be this I, unknowing you,  
When now the knowing you is all of me,  
And the old world of then is now a new,  
And purpose no more what it used to be—  
A thing of formal journeywork, but due  
To springs that then were sealed up utterly ?

1867.

## THE MINUTE BEFORE MEETING

THE grey gaunt days dividing us in twain  
Seemed hopeless hills my strength must faint to climb,  
But they are gone ; and now I would detain  
The few clock-beats that part us ; rein back Time,

And live in close expectance never closed  
In change for far expectance closed at last,  
So harshly has expectance been imposed  
On my long need while these slow blank months passed.

And knowing that what is now about to be  
Will all *have been* in O, so short a space !  
I read beyond it my despondency  
When more dividing months shall take its place,  
Thereby denying to this hour of grace  
A full-up measure of felicity.

1871.



## HE ABJURES LOVE

At last I put off love,  
For twice ten years  
The daysman of my thought.  
And hope, and doing ;  
Being ashamed thereof,  
And faint of fears  
And desolations, wrought  
In his pursuing,

Since first in youthtime those  
Disquietings  
That heart-enslavement brings  
To hale and hoary,  
Became my housefellows.  
And, fool and blind,  
I turned from kith and kind  
To give him glory.

I was as children be  
Who have no care ;  
I did not shrink or sigh,  
I did not sicken ;  
But lo, Love beckoned me  
And I was bare,  
And poor, and starved, and dry  
And fever-stricken.

Too many times ablaze  
With fatuous fires,  
Enkindled by his wiles  
To new embraces,  
Did I, by wilful ways  
And baseless ires,  
Return the anxious smiles  
Of friendly faces.

No more will now rate I  
The common rare,

The midnight drizzle dew,  
The gray hour golden,  
The wind a yearning cry,  
The faulty fair,  
Things dreamt, of comelier hue  
Than things beholden ! . . .

—I speak as one who plumbs  
Life's dim profound,  
One who at length can sound  
Clear views and certain.  
But—after love what comes ?  
A scene that lours,  
A few sad vacant hours,  
And then, the Curtain.

## A SET OF COUNTRY SONGS

### LET ME ENJOY

#### I

LET me enjoy the earth no less  
Because the all-enacting Might  
That fashioned forth its loveliness  
Had other aims than my delight.

#### II

About my path there flits a Fair,  
Who throws me not a word or sign ;  
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,  
And laud the lips not meant for mine.

#### III

From manuscripts of moving song  
Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown  
I'll pour out raptures that belong  
To others, as they were my own.

#### IV

And some day hence, towards Paradise  
And all its blest—if such should be—  
I will lift glad, afar-off eyes,  
Though it contain no place for me.

## AT CASTERBRIDGE FAIR

## I

## THE BALLAD-SINGER

SING, Ballad-singer, raise a hearty tune ;  
Make me forget that there was ever a one  
I walked with in the meek light of the moon  
When the day's work was done.

Rhyme, Ballad-rhymer, start a country song ;  
Make me forget that she whom I loved well  
Swore she would love me dearly, love me long,  
Then—what I cannot tell !

Sing, Ballad-singer, from your little book ;  
Make me forget those heart-breaks, achings, fears ;  
Make me forget her name, her sweet sweet look—  
Make me forget her tears.

## II

## FORMER BEAUTIES

THESE market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-drawn,  
And tissues sere,  
Are they the ones we loved in years ago,  
And courted here ?

Are these the muslined pink young things to whom  
We vowed and swore  
In nooks on summer Sundays by the Froom,  
Or Budmouth shore ?

Do they remember those gay tunes we trod  
Clasped on the green ;  
Aye ; trod till moonlight set on the beaten sod  
A satin sheen ?

They must forget, forget ! They cannot know  
What once they were,  
Or memory would transfigure them, and show  
Them always fair.

## III

## AFTER THE CLUB-DANCE

BLACK'ON frowns east on Maidon,  
 And westward to the sea,  
 But on neither is his frown laden  
 With scorn, as his frown on me !

At dawn my heart grew heavy,  
 I could not sip the wine,  
 I left the jocund bevy  
 And that young man o' mine.

The roadside elms pass by me,—  
 Why do I sink with shame  
 When the birds a-perch there eye me ?  
 They, too, have done the same !

## IV

## THE MARKET-GIRL

NOBODY took any notice of her as she stood on the causey kerb,  
 All eager to sell her honey and apples and bunches of garden herb ;  
 And if she had offered to give her wares and herself with them  
     too that day,  
 I doubt if a soul would have cared to take a bargain so choice away.  
 But chancing to trace her sunburnt grace that morning as I  
     passed nigh,  
 I went and I said " Poor maidy dear !—and will none of the  
     people buy ? "  
 And so it began ; and soon we knew what the end of it all  
     must be,  
 And I found that though no others had bid, a prize had been  
     won by me.

## V

## THE INQUIRY

AND are ye one of Hermitage—  
 Of Hermitage, by Ivel Road,  
 And do ye know, in Hermitage  
 A thatch-roofed house where sengreens grow ?

And does John Waywood live there still—  
 He of the name that there abode  
 When father hurdled on the hill  
     Some fifteen years ago?

Does he now speak o' Patty Beech,  
 The Patty Beech he used to—see,  
 Or ask at all if Patty Becch  
 Is known or heard of out this way?  
 —Ask ever if she's living yet,  
 And where her present home may be,  
 And how she bears life's fag and fret  
     After so long a day?

In years ago at Hermitage  
 This faded face was counted fair,  
 None fairer; and at Hermitage  
 We swore to wed when he should thrive.  
 But never a chance had he or I,  
 And waiting made his wish outwear,  
 And Time, that dooms man's love to die,  
     Preserves a maid's alive.

## VI

## A WIFE WAITS

WILL'S at the dance in the Club-room below,  
     Where the tall liquor-cups foam;  
 I on the pavement up here by the Bow,  
     Wait, wait, to steady him home.

Will and his partner are treading a tune,  
     Loving companions they be;  
 Willy, before we were married in June,  
     Said he loved no one but me;

Said he would let his old pleasures all go  
     Ever to live with his Dear.  
 Will's at the dance in the Club-room below,  
     Shivering I wait for him here.

NOTE.—"The Bow" (line 3). The old name for the curved corner by the cross-streets in the middle of Casterbridge.

## VII

## AFTER THE FAIR

THE singers are gone from the Cornmarket-place  
With their broadsheets of rhymes,  
The street rings no longer in treble and bass  
With their skits on the times,  
And the Cross, lately thronged, is a dim naked space  
That but echoes the stammering chimes.

From Clock-corner steps, as each quarter ding-dongs,  
Away the folk roam  
By the "Hart" and Grey's Bridge into byways and "drongs"  
Or across the ridged loam ;  
The younger ones shrilling the lately heard songs,  
The old saying, "Would we were home."

The shy-seeming maiden so mute in the fair  
Now rattles and talks,  
And that one who looked the most swaggering there  
Grows sad as she walks,  
And she who seemed eaten by cankering care  
In statuesque sturdiness stalks.

And midnight clears High Street of all but the ghosts  
Of its buried burghees,  
From the latest far back to those old Roman hosts  
Whose remains one yet sees,  
Who loved, laughed, and fought, hailed their friends, drank  
their toasts  
At their meeting-times here, just as these !

1902.

NOTE.—"The chimes" (line 6) will be listened for in vain here at midnight now, having been abolished some years ago.

## THE DARK-EYED GENTLEMAN

## I

I PITCHED my day's leazings in Crimmercrock Lane,  
To tie up my garter and jog on again,  
When a dear dark-eyed gentleman passed there and said,  
In a way that made all o' me colour rose-red,

“What do I see—

O pretty knee!”

And he came and he tied up my garter for me.

## II

'Twixt sunset and moonrise it was, I can mind :  
Ah, 'tis easy to lose what we nevermore find !—  
Of the dear stranger's home, of his name, I knew nought,  
But I soon knew his nature and all that it brought.

Then bitterly

Sobbed I that he

Should ever have tied up my garter for me !

## III

Yet now I've beside me a fine lissom lad,  
And my slip's nigh forgot, and my days are not sad ;  
My own dearest joy is he, comrade, and friend,  
He it is who safe-guards me, on him I depend ;

No sorrow brings he,

And thankful I be

That his daddy once tied up my garter for me !

NOTE—“Leazings” (line 1), bundle of gleaned corn.

## TO CARREY CLAVEL

YOU turn your back, you turn your back,  
And never your face to me,  
Alone you take your homeward track,  
And scorn my company.



## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

What will you do when Charley's seen  
 Dewbeating down this way?  
 —You'll turn your back as now, you mean?  
 Nay, Carrey Clavel, nay!

You'll see none's looking; put your lip  
 Up like a tulip, so;  
 And he will coll you, bend, and sip:  
 Yes, Carrey, yes; I know!

## THE ORPHANED OLD MAID

I WANTED to marry, but father said, "No—  
 'Tis weakness in women to give themselves so;  
 If you care for your freedom you'll listen to me,  
 Make a spouse in your pocket, and let the men be."

I spake on't again and again: father cried,  
 "Why—if you go husbanding, where shall I bide?  
 For never a home's for me elsewhere than here!"  
 And I yielded; for father had ever been dear.

But now father's gone, and I feel growing old,  
 And I'm lonely and poor in this house on the wold,  
 And my sweetheart that was found a partner elsewhere,  
 And nobody flings me a thought or a care.

## THE SPRING CALL

DOWN Wessex way, when spring's a-shine,  
 The blackbird's "pret-ty de-urr!"  
 In Wessex accents marked as mine  
 Is heard afar and near.

He flutes it strong, as if in song  
 No R's of feebler tone  
 Than his appear in "pretty dear,"  
 Have blackbirds ever known.

Yet they pipe "prattie deerh!" I glean,  
 Beneath a Scottish sky,

And "pehty de-aw!" amid the treen  
Of Middlesex or nigh.

While some folk say—perhaps in play—  
Who know the Irish isle,  
'Tis "purritty dare!" in treeland there  
When songsters would beguile.

Well: I'll say what the listening birds  
Say, hearing "pret-ty de-urr!"—  
However strangers sound such words,  
That's how we sound them here.

Yes, in this clime at pairing time,  
As soon as eyes can see her  
At dawn of day, the proper way  
To call is "pret-ty de-urr!"

### JULIE-JANE

SING; how 'a would sing!  
How 'a would raise the tune  
When we rode in the waggon from harvesting  
By the light o' the moon!

Dance; how 'a would dance!  
If a fiddlestring did but sound  
She would hold out her coats, give a slanting glance,  
And go round and round.

Laugh; how 'a would laugh!  
Her peony lips would part  
As if none such a place for a lover to quaff  
At the deeps of a heart.

Julie, O girl of joy,  
Soon, soon that lover he came.  
Ah, yes; and gave thee a baby-boy,  
But never his name. . . .

—Tolling for her, as you guess;  
And the baby too. . . . 'Tis well.  
You knew her in maidhood likewise?—Yes,  
That's her burial bell.

## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

"I suppose," with a laugh, she said,  
 "I should blush that I'm not a wife ;  
 But how can it matter, so soon to be dead,  
 What one does in life !"

When we sat making the mourning  
 By her death-bed side, said she,  
 "Dears, how can you keep from your lovers, adorning  
 In honour of me !"

Bubbling and brightsome eyed !  
 But now—O never again.  
 She chose her bearers before she died  
 From her fancy-men.

NOTE.—It is, or was, a common custom in Wessex, and probably other country places, to prepare the mourning beside the death-bed, the dying person sometimes assisting, who also selects his or her bearers on such occasions.

"Coats" (line 7), old name for petticoats.

## NEWS FOR HER MOTHER

## I

ONE mile more is  
 Where your door is,  
 Mother mine !—  
 Harvest's coming,  
 Mills are strumming,  
 Apples fine,  
 And the cider made to-year will be as wine.

## II

Yet, not viewing  
 What's a-doing  
 Here around  
 Is it thrills me,  
 And so fills me  
 That I bound  
 Like a ball or leaf or lamb along the ground.

## III

Tremble not now  
 At your lot now,  
     Silly soul !  
 Hosts have sped them  
 Quick to wed them,  
     Great and small,  
 Since the first two sighing half-hearts made a whole.

## IV

Yet I wonder,  
 Will it sunder  
     Her from me ?  
 Will she guess that  
 I said "Yes,"—that  
     His I'd be,  
 Ere I thought she might not see him as I see !

## V

Old brown gable,  
 Granary, stable,  
     Here you are !  
 O my mother,  
 Can another  
     Ever bar  
 Mine from thy heart, make thy nearness seem afar ?

## THE FIDDLER

THE fiddler knows what's brewing  
 To the lilt of his lyric wiles :  
 The fiddler knows what rueing  
 Will come of this night's smiles !

He sees couples join them for dancing,  
 And afterwards joining for life,  
 He sees them pay high for their prancing  
 By a welter of wedded strife.

He twangs : " Music hails from the devil,  
Though vaunted to come from heaven,  
For it makes people do at a revel  
What multiplies sins by seven.

" There's many a heart now mangled,  
And waiting its time to go,  
Whose tendrils were first entangled  
By my sweet viol and bow ! "

### THE HUSBAND'S VIEW

" CAN anything avail  
Beldame, for my hid grief?—  
Listen : I'll tell the tale,  
It may bring faint relief!—

" I came where I was not known.  
In hope to flee my sin ;  
And walking forth alone  
A young man said, ' Good e'en, '

" In gentle voice and true  
He asked to marry me ;  
' You only—only you  
Fulfil my dream ! ' said he.

" We married o' Monday morn,  
In the month of hay and flowers  
My cares were nigh forsworn,  
And perfect love was ours.

" But ere the days are long  
Untimely fruit will show ;  
My Love keeps up his song,  
Undreaming it is so.

" And I awake in the night,  
And think of months gone by,  
And of that cause of flight  
Hidden from my Love's eye.

"Discovery borders near,  
And then! . . . But something stirred?—  
My husband—he is here!  
Heaven—has he overheard?"—

"Yes; I have heard, sweet Nan;  
I have known it all the time.  
I am not a particular man;  
Misfortunes are no crime:

"And what with our serious need  
Of sons for soldiering,  
That accident, indeed,  
To maids, is a useful thing!"

## ROSE-ANN

WHY didn't you say you was promised, Rose-Ann?  
Why didn't you name it to me,  
Ere ever you tempted me hither, Rose-Ann,  
So often, so weari'fully?

O why did you let me be near 'ee, Rose-Ann,  
Talking things about wedlock so free,  
And never by nod or by whisper, Rose-Ann,  
Give a hint that it wasn't to be?

Down home I was raising a flock of stock ewes,  
Cocks and hens, and wee chickens by scores,  
And lavendered linen all ready to use,  
A-dreaming that they would be yours.

Mother said: "She's a sport-making maiden, my son";  
And a pretty sharp quarrel had we;  
O why do you prove by this wrong you have done  
That I saw not what mother could see?

Never once did you say you was promised, Rose-Ann,  
Never once did I dream it to be;  
And it cuts to the heart to be treated, Rose-Ann,  
As you in your scorning treat me!

## THE HOMECOMING

*GRUFFLY growled the wind on Toller downland broad and bare,  
And lonesome was the house, and dark; and few came there.*

“Now don't ye rub your eyes so red; we're home and have no cares;  
Here's a skimmer-cake for supper, peckled onions, and some pears;  
I've got a little keg o' summat strong, too, under stairs:  
—What, slight your husband's victuals? Other brides can tackle theirs!”

*The wind of winter mooded and mouthed their chimney like a horn,  
And round the house and past the house 'twas leafless and lorn.*

“But my dear and tender poppet, then, how came ye to agree  
In Ivel church this morning? Sure, there-right you married me!”  
—“Hoo-hoo!—I don't know—I forgot how strange and far  
'twould be,  
An' I wish I was at home again with dear daddee!”

*Gruffly growled the wind on Toller downland broad and bare,  
And lonesome was the house and dark; and few came there.*

“I didn't think such furniture as this was all you'd own,  
And great black beams for ceiling, and a floor o' wretched stone,  
And nasty pewter platters, horrid forks of steel and bone,  
And a monstrous crock in chimney. 'Twas to me quite unbeknown!”

*Rattle rattle went the door; down flapped a cloud of smoke,  
As shifting north the wicked wind assayed a smarter stroke.*

“Now sit ye by the fire, poppet; put yourself at ease:  
And keep your little thumb out of your mouth, dear, please!  
And I'll sing to 'ee a pretty song of lovely flowers and bees,  
And happy lovers taking walks within a grove o' trees.”

*Gruffly growled the wind on Toller Down, so bleak and bare,  
And lonesome was the house, and dark; and few came there.*

"Now, don't ye gnaw your handkercher ; 'twill hurt your little tongue,  
And if you do feel spitish, 'tis because ye are over young ;  
But you'll be getting older, like us all, ere very long,  
And you'll see me as I am—a man who never did 'ee wrong."

*Straight from Whit'sheet Hill to Bennvill Lane the blusters pass,  
Hitting hedges, milestones, handposts, trees, and tufts of grass.*

"Well, had I only known, my dear, that this was how you'd be,  
I'd have married her of riper years that was so fond of me.  
But since I can't, I've half a mind to run away to sea,  
And leave 'ee to go barefoot to your d—d daddee !"

*Up one wall and down the other—past each window-pane—  
Prance the gusts, and then away down Crimmercrook's long lane.*

"I—I—don't know what to say to't, since your wife I've vowed  
to be ;  
And as 'tis done, I s'pose here I must bide—poor me !  
Aye—as you are ki-ki-kind, I'll try to live along with 'ee,  
Although I'd fain have stayed at home with dear daddee :"

*Gruffly growled the wind on Toller Down, so bleak and bare,  
And lonesome was the house and dark ; and few came there.*

"That's right, my Heart ! And though on haunted Toller Down  
we be,  
And the wind swears things in chimley, we'll to supper merrily !  
So don't ye tap your shoe so pettish-like ; but smile at me,  
And ye'll soon forget to sock and sigh for dear daddee !"

*December 1901.*



## PIECES OCCASIONAL AND VARIOUS

### A CHURCH ROMANCE

*(Mellstock: circa 1835)*

SHE turned in the high pew, until her sight  
Swept the west gallery, and caught its row  
Of music-men with viol, book, and bow  
Against the sinking sad tower-window light.

She turned again ; and in her pride's despite  
One strenuous viol's inspirer seemed to throw  
A message from his string to her below,  
Which said : " I claim thee as my own forthright ! "

Thus their hearts' bond began, in due time signed.  
And long years thence, when Age had scared Romance,  
At some old attitude of his or glance  
That gallery-scene would break upon her mind,  
With him as minstrel, ardent, young, and trim,  
Bowing " New Sabbath " or " Mount Ephraim."

### THE RASH BRIDE

AN EXPERIENCE OF THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE

#### I

WE Christmas-carolled down the Vale, and up the Vale, and  
round the Vale,  
We played and sang that night as we were yearly wont to do—  
A carol in a minor key, a carol in the major D,  
Then at each house : " Good wishes : many Christmas joys to  
you ! "

## II

Next, to the widow's John and I and all the rest drew on.  
And I

Discerned that John could hardly hold the tongue of him for joy.  
The widow was a sweet young thing whom John was bent on  
marrying,  
And quiring at her casement seemed romantic to the boy.

## III

"She'll make reply, I trust," said he, "to our salute? She  
must!" said he,  
"And then I will accost her gently—much to her surprise!—  
For knowing not I am with you here, when I speak up and call  
her dear  
A tenderness will fill her voice, a bashfulness her eyes."

## IV

So, by her window-square we stood; ay, with our lanterns there  
we stood,  
And he along with us,—not singing, waiting for a sign;  
And when we'd quired her carols three a light was lit and out  
looked she,  
A shawl about her bedgown, and her colour red as wine.

## V

And sweetly then she bowed her thanks, and smiled, and spoke  
aloud her thanks;  
When lo, behind her back there, in the room, a man appeared.  
I knew him—one from Woolcomb way—Giles Swetman—honest  
as the day,  
But eager, hasty; and I felt that some strange trouble neared.

## VI

"How comes he there? . . . Suppose," said we, "she's wed of  
late! Who knows?" said we.  
—"She married yester-morning—only mother yet has known  
The secret o't!" shrilled one small boy. "But now I've told, let's  
wish 'em joy!"  
A heavy fall aroused us: John had gone down like a stone.

## VII

We rushed to him and caught him round, and lifted him, and  
brought him round,  
When, hearing something wrong had happened, oped the  
window she :  
“Has one of you fallen ill?” she asked, “by these night labours  
overtasked?”  
None answered. That she'd done poor John a cruel turn  
felt we.

## VIII

Till up spoke Michael : “Fie, young dame ! You've broke your  
promise, sly young dame,  
By forming this new tie, young dame, and jilting John so true,  
Who trudged to-night to sing to 'ee because he thought he'd  
bring to 'ee  
Good wishes as your coming spouse. May ye such trifling rue !”

## IX

Her man had said no word at all ; but being behind had heard  
it all,  
And now cried : “Neighbours, on my soul I knew not 'twas  
like this !”  
And then to her : “If I had known you'd had in tow not me  
alone,  
No wife should you have been of mine. It is a dear bought  
bliss !”

## X

She changed death-white, and heaved a cry : we'd never heard  
so grieved a cry  
As came from her at this from him : heartbroken quite seemed  
she ;  
And suddenly, as we looked on, she turned, and rushed ; and  
she was gone,  
Whither, her husband, following after, knew not ; nor knew we.

## XI

We searched till dawn about the house ; within the house, with-  
out the house,  
We searched among the laurel boughs that grew beneath the  
wall,

And then among the crocks and things, and stores for winter  
junketings,  
In linhay, loft, and dairy ; but we found her not at all.

## XII

Then John rushed in : " O friends," he said, " hear this, this,  
this ! " and bends his head :  
" I've—searched round by the—*well*, and find the cover open  
wide !  
I am fearful that—I can't say what . . . Bring lanterns, and  
some cords to knot."  
We did so, and we went and stood the deep dark hole beside.

## XIII

And then they, ropes in hand, and I—ay, John, and all the band,  
and I  
Let down a lantern to the depths—some hundred feet and more ;  
It glimmered like a fog-dimmed star ; and there, beside its light,  
afar,  
White drapery floated, and we knew the meaning that it bore.

## XIV

The rest is naught. . . . We buried her o' Sunday. Neighbours  
carried her ;  
And Swetman—he who'd married her—now miserablest of men,  
Walked mourning first ; and then walked John ; just quivering,  
but composed anon ;  
And we the quire formed round the grave, as was the custom  
then.

## XV

Our old bass player, as I recall—his white hair blown—but why  
recall !—  
His viol upstrapped, bent figure—doomed to follow her full  
soon—  
Stood bowing, pale and tremulous ; and next to him the rest  
of us. . . .  
We sang the Ninetieth Psalm to her—set to Saint Stephen's  
tune.

## THE DEAD QUIRE

## I

BESIDE the Mead of Memories,  
Where Church-way mounts to Moaning Hill  
The sad man sighed his phantasies :  
He seems to sigh them still.

## II

"'Twas the Birth-tide Eve, and the hamleteer  
Made merry with ancient Mellstock zest,  
But the Mellstock quire of former years  
Had entered into rest.

## III

"Old Dewy lay by the gaunt yew tree,  
And Reuben and Michael a pace behind,  
And Bowman with his family  
By the wall that the ivies bind.

## IV

"The singers had followed one by one,  
Treble, and tenor, and thorough-bass ;  
And the worm that wasteth had begun  
To mine their mouldering place.

## V

"For two-score years, ere Christ-day light,  
Mellstock had throbb'd to strains from these  
But now there echoed on the night  
No Christmas harmonies.

## VI

"Three meadows off, at a dormered inn,  
The youth had gathered in high carouse,  
And, ranged on settles, some therein  
Had drunk them to a drowse.

## VII

" Loud, lively, reckless, some had grown.  
Each dandling on his jiggling knee  
Eliza, Dolly, Nance, or Joan—  
Livers in levity.

## VIII

" The taper flames and hearthfire shine  
Grew smoke-hazed to a lurid light,  
And songs on subjects not divine  
Were warbled forth that night.

## IX

" Yet many were sons and grandsons here  
Of those who, on such eves gone by,  
At that still hour had throated clear  
Their anthems to the sky.

## X

" The clock belled midnight ; and ere long  
One shouted, ' Now 'tis Christmas morn ;  
Here's to our women old and young,  
And to John Barleycorn ! '

## XI

" They drink the toast and shout again :  
The pewter-ware rings back the boom,  
And for a breath-while follows then  
A silence in the room.

## XII

" When nigh without, as in old days,  
The ancient quire of voice and string  
Seemed singing words of prayer and praise  
As they had used to sing :

## XIII

· *While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,-*  
Thus swells the long familiar sound

## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

In many a quaint symphonic flight—  
To, *Glory shone around.*

## XIV

"The sons defined their fathers' tones,  
The widow his whom she had wed,  
And others in the minor moans  
The viols of the dead.

## XV

"Something supernal has the sound  
As verse by verse the strain proceeds,  
And stilly staring on the ground  
Each roysterer holds and heeds.

## XVI

"Towards its chorded closing bar  
Plaintively, thinly, waned the hymn,  
Yet lingered, like the notes afar  
Of banded seraphim.

## XVII

"With brows abashed, and reverent tread,  
The hearkeners sought the tavern door:  
But nothing, save wan moonlight, spread  
The empty highway o'er.

## XVIII

"While on their hearing fixed and tense  
The aerial music seemed to sink,  
As it were gently moving thence  
Along the river brink.

## XIX

"Then did the Quick pursue the Dead  
By crystal Froom that crinkles there;  
And still the viewless quire ahead  
Voiced the old holy air.

## XX

“By Bank-walk wicket, brightly bleached,  
It passed, and ’twixt the hedges twain,  
Dogged by the living ; till it reached  
The bottom of Church Lane.

## XXI

“There, at the turning, it was heard  
Drawing to where the churchyard lay :  
But when they followed thitherward  
It smalled, and died away.

## XXII

“Each headstone of the quire, each mound,  
Confronted them beneath the moon ;  
But no more floated therearound  
That ancient Birth-night tune.

## XXIII

“There Dewy lay by the gaunt yew tree,  
There Reuben and Michael, a pace behind,  
And Bowman with his family  
By the wall that the ivies bind. . . .

## XXIV

“As from a dream each sobered son  
Awoke, and musing reached his door :  
’Twas said that of them all, not one  
Sat in a tavern more.”

## XXV

—The sad man ceased ; and ceased to heed  
His listener, and crossed the leaze  
From Moaning Hill towards the mead—  
The Mead of Memories.



## THE CHRISTENING

WHOSE child is this they bring  
    Into the aisle?—  
At so superb a thing  
The congregation smile  
And turn their heads awhile.

Its eyes are blue and bright,  
    Its cheeks like rose ;  
Its simple robes unite  
Whitest of calicoes  
With lawn, and satin bows.

A pride in the human race  
    At this paragon  
Of mortals, lights each face  
While the old rite goes on ;  
But ah, they are shocked anon

What girl is she who peeps  
    From the gallery stair,  
Smiles palely, redly weeps,  
With feverish furtive air  
As though not fitly there ?

“ I am the baby's mother ;  
    This gem of the race  
The decent fain would smother,  
And for my deep disgrace  
I am bidden to leave the place.”

“ Where is the baby's father ? ”—  
    “ In the woods afar.  
He says there is none he'd rather  
Meet under moon or star  
Than me, of all that are.

“ To clasp me in lovelike weather,  
    Wish fixing when,  
He says : To be together  
At will, just now and then,  
Makes him the blest of men ;

“ But chained and doomed for life  
     To slovening  
 As vulgar man and wife,  
 He says, is another thing :  
 Yea : sweet Love’s sepulchring ! ”

1904.

## A DREAM QUESTION

‘ It shall be dark unto you, that ye shall not divine.’  
 Micah iii, 6.

I ASKED the Lord : “ Sire, is this true  
 Which hosts of theologians hold,  
 That when we creatures censure you  
 For shaping griefs and ails untold  
 (Deeming them punishments undue)  
 You rage, as Moses wrote of old ?

When we exclaim : ‘ Beneficent  
 He is not, for he orders pain,  
 Or, if so, not omnipotent :  
 To a mere child the thing is plain ! ’  
 Those who profess to represent  
 You, cry out : ‘ Impious and profane ! ’ ”

He : “ Save me from my friends, who deem  
 That I care what my creatures say !  
 Mouth as you list : sneer, rail, blaspheme,  
 O manikin, the livelong day,  
 Not one grief-groan or pleasure-gleam  
 Will you increase or take away.

“ Why things are thus, whoso derides,  
 May well remain my secret still . . . .  
 A fourth dimension, say the guides,  
 To matter is conceivable.  
 Think some such mystery resides  
 Within the ethic of my will.”

## BY THE BARROWS

NOT far from Mellstock—so tradition saith—  
 Where barrows, bulging as they bosoms were  
 Of Multimammia stretched supinely there,  
 Catch night and noon the tempest's wanton breath,

A battle, desperate doubtless unto death,  
 Was one time fought. The outlook, lone and bare,  
 The towering hawk and passing raven share,  
 And all the upland round is called "The He'th."

Here once a woman, in our modern age,  
 Fought singlehandedly to shield a child—  
 One not her own—from a man's senseless rage.  
 And to my mind no patriots' bones there piled  
 So consecrate the silence as her deed  
 Of stoic and devoted self-unheed.

## A WIFE AND ANOTHER

"WAR ends, and he's returning  
     Early ; yea,  
 The evening next to-morrow's !"—  
     —This I say  
 To her, whom I suspiciously survey,  
  
     Holding my husband's letter  
     To her view.—  
 She glanced at it but lightly,  
     And I knew  
 That one from him that day had reached her too.  
  
     There was no time for scruple ;  
     Secretly  
 I filched her missive, conned it,  
     Learnt that he  
 Would lodge with her ere he came home to me.

To reach the port before her,  
And, unscanned,  
There wait to intercept them  
Soon I planned :  
That, in her stead, / might before him stand.

So purposed, so effected ;  
At the inn  
Assigned, I found her hidden :—  
O that sin  
Should bear what she bore when I entered in !

Her heavy lids grew laden  
With despairs,  
Her lips made soundless movements  
Unawares,  
While I peered at the chamber hired as theirs.

And as beside its doorway,  
Deadly hued,  
One inside, one withoutside  
We two stood,  
He came—my husband—as she knew he would.

No pleasurable triumph  
Was that sight !  
The ghastly disappointment  
Broke them quite.  
What love was theirs, to move them with such might !

“ Madam, forgive me ! ” said she,  
Sorrow bent,  
“ A child—I soon shall bear him. . . .  
Yes—I meant  
To tell you—that he won me ere he went.”

Then, as it were, within me  
Something snapped,  
As if my soul had largened :  
Conscience-capped,  
I saw myself the snarer—them the trapped.

“ My hate dies, and I promise,  
Grace-beguiled,”

## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

I said, "to care for you, be  
 Reconciled ;  
 And cherish, and take interest in the child."

Without more words I pressed him  
 Through the door  
 Within which she stood, powerless  
 To say more,  
 And closed it on them, and downstairward bore.

"He joins his wife—my sister,"  
 I, below,  
 Remarked in going—lightly—  
 Even as though  
 All had come right, and we had arranged it so. .

As I, my road retracing,  
 Left them free,  
 The night alone embracing  
 Childless me,  
 I held I had not stirred God wrothfully.

## THE ROMAN ROAD

THE Roman Road runs straight and bare  
 As the pale parting-line in hair  
 Across the heath. And thoughtful men  
 Contrast its days of Now and Then,  
 And delve, and measure, and compare ;

Visioning on the vacant air  
 Helmed legionaries, who proudly rear  
 The Eagle, as they pace again  
 The Roman Road.

But no tall brass-helmed legionnaire  
 Haunts it for me. Uprises there  
 A mother's form upon my ken,  
 Guiding my infant steps, as when  
 We walked that ancient thoroughfare,  
 The Roman Road.

## THE VAMPIRINE FAIR

GILBERT had sailed to India's shore,  
And I was all alone :  
My lord came in at my open door  
And said, " O fairest one ! "

He leant upon the slant bureau,  
And sighed, " I am sick for thee ! "  
" My Lord," said I, " pray speak not so,  
Since wedded wife I be."

Leaning upon the slant bureau,  
Bitter his next words came :  
" So much I know ; and likewise know  
My love burns on the same !

" But since you thrust my love away,  
And since it knows no cure,  
I must live out as best I may  
The ache that I endure."

When Michaelmas browed the nether Coomb,  
And Wingreen Hill above,  
And made the hollyhocks rags of bloom,  
My lord grew ill of love.

My lord grew ill with love for me ;  
Gilbert was far from port ;  
And—so it was—that time did see  
Me housed at Manor Court.

About the bowers of Manor Court  
The primrose pushed its head  
When, on a day at last, report  
Arrived of him I had wed.

" Gilbert, my Lord, is homeward bound,  
His sloop is drawing near,  
What shall I do when I am found  
Not in his house but here ? "

"O I will heal the injuries  
I've done to him and thee.  
I'll give him means to live at ease  
Afar from Shastonb'ry."

When Gilbert came we both took thought :  
"Since comfort and good cheer,"  
Said he, "so readily are bought,  
He's welcome to thee, Dear."

So when my lord flung liberally  
His gold in Gilbert's hands,  
I coaxed and got my brothers three  
Made stewards of his lands.

And then I coaxed him to install  
My other kith and kin,  
With aim to benefit them all  
Before his love ran thin.

And next I craved to be possessed  
Of plate and jewels rare.  
He groaned : "You give me, Love, no rest,  
Take all the law will spare !"

And so in course of years my wealth  
Became a goodly hoard,  
My steward brethren, too, by stealth  
Had each a fortune stored.

Thereafter in the gloom he'd walk,  
And by and by began  
To say aloud in absent talk,  
"I am a ruined man !—

"I hardly could have thought," he said,  
"When first I looked on thee,  
That one so soft, so rosy red,  
Could thus have beggared me !"

Seeing his fair estates in pawn,  
And him in such decline,  
I knew that his domain had gone  
To lift up me and mine.

Next month upon a Sunday morn  
A gunshot sounded nigh :  
By his own hand my lordly born  
Had doomed himself to die.

“Live, my dear Lord, and much of thine  
Shall be restored to thee !”  
He smiled, and said ’twixt word and sign,  
“Alas—that cannot be !”

And while I searched his cabinet  
For letters, keys, or will,  
’Twas touching that his gaze was set  
With love upon me still.

And when I burnt each document  
Before his dying eyes,  
’Twas sweet that he did not resent  
My fear of compromise.

The steeple-cock gleamed golden when  
I watched his spirit go :  
And I became repentant then  
That I had wrecked him so.

Three weeks at least had come and gone,  
With many a saddened word,  
Before I wrote to Gilbert on  
The stroke that so had stirred.

And having worn a mournful gown,  
I joined, in decent while,  
My husband at a dashing town  
To live in dashing style.

Yet though I now enjoy my fling,  
And dine and dance and drive,  
I’d give my prettiest emerald ring  
To see my lord alive.

And when the meet on hunting-days  
Is near his churchyard home,  
I leave my bantering beaux to place  
A flower upon his tomb ;



## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

And sometimes say : " Perhaps too late  
 The saints in Heaven deplore  
 That tender time when, moved by Fate,  
 He darked my cottage door."

## THE REMINDER

WHILE I watch the Christmas blaze  
 Paint the room with ruddy rays,  
 Something makes my vision glide  
 To the frosty scene outside.

There, to reach a rotting berry,  
 Toils a thrush,—constrained to very  
 Dregs of food by sharp distress,  
 Taking such with thankfulness.

Why, O starving bird, when I  
 One day's joy would justify,  
 And put misery out of view,  
 Do you make me notice you !

## THE RAMBLER

I DO not see the hills around,  
 Nor mark the tints the copses wear ;  
 I do not note the grassy ground  
 And constellated daisies there.

I hear not the contralto note  
 Of cuckoos hid on either hand,  
 The whirr that shakes the nighthawk's throat  
 When eve's brown awning hoods the land.

Some say each songster, tree, and mead—  
 All eloquent of love divine—  
 Receives their constant careful heed :  
 Such keen appraisement is not mine.

The tones around me that I hear,  
The aspects, meanings, shapes I see,  
Are those far back ones missed when near,  
And now perceived too late by me!

## NIGHT IN THE OLD HOME

WHEN the wasting embers reddened the chimney-breast,  
And Life's bare pathway looms like a desert track to me,  
And from hall and parlour the living have gone to their rest,  
My perished people who housed them here come back to me.

They come and seat them around in their mouldy places,  
Now and then bending towards me a glance of wistfulness,  
A strange upbraiding smile upon all their faces,  
And in the bearing of each a passive tristfulness.

"Do you uphold me, lingering and languishing here,  
A pale late plant of your once strong stock?" I say to them;  
"A thinker of crooked thoughts upon Life in the sere,  
And on That which consigns men to night after showing the day  
to them?"

"—O let be the Wherefore! We fevered our years not thus:  
Take of Life what it grants, without question!" they answer me  
seemingly.

"Enjoy, suffer, wait: spread the table here freely like us,  
And, satisfied, placid, unfretting, watch Time away beamingly!"

## AFTER THE LAST BREATH

(J. H. 1813-1904)

THERE'S no more to be done, or feared, or hoped;  
None now need watch, speak low, and list, and tire;  
No irksome crease outsmoothed, no pillow sloped  
Does she require.

Blankly we gaze. We are free to go or stay;  
Our morrow's anxious plans have missed their aim;  
Whether we leave to-night or wait till day  
Counts as the same.

## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

The lettered vessels of medicaments  
 Seem asking wherefore we have set them here ;  
 Each palliative its silly face presents  
     As useless gear.

And yet we feel that something savours well ;  
 We note a numb relief withheld before ;  
 Our well-beloved is prisoner in the cell  
     Of Time no more.

We see by littles now the deft achievement  
 Whereby she has escaped the Wrongers all,  
 In view of which our momentary bereavement  
     Outshapes but small.

1904.

## IN CHILDBED

IN the middle of the night  
 Mother's spirit came and spoke to me,  
     Looking weariful and white—  
 As 'twere untimely news she broke to me.

“O my daughter, joyed are you  
 To own the weetless child you mother there ;  
     ‘Men may search the wide world through,’  
 You think, ‘nor find so fair another there !’

“Dear, this midnight time unwombs  
 Thousands just as rare and beautiful ;  
     Thousands whom High Heaven foredooms  
 To be as bright, as good, as dutiful.

“Source of ecstatic hopes and fears  
 And innocent maternal vanity,  
     Your fond exploit but shapes for tears  
 New thoroughfares in sad humanity.

“Yet as you dream, so dreamt I  
 When Life stretched forth its morning ray to me ;  
     Other views for by and by !” . . .  
 Such strange things did mother say to me.

## THE PINE PLANTERS

(MARTY SOUTH'S REVERIE)

## I

WE work here together  
In blast and breeze ;  
He fills the earth in,  
I hold the trees.

He does not notice  
That what I do  
Keeps me from moving  
And chills me through.

He has seen one fairer  
I feel by his eye,  
Which skims me as though  
I were not by.

And since she passed here  
He scarce has known  
But that the woodland  
Holds him alone.

I have worked here with him  
Since morning shine,  
He busy with his thoughts  
And I with mine.

I have helped him so many,  
So many days,  
But never win any  
Small word of praise !

Shall I not sigh to him  
That I work on  
Glad to be nigh to him  
Though hope is gone ?

Nay, though he never  
     Knew love like mine,  
 I'll bear it ever  
     And make no sign !

## II

From the bundle at hand here  
     I take each tree,  
 And set it to stand, here  
     Always to be ;  
 When, in a second,  
     As if from fear  
 Of Life unreckoned  
     Beginning here,  
 It starts a sighing  
     Through day and night,  
 Though while there lying  
     'Twas voiceless quite.

It will sigh in the morning,  
     Will sigh at noon,  
 At the winter's warning,  
     In wafts of June ;  
 Grieving that never  
     Kind Fate decreed  
 It should for ever  
     Remain a seed,  
 And shun the welter  
     Of things without,  
 Unneeding shelter  
     From storm and drought.

Thus, all unknowing  
     For whom or what  
 We set it growing  
     In this bleak spot,  
 It still will grieve here  
     Throughout its time,  
 Unable to leave here,  
     Or change its clime :

Or tell the story  
 Of us to-day  
 When, halt and hoary,  
 We pass away.

## THE DEAR

I PLODDED to Fairmile Hill-top, where  
 A maiden one fain would guard  
 From every hazard and every care  
 Advanced on the roadside sward.

I wondered how succeeding suns  
 Would shape her wayfarings,  
 And wished some Power might take such ones  
 Under Its warding wings.

The busy breeze came up the hill  
 And smartened her cheek to red,  
 And frizzled her hair to a haze. With a will  
 "Good-morning, my Dear!" I said.

She glanced from me to the far-off gray,  
 And, with proud severity,  
 "Good-morning to you—though I may say  
 I am not *your* Dear," quoth she:

"For I am the Dear of one not here—  
 One far from his native land!"—  
 And she passed me by; and I did not try  
 To make her understand.

1901.

## ONE WE KNEW

(M. H. 1772-1857)

SHE told how they used to form for the country dances—  
 "The Triumph," "The New-rigged Ship"—  
 To the light of the guttering wax in the panelled manses,  
 And in cots to the blink of a dip.

She spoke of the wild "poussetting" and "allemanding"  
On carpet, on oak, and on sod ;  
And the two long rows of ladies and gentlemen standing,  
And the figures the couples trod.

She showed us the spot where the maypole was yearly planted,  
And where the bandsmen stood  
While breeched and kerchiefed partners whirled, and panted  
To choose each other for good.

She told of that far-back day when they learnt astounded  
Of the death of the King of France :  
Of the Terror ; and then of Bonaparte's unbounded  
Ambition and arrogance.

Of how his threats woke warlike preparations  
Along the southern strand,  
And how each night brought tremors and trepidations  
Lest morning should see him land.

She said she had often heard the gibbet creaking  
As it swayed in the lightning flash,  
Had caught from the neighbouring town a small child's shrieking  
At the cart-tail under the lash. . . .

With cap-framed face and long gaze into the embers—  
We seated around her knees—  
She would dwell on such dead themes, not as one who remembers,  
But rather as one who sees.

She seemed one left behind of a band gone distant  
So far that no tongue could hail :  
Past things retold were to her as things existent,  
Things present but as a tale.

*May 20, 1902.*

## SHE HEARS THE STORM

THERE was a time in former years—  
While my roof-tree was his—  
When I should have been distressed by fears  
At such a night as this !

I should have murmured anxiously,  
    "The pricking rain strikes cold ;  
His road is bare of hedge or tree,  
    And he is getting old."

But now the fitful chimney-roar,  
    The drone of Thorncombe trees,  
The Froom in flood upon the moor,  
    The mud of Mellstock Leaze,

The candle slanting sooty-wick'd,  
    The thuds upon the thatch,  
The eaves-drops on the window flicked,  
    The clacking garden-hatch,

And what they mean to wayfarers,  
    I scarcely heed or mind ;  
He has won that storm-tight roof of hers  
    Which Earth grants all her kind.

### A WET NIGHT

I PACE along, the rain-shafts riddling me,  
Mile after mile out by the moorland way,  
And up the hill, and through the ewe-leaze gray  
Into the lane, and round the corner tree ;

Where, as my clothing clams me, mire-bestarred,  
And the enfeebled light dies out of day,  
Leaving the liquid shades to reign, I say,  
"This is a hardship to be calendared !"

Yet sires of mine now perished and forgot,  
When worse beset, ere roads were shapen here,  
And night and storm were foes indeed to fear,  
Times numberless have trudged across this spot  
In sturdy muteness on their strenuous lot,  
And taking all such toils as trifles mere.



## BEFORE LIFE AND AFTER

A TIME there was—as one may guess  
 And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell—  
 Before the birth of consciousness,  
 When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,  
 None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings ;  
 None cared whatever crash or cross  
 Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,  
 If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung ;  
 If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,  
 No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,  
 And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong ;  
 Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed  
 How long, how long ?

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

"I HAVE finished another year," said God,  
 "In grey, green, white, and brown ;  
 I have strewn the leaf upon the sod,  
 Sealed up the worm within the clod,  
 And let the last sun down."

"And what's the good of it ?" I said,  
 "What reasons made you call  
 From formless void this earth we tread,  
 When nine-and-ninety can be read  
 Why nought should be at all ?

"Yea, Sire ; why shaped you us, 'who in  
 This tabernacle groan'—  
 If ever a joy be found herein,  
 Such joy no man had wished to win  
 If he had never known !"

Then he : " My labours—logicless—  
You may explain ; not I :  
Sense-sealed I have wrought, without a guess  
That I evolved a Consciousness  
To ask for reasons why.

" Strange that ephemeral creatures who  
By my own ordering are,  
Should see the shortness of my view,  
Use ethic tests I never knew,  
Or made provision for ! "

He sank to raptness as of yore,  
And opening New Year's Day  
Wove it by rote as theretofore,  
And went on working evermore  
In his unweeting way.

1906.

## GOD'S EDUCATION

I SAW him steal the light away  
That haunted in her eye :  
It went so gently none could say  
More than that it was there one day  
And missing by-and-by.

I watched her longer, and he stole  
Her lily tincts and rose ;  
All her young sprightliness of soul  
Next fell beneath his cold control,  
And disappeared like those.

I asked : " Why do you serve her so ?  
Do you, for some glad day,  
Hoard these her sweets—? " He said, " O no,  
They charm not me ; I bid Time throw  
Them carelessly away."

Said I : " We call that cruelty—  
We, your poor mortal kind."

He mused. "The thought is new to me.  
 Forsooth, though I men's master be.  
 Theirs is the teaching mind!"

### TO SINCERITY

O SWEET sincerity!—  
 Where modern methods be  
 What scope for thine and thee?

Life may be sad past saying,  
 Its greens for ever graying,  
 Its faiths to dust decaying;

And youth may have foreknown it,  
 And riper seasons shown it,  
 But custom cries: "Disown it:

"Say ye rejoice, though grieving,  
 Believe, while unbelieving,  
 Behold, without perceiving!"

—Yet, would men look at true things,  
 And unilluded view things,  
 And count to bear undue things,

The real might mend the seeming  
 Facts better their foredeeming,  
 And Life its disesteeming.

*February 1899.*

### PANTHERA

(For other forms of this legend—first met with in the second century—see Origen contra Celsum; the Talmud; Sepher Toldoth Jeschu; quoted fragments of lost Apocryphal gospels; Strauss, Haeckel; etc.)

YEA, as I sit here, crutched, and cricked, and bent,  
 I think of Panthera, who underwent  
 Much from insidious aches in his decline;  
 But his aches were not radical like mine;

They were the twinges of old wounds—the feel  
 Of the hand he had lost, shorn by barbarian steel,  
 Which came back, so he said, at a change in the air,  
 Fingers and all, as if it still were there.  
 My pains are otherwise : upclosing cramps  
 And stiffened tendons from this country's damp,  
 Where Panthera was never commandant.—  
 The Fates sent him by way of the Levant.

He had been blithe in his young manhood's time,  
 And as centurion carried well his prime.  
 In Ethiop, Araby, climes fair and fell,  
 He had seen service and had borne him well.  
 Nought shook him then : he was serene as brave ;  
 Yet later knew some shocks, and would grow grave  
 When pondering them ; shocks less of corporal kind  
 Than phantom-like, that disarranged his mind ;  
 And it was in the way of warning me  
 (By much his junior) against levity  
 That he recounted them ; and one in chief  
 Panthera loved to set in bold relief.

This was a tragedy of his Eastern days,  
 Personal in touch—though I have sometimes thought  
 That touch a possible delusion—wrought  
 Of half-conviction carried to a craze—  
 His mind at last being stressed by ails and age :—  
 Yet his good faith thereon I well could wage.

I had said it long had been a wish with me  
 That I might leave a scion—some small tree  
 As channel for my sap, if not my name—  
 Ay, offspring even of no legitimate claim,  
 In whose advance I secretly could joy.  
 Thereat he warmed.

“Cancel such wishes, boy !

A son may be a comfort or a curse,  
 A seer, a doer, a coward, a fool ; yea, worse—  
 A criminal. . . . That I could testify !” . . .  
 “Panthera has no guilty son !” cried I  
 All unbelieving. “Friend, you do not know,”  
 He darkly dropt : “True, I’ve none now to show,  
 For *the law took him*. Ay, in sooth, Jove shaped it so !”

"This noon is not unlike," he again began,  
"The noon these pricking memories print on me—  
Yea, that day, when the sun grew copper-red,  
And I served in Judæa . . . 'Twas a date  
Of rest for arms. The *Pax Romana* ruled,  
To the chagrin of frontier legionaries !  
Palestine was annexed—though sullen yet,—  
I, being in age some two-score years and ten,  
And having the garrison in Jerusalem  
Part in my hands as acting officer  
Under the Governor. A tedious time  
I found it, of routine, amid a folk  
Restless, contentless, and irascible.—  
Quelling some riot, sentrying court and hall,  
Sending men forth on public meeting-days  
To maintain order, were my duties there.

"Then came a morn in spring, and the cheerful sun  
Whitened the city and the hills around,  
And every mountain-road that clambered them,  
Tincturing the greyness of the olives warm,  
And the rank cacti round the valley's sides.  
The day was one whereon death-penalties  
Were put in force, and here and there were set  
The soldiery for order, as I said,  
Since one of the condemned had raised some heat,  
And crowds surged passionately to see him slain.  
I, mounted on a Cappadocian horse,  
With some half-company of auxiliaries,  
Had captained the procession through the streets  
When it came streaming from the judgment-hall  
After the verdicts of the Governor.  
It drew to the great gate of the northern way  
That bears towards Damascus ; and to a knoll  
Upon the common, just beyond the walls—  
Whence could be swept a wide horizon round  
Over the housetops to the remotest heights.  
Here was the public execution-ground  
For city crimes, called then and doubtless now  
Golgotha, Kranion, or Calvaria.

"The usual dooms were duly meted out ;  
Some three or four were stript, transfix'd, and nailed,

And no great stir occurred. A day of wont  
It was to me, so far, and would have slid  
Clean from my memory at its squalid close  
But for an incident that followed these.

“Among the tag-rag rabble of either sex  
That hung around the wretches as they writhed,  
Till thrust back by our spears, one held my eye—  
A weeping woman, whose strained countenance,  
Sharpened against a looming livid cloud,  
Was mocked by the crude rays of afternoon—  
The mother of one of those who suffered there  
I had heard her called when spoken roughly to  
By my ranged men for pressing forward so.  
It stole upon me hers was a face I knew ;  
Yet when, or how, I had known it, for a while  
Eluded me. And then at once it came.

“Some thirty years or more before that noon  
I was sub-captain of a company  
Drawn from the legion of Calabria,  
That marched up from Judæa north to Tyre.  
We had pierced the old flat country of Jezreel,  
The great Esdraelon Plain and fighting-floor  
Of Jew with Canaanite, and with the host  
Of Pharaoh-Necho, king of Egypt, met  
While crossing there to strike the Assyrian pride.  
We left behind Gilboa ; passed by Nain ;  
Till bulging Tabor rose, embossed to the top  
With arbute, terebinth, and locust growths.

“Encumbering me were sundry sick, so fallen  
Through drinking from a swamp beside the way ;  
But we pressed on, till, bearing over a ridge,  
We dipt into a world of pleasantness—  
A vale, the fairest I had gazed upon—  
Which lapped a village on its furthest slopes  
Called Nazareth, brimmed round by uplands nigh.  
In the midst thereof a fountain bubbled, where,  
Lime-dry from marching, our glad halt we made  
To rest our sick ones, and refresh us all.

“Here a day onward, towards the eventide,  
Our men were piping to a Pyrrhic dance  
VOL. I

Trod by their comrades, when the young women came  
To fill their pitchers, as their custom was.  
I proffered help to one—a slim girl, coy  
Even as a fawn, meek, and as innocent.  
Her long blue gown, the string of silver coins  
That hung down by her banded beautiful hair,  
Symbolled in full immaculate modesty.

“Well, I was young, and hot, and readily stirred  
To quick desire. ’Twas tedious timing out  
The convalescence of the soldiery ;  
And I beguiled the long and empty days  
By blissful yieldance to her sweet allure,  
Who had no arts, but what out-arted all,  
The tremulous tender charm of trustfulness.  
We met, and met, and under the winking stars  
That passed which peoples earth—true union, yea,  
To the pure eye of her simplicity.

“Meanwhile the sick found health ; and we pricked on  
I made her no rash promise of return,  
As some do use ; I was sincere in that ;  
I said we sundered never to meet again—  
And yet I spoke untruth unknowingly !—  
For meet again we did. Now, guess you aught ?  
The weeping mother on Calvaria  
Was she I had known—albeit that time and tears  
Had wasted rudely her once flowerlike form,  
And her soft eyes, now swollen with sorrowing.

“Though I betrayed some qualms, she marked me not ;  
And I was scarce of mood to comrade her  
And close the silence of so wide a time  
To claim a malefactor as my son—  
(For so I guessed him). And inquiry made  
Brought rumour how at Nazareth long before  
An old man wedded her for pity’s sake  
On finding she had grown pregnant, none knew how,  
Cared for her child, and loved her till he died.

“Well ; there it ended ; save that then I learnt  
That he—the man whose ardent blood was mine—  
Had waked sedition long among the Jews,

And hurled insulting parlance at their god,  
Whose temple bulked upon the adjoining hill,  
Vowing that he would raze it, that himself  
Was god as great as he whom they adored,  
And by descent, moreover, was their king ;  
With sundry other incitements to misrule.

“The impalements done, and done the soldiers’ game  
Of raffling for the clothes, a legionary,  
Longinus, pierced the young man with his lance  
At signs from me, moved by his agonies  
Through naysaying the drug they had offered him.  
It brought the end. And when he had breathed his last  
The woman went. I saw her never again. . . .  
Now glares my moody meaning on you, friend ?—  
That when you talk of offspring as sheer joy  
So trustingly, you blink contingencies.  
Fors Fortuna ! He who goes fathering  
Gives frightful hostages to hazardry !”

Thus Panthera’s tale. ’Twas one he seldom told,  
But yet it got abroad. He would unfold,  
At other times, a story of less gloom,  
Though his was not a heart where jests had room.  
He would regret discovery of the truth  
Was made too late to influence to ruth  
The Procurator who had condemned his son—  
Or rather him so deemed. For there was none  
To prove that Panthera erred not : and indeed,  
When vagueness of identity I would plead,  
Panther himself would sometimes own as much—  
Yet lothly. But, assuming fact was such,  
That the said woman did not recognize  
Her lover’s face, is matter for surprise.  
However, there’s his tale, fantasy or otherwise.

Thereafter shone not men of Panthera’s kind :  
The indolent heads at home were ill-inclined  
To press campaigning that would hoist the star  
Of their lieutenants valorous afar.  
Jealousies kept him irked abroad, controlled  
And stinted by an Empire no more bold.



Yet in some actions southward he had share—  
 In Mauretania and Numidia ; there  
 With eagle eye, and sword and steed and spur,  
 Quelling uprisings promptly. Some small stir  
 In Parthia next engaged him, until maimed,  
 As I have said ; and cynic Time proclaimed  
 His noble spirit broken. What a waste  
 Of such a Roman !—one in youth-time graced  
 With indescribable charm, so I have heard,  
 Yea, magnetism impossible to word  
 When faltering as I saw him. What a fame,  
 O Son of Saturn, had adorned his name,  
 Might the Three so have urged Thee !—Hour by hour  
 His own disorders hampered Panthera's power  
 To brood upon the fate of those he had known,  
 Even of that one he always called his own—  
 Either in morbid dream or memory. . . .  
 He died at no great age, untroubledly,  
 An exit rare for ardent soldiers such as he.

## THE UNBORN

I ROSE at night, and visited  
     The Cave of the Unborn :  
 And crowding shapes surrounded me  
 For tidings of the life to be,  
 Who long had prayed the silent Head  
     To haste its advent morn.

Their eyes were lit with artless trust,  
     Hope thrilled their every tone ;  
 "A scene the loveliest, is it not ?  
 A pure delight, a beauty-spot  
 Where all is gentle, true and just,  
     And darkness is unknown ?"

My heart was anguished for their sake,  
     I could not frame a word ;  
 And they descried my sunken face,  
 And seemed to read therein, and trace

The news that pity would not break,  
Nor truth leave unaverred.

And as I silently retired  
I turned and watched them still,  
And they came helter-skelter out,  
Driven forward like a rabble rout  
Into the world they had so desired,  
By the all-immanent Will.

1905.

### THE MAN HE KILLED

"HAD he and I but met  
By some old ancient inn,  
We should have sat us down to wet  
Right many a nipperkin !

" But ranged as infantry,  
And staring face to face,  
I shot at him as he at me,  
And killed him in his place.

" I shot him dead because—  
Because he was my foe,  
Just so : my foe of course he was ;  
That's clear enough ; although

" He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,  
Off-hand like—just as I—  
Was out of work—had sold his traps—  
No other reason why.

" Yes ; quaint and curious war is !  
You shoot a fellow down  
You'd treat if met where any bar is,  
Or help to half-a-crown."

1902.

## GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE

(A MEMORY OF CHRISTIANA C——)

WHERE Blackmoor was, the road that led  
    To Bath, she could not show,  
Nor point the sky that overspread  
    Towns ten miles off or so.

But that Calcutta stood this way,  
    Cape Horn there figured fell,  
That here was Boston, here Bombay,  
    She could declare full well.

Less known to her the track athwart  
    Froom Mead or Yell'ham Wood  
Than how to make some Austral port  
    In seas of surly mood.

She saw the glint of Guinea's shore  
    Behind the plum-tree nigh,  
Heard old unruly Biscay's roar  
    In the weir's purl hard by. . . .

"My son's a sailor, and he knows  
    All seas and many lands,  
And when he's home he points and shows  
    Each country where it stands.

"He's now just there—by Gib's high rock—  
    And when he gets, you see,  
To Portsmouth here, behind the clock,  
    Then he'll come back to me !"

## ONE RALPH BLOSSOM SOLILOQUIZES

(" It being deposed that vij women who were mayds before he knew them have been brought upon the towne [rates?] by the fornicacions of one Ralph Blossom, Mr. Maior inquired why he should not contribute xiv pence weekly toward their mayntenance. But it being shewn that the sayd R. B. was dying of a purple feaver, no order was made."—*Budmouth Borough Minutes* : 16—.)

WHEN I am in hell or some such place,  
A-groaning over my sorry case,  
What will those seven women say to me  
Who, when I coaxed them, answered "Aye" to me?

"I did not understand your sign!"  
Will be the words of Caroline;  
While Jane will cry, "If I'd had proof of you,  
I should have learnt to hold aloof of you!"

"I won't reproach: it was to be!"  
Will dryly murmur Cicely;  
And Rosa: "I feel no hostility,  
For I must own I lent facility."

Lizzy says: "Sharp was my regret,  
And sometimes it is now! But yet  
I joy that, though it brought notoriousness,  
I knew Love once and all its gloriousness!"

Says Patience: "Why are we apart?  
Small harm did you, my poor Sweet Heart!  
A manchild born, now tall and beautiful,  
Was worth the ache of days undutiful."

And Anne cries: "O the time was fair,  
So wherefore should you burn down there?  
There is a deed under the sun, my Love,  
And that was ours. What's done is done, my Love.  
These trumpets here in Heaven are dumb to me  
With you away. Dear, come, O come to me!"

## THE NOBLE LADY'S TALE

*(circa 1790)*

## I

"WE moved with pensive paces,  
I and he,  
And bent our faded faces  
Wistfully,  
For something troubled him, and troubled me.

"The lanthorn feebly lightened  
Our grey hall,  
Where ancient brands had brightened  
Hearth and wall,  
And shapes long vanished whither vanish all.

"O why, Love, nightly, daily,  
I had said,  
'Dost sigh, and smile so palely,  
As if shed  
Were all Life's blossoms, all its dear things dead?'

"Since silence sets thee grieving,'  
He replied,  
'And I abhor deceiving  
One so tried,  
Why, Love, I'll speak, ere time us twain divide.

"He held me, I remember,  
Just as when  
Our life was June—(September  
It was then);  
And we walked on, until he spoke again:

"Susie, an Irish mummer,  
Loud-acclaimed  
Through the gay London summer,  
Was I; named  
A master in my art, who would be famed.

“ ‘But lo, there beamed before me  
Lady Su ;  
God’s altar-vow she swore me  
When none knew,  
And for her sake I bade the sock adieu.

“ ‘My Lord your father’s pardon  
Thus I won :  
He let his heart unhardened  
Towards his son,  
And honourably condoned what we had done ;

“ ‘But said—recall you, dearest ?—  
*As for Su,*  
*I’d see her—ay, though nearest*  
*Me unto—*  
*Sooner entombed than in a stage purlieu !*

“ ‘Just so.—And here he housed us,  
In this nook,  
Where Love like balm has drowsed us  
Robin, rook,  
Our chief familiars, next to string and book

“ ‘Our days here, peace-enshrouded,  
Followed strange  
The old stage-joyance, crowded,  
Rich in range ;  
But never did my soul desire a change,

“ ‘Till now, when far uncertain  
Lips of yore  
Call, call me to the curtain,  
There once more,  
But *once*, to tread the boards I trod before.

“ ‘A night—the last and single  
Ere I die—  
To face the lights, to mingle  
As did I  
Once in the game, and rivet every eye !’

“ Such was his wish. He feared it,  
Feared it though

Rare memories so endeared it.  
I, also,  
Feared it still more ; its outcome who could know r

“ ‘Alas, my Love,’ said I then,  
‘ Since it be  
A wish so mastering, why, then,  
E’en go ye !—  
Despite your pledge to father and to me . . .

“ ‘Twas fixed ; no more was spoken  
Thereupon ;  
Our silences were broken  
Only on  
The petty items of his needs while gone.

“ Farewell he bade me, pleading  
That it meant  
So little, thus conceding  
To his bent ;  
And then, as one constrained to go, he went.

“ Thwart thoughts I let deride me,  
As, ’twere vain  
To hope him back beside me  
Ever again :  
Could one plunge make a waxing passion wane ?

“ I thought, ‘ Some wild stage-woman,  
Honour-wrecked . . . ’  
But no : it was inhuman  
To suspect ;  
Though little cheer could my lone heart affect !

## II

“ Yet came it, to my gladness,  
That, as vowed,  
He did return.—But sadness  
Swiftly cowed  
The joy with which my greeting was endowed.

“Some woe was there. Estrangement  
Marked his mind.  
Each welcome-warm arrangement  
I had designed  
Touched him no more than deeds of careless kind.

“‘I—*failed*!’ escaped him glumly.  
‘—I went on  
In my old part. But dumbly—  
Memory gone—  
Advancing, I sank sick ; my vision drawn

“‘To something drear, distressing  
As the knell  
Of all hopes worth possessing!’ . . .  
—What befell  
Seemed linked with me, but how I could not tell.

“Hours passed ; till I implored him,  
As he knew  
How faith and frankness toward him  
Ruled me through,  
To say what ill I had done, and could undo.

“‘*Faith—frankness.* Ah ! Heaven save such !  
Murmured he,  
‘They are wedded wealth ! I gave such  
Liberally,  
But you, Dear, not. For you suspected me.’

“I was about beseeching  
In hurt haste  
More meaning, when he, reaching  
To my waist,  
Led me to pace the hall as once we paced.

“‘I never meant to draw you  
To own all,’  
Declared he, ‘But—I *saw* you—  
By the wall,  
Half-hid. And that was why I failed withal !’

“‘Where ? when ?’ said I—‘Why, nigh me,  
At the play



That night. That you should spy me,  
Doubt my fay,  
And follow, furtive, took my heart away !'

"That I had never been there,  
But had gone  
To my locked room—unseen there,  
Curtains drawn,  
Long days abiding—told I, wonder-wan.

"'Nay, 'twas your form and vesture,  
Cloak and gown,  
Your hooded features—gesture  
Half in frown,  
That faced me, pale,' he urged, 'that night in town

"'And when, outside, I handed  
To her chair  
(As courtesy demanded  
Of me there)  
The leading lady, you peeped from the stair.'

"Straight pleaded I : 'Forsooth, Love,  
Had I gone,  
I must have been in truth, Love,  
Mad to don  
Such well-known raiment.' But he still went on

"That he was not mistaken  
Nor misled.—  
I felt like one forsaken,  
Wished me dead,  
That he could think thus of the wife he had wed !

"His going seemed to waste him  
Like a curse,  
To wreck what once had graced him ;  
And, averse  
To my approach, he mused, and moped, and worse.

"Till, what no words effected  
Thought achieved :

*It was my wraith*—projected,  
He conceived,  
Thither, by my tense brain at home aggrieved.

“Thereon his credence centred  
Till he died ;  
And, no more tempted, entered  
Sanctified,  
The little vault with room for one beside.”

## III

Thus far the lady's story.—  
Now she, too,  
Reclines within that hoary  
Last dark mew  
In Mellstock Quire with him she loved so true.

A yellowing marble, placed there  
Tablet-wise,  
And two joined hearts enchased there  
Meet the eyes ;  
And reading their twin names we moralize :

Did she, we wonder, follow  
Jealously ?  
And were those protests hollow ?—  
Or saw he  
Some semblant dame ? Or can wraiths really be ?

Were it she went, her honour,  
All may hold,  
Pressed truth at last upon her  
Till she told—  
(Him only—others as these lines unfold.)

Riddle death-sealed for ever,  
Let it rest ! . . .  
One's heart could blame her never  
If one guessed  
That go she did. She knew her actor best.

## UNREALIZED

DOWN comes the winter rain—  
    Spoils my hat and bow—  
Runs into the poll of me ;  
    But mother won't know.

We've been out and caught a cold  
    Knee-deep in snow ;  
Such a lucky thing it is  
    That mother won't know !

Rosy lost herself last night—  
    Couldn't tell where to go.  
Yes—it rather frightened her,  
    But mother didn't know.

Somebody made Willy drunk  
    At the Christmas show :  
O 'twas fun ! It's well for him  
    That mother won't know !

Howsoever wild we are,  
    Late at school or slow,  
Mother won't be cross with us  
    Mother won't know.

How we cried the day she died '  
    Neighbours whispering low  
But we now do what we will—  
    Mother won't know.

## WAGTAIL AND BABY

A BABY watched a ford, whereto  
    A wagtail came for drinking ;  
A blaring bull went wading through,  
    The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,  
The birdie nearly sinking ;  
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,  
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot  
A mongrel slowly slinking ;  
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not  
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared ;  
The wagtail, in a winking,  
With terror rose and disappeared ;  
The baby fell a-thinking.

## ABERDEEN

(April : 1905)

" And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times.  
Isaiah xxxiii. 6.

I LOOKED and thought, " All is too gray and cold  
To wake my place-enthusiasms of old ! "  
Till a voice passed : " Behind that granite mien  
Lurks the imposing beauty of a Queen."  
I looked anew ; and saw the radiant form  
Of Her who soothes in stress, who steers in storm,  
On the grave influence of whose eyes sublime  
Men count for the stability of the time.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

(1828-1909)

FORTY years back, when much had place  
That since has perished out of mind,  
I heard that voice and saw that face.

## TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS

He spoke as one afoot will wind  
 A morning horn ere men awake ;  
 His note was trenchant, turning kind.

He was of those whose wit can shake  
 And riddle to the very core  
 The counterfeits that Time will break. .

Of late, when we two met once more,  
 The luminous countenance and rare  
 Shone just as forty years before.

So that, when now all tongues declare  
 His shape unseen by his green hill,  
 I scarce believe he sits not there.

No matter. Further and further still  
 Through the world's vaporous vitiate air  
 His words wing on—as live words will.

*May 1909.*

## YELL'HAM-WOOD'S STORY

COOMB-FIRTREES say that Life is a moan,  
 And Clyffe-hill Clump says "Yea !"  
 But Yell'ham says a thing of its own :  
     It's not "Gray, gray  
     Is Life alway !"  
     That Yell'ham says,  
 Nor that Life is for ends unknown.

It says that Life would signify  
 A thwarted purposing :  
 That we come to live, and are called to die  
     Yes, that's the thing  
     In fall, in spring,  
     That Yell'ham says :—  
 "Life offers—to deny !"

1902.

A YOUNG MAN'S EPIGRAM ON EXISTENCE

A SENSELESS school, where we must give  
Our lives that we may learn to live !  
A dolt is he who memorizes  
Lessons that leave no time for prizes.

16 W. P. V., 1866.



SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE  
LYRICS AND REVERIES





## LYRICS AND REVERIES

### IN FRONT OF THE LANDSCAPE

PLUNGING and labouring on in a tide of visions,  
Dolorous and dear,  
Forward I pushed my way as amid waste waters  
Stretching around,  
Through whose eddies there glimmered the custom'd landscape  
Yonder and near

Blotted to feeble mist. And the coomb and the upland  
Coppice-crowned,  
Ancient chalk-pit, milestone, rills in the grass-flat  
Stroked by the light,  
Seemed but a ghost-like gauze, and no substantial  
Meadow or mound.

What were the infinite spectacles featuring foremost  
Under my sight,  
Hindering me to discern my paced advancement  
Lengthening to miles ;  
What were the re-creations killing the daytime  
As by the night ?

O they were speechful faces, gazing insistent,  
Some as with smiles,  
Some as with slow-born tears that brinily trundled  
Over the wrecked  
Cheeks that were fair in their flush-time, ash now with anguish,  
Harrowed by wiles.

Yes, I could see them, feel them, hear them, address them—  
Halo-bedecked—

And, alas, onwards, shaken by fierce unreason,  
Rigid in hate,  
Smitten by years-long wryness born of misprision,  
Dreaded, suspect.

Then there would breast me shining sights, sweet seasons  
Further in date ;  
Instruments of strings with the tenderest passion  
Vibrant, beside  
Lamps long extinguished, robes, cheeks, eyes with the earth's  
crust  
Now corporate.

Also there rose a headland of hoary aspect  
Gnawed by the tide,  
Frimed by the nimb of the morning as two friends stood there  
Guilelessly glad—  
Wherefore they knew not—touched by the fringe of an ecstasy  
Scantly descried.

Later images too did the day unfurl me,  
Shadowed and sad,  
Clay cadavers of those who had shared in the dramas,  
Laid now at ease,  
Passions all spent, chiefest the one of the broad brow  
Sepulture-clad.

So did beset me scenes, miscalled of the bygone,  
Over the leaze,  
Past the clump, and down to where lay the beheld ones ;  
—Yea, as the rhyme  
Sung by the sea-swell, so in their pleading dumbness  
Captured me these.

For, their lost revisiting manifestations  
In their live time  
Much had I slighted, caring not for their purport,  
Seeing behind  
Things more coveted, reckoned the better worth calling  
Sweet, sad, sublime

Thus do they now show hourly before the intenser  
    Stare of the mind  
As they were ghosts avenging their slights by my bypast  
    Body-borne eyes,  
Show, too, with fuller translation than rested upon them  
    As living kind.

Hence wag the tongues of the passing people, saying  
    In their surmise,  
"Ah—whose is this dull form that perambulates, seeing nought  
    Round him that looms  
Whithersoever his footsteps turn in his farings,  
    Save a few tombs?"

### CHANNEL FIRING

THAT night your great guns, unawares,  
Shook all our coffins as we lay,  
And broke the chancel window-squares,  
We thought it was the Judgment-day

And sat upright. While drearishome  
Arose the howl of wakened hounds :  
The mouse let fall the altar-crumbs,  
The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebe cow drooled. Till God called, "No :  
It's gunnery practice out at sea  
Just as before you went below ;  
The world is as it used to be :

"All nations striving strong to make  
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters  
They do no more for Christ's sake  
Than you who are helpless in such matters.

"That this is not the judgment-hour  
For some of them's a blessed thing,  
For if it were they'd have to scour  
Hell's floor for so much threatening. . . .

"Ha, ha. It will be warmer when  
I blow the trumpet (if indeed  
I ever do ; for you are men,  
And rest eternal sorely need)."

So down we lay again. "I wonder,  
Will the world ever saner be,"  
Said one, "than when He sent us under  
In our indifferent century !"

And many a skeleton shook his head.  
"Instead of preaching forty year,"  
My neighbour Parson Thirdly said,  
"I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer."

Again the guns disturbed the hour,  
Roaring their readiness to avenge,  
As far inland as Stourton Tower,  
And Camelot, and starlit Stonehenge.

*April 1914.*

## THE CONVERGENCE OF THE TWAIN

*(Lines on the loss of the "Titanic")*

### I

IN a solitude of the sea  
Deep from human vanity,  
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she

### II

Steel chambers, late the pyres  
Of her salamandrine fires,  
Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

### III

Over the mirrors meant  
To glass the opulent  
The sea-worm crawls—grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

## IV

Jewels in joy designed  
To ravish the sensuous mind  
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

## V

Dim moon-eyed fishes near  
Gaze at the gilded gear  
And query: "What does this vaingloriousness down here?"

## VI

Well: while was fashioning  
This creature of cleaving wing,  
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

## VII

Prepared a sinister mate  
For her—so gaily great—  
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

## VIII

And as the smart ship grew  
In stature, grace, and hue,  
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

## IX

Alien they seemed to be:  
No mortal eye could see  
The intimate welding of their later history,

## X

Or sign that they were bent  
By paths coincident  
On being anon twin halves of one august event,

## XI

Till the Spinner of the Years  
Said "Now!" And each one hears,  
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

## THE GHOST OF THE PAST

WE two kept house, the Past and I,  
    The Past and I ;  
Through all my tasks it hovered nigh  
    Leaving me never alone.  
It was a spectral housekeeping  
    Where fell no jarring tone,  
As strange, as still a housekeeping  
    As ever has been known.

As daily I went up the stair  
    And down the stair,  
I did not mind the Bygone there--  
    The Present once to me ;  
Its moving meek companionship  
    I wished might ever be,  
There was in that companionship  
    Something of ecstasy.

It dwelt with me just as it was,  
    Just as it was  
When first its prospects gave me pause  
    In wayward wanderings,  
Before the years had torn old troths  
    As they tear all sweet things,  
Before gaunt griefs had torn old troths  
    And dulled old rapturings.

And then its form began to fade,  
    Began to fade,  
Its gentle echoes faintlier played  
    At eves upon my ear  
Than when the autumn's look embrowned  
    The lonely chambers here,  
When autumn's settling shades embrowned  
    Nooks that it haunted near.

And so with time my vision less,  
    Yea, less and less  
Makes of that Past my housemistress,  
    It dwindles in my eye ;

It looms a far-off skeleton  
And not a comrade nigh,  
A fitful far-off skeleton  
Dimming as days draw by.

## AFTER THE VISIT

*(To F. E. D.)*

COME again to the place  
Where your presence was as a leaf that skims  
Down a drouthy way whose ascent bedims  
The bloom on the farer's face.

Come again, with the feet  
That were light on the green as a thistledown ball,  
And those mute ministrations to one and to all  
Beyond a man's saying sweet.

Until then the faint scent  
Of the bordering flowers swam unheeded away,  
And I marked not the charm in the changes of day  
As the cloud-colours came and went.

Through the dark corridors  
Your walk was so soundless I did not know  
Your form from a phantom's of long ago  
Said to pass on the ancient floors,

Till you drew from the shade,  
And I saw the large luminous living eyes  
Regard me in fixed inquiring-wise  
As those of a soul that weighed,

Scarce consciously,  
The eternal question of what Life was,  
And why we were there, and by whose strange laws  
That which mattered most could not be.



## TO MEET, OR OTHERWISE

WHETHER to sally and see thee, girl of my dreams,  
 Or whether to stay  
 And see thee not ! How vast the difference seems  
 Of Yea from Nay  
 Just now. Yet this same sun will slant its beams  
 At no far day  
 On our two mounds, and then what will the difference weigh!  
  
 Yet I will see thee, maiden dear, and make  
 The most I can  
 Of what remains to us amid this brake  
 Cimmerian  
 Through which we grope, and from whose thorns we ache,  
 While still we scan  
 Round our frail faltering progress for some path or plan.  
  
 By briefest meeting something sure is won ;  
 It will have been :  
 Nor God nor Demon can undo the done,  
 Unsight the seen,  
 Make muted music be as unbegun,  
 Though things terrene  
 Groan in their bondage till oblivion supervene.  
  
 So, to the one long-sweeping symphony  
 From times remote  
 Till now, of human tenderness, shall we  
 Supply one note,  
 Small and untraced, yet that will ever be  
 Somewhere afloat  
 Amid the spheres, as part of sick Life's antidote.

## THE DIFFERENCE

## I

SINKING down by the gate I discern the thin moon,  
 And a blackbird tries over old airs in the pine,  
 But the moon is a sorry one, sad the bird's tune,  
 For this spot is unknown to that Heartmate of mine.

## II

Did my Heartmate but haunt here at times such as now,  
 The song would be joyous and cheerful the moon ;  
 But she will see never this gate, path, or bough,  
 Nor I find a joy in the scene or the tune.

## THE SUN ON THE BOOKCASE

(*Student's Love-song* : 1870)

ONCE more the cauldron of the sun  
 Smears the bookcase with winy red,  
 And here my page is, and there my bed,  
 And the apple-tree shadows travel along.  
 Soon their intangible track will be run,  
     And dusk grow strong  
     And they have fled.

Yes : now the boiling ball is gone,  
 And I have wasted another day. . . .  
 But wasted—*wasted*, do I say ?  
 Is it a waste to have imaged one  
 Beyond the hills there, who, anon,  
     My great deeds done,  
     Will be mine away ?

## ‘WHEN I SET OUT FOR LYONNESSE’

(1870)

WHEN I set out for Lyonesse,  
     A hundred miles away,  
     The rime was on the spray,  
 And starlight lit my lonesomeness  
 When I set out for Lyonesse  
     A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse  
     While I should sojourn there  
     No prophet durst declare,

## SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

Nor did the wisest wizard guess  
 What would bechance at Lyonesse  
     While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse  
     With magic in my eyes,  
     All marked with mute surmise  
 My radiance rare and fathomless,  
 When I came back from Lyonesse  
     With magic in my eyes !

## A THUNDERSTORM IN TOWN

*(A Reminiscence : 1893)*

SHE wore a new "terra-cotta" dress,  
 And we stayed, because of the pelting storm,  
 Within the hansom's dry recess,  
 Though the horse had stopped ; yea, motionless  
     We sat on, snug and warm.

Then the downpour ceased, to my sharp sad pain  
 And the glass that had screened our forms before  
 Flew up, and out she sprang to her door :  
 I should have kissed her if the rain  
     Had lasted a minute more.

## THE TORN LETTER

## I

I TORE your letter into strips  
     No bigger than the airy feathers  
     That ducks preen out in changing weathers  
 Upon the shifting ripple-tips.

## II

In darkness on my bed alone  
     I seemed to see you in a vision,  
     And hear you say : "Why this derision  
 Of one drawn to you, though unknown ?"

## III

Yes, eve's quick mood had run its course,  
The night had cooled my hasty madness ;  
I suffered a regretful sadness  
Which deepened into real remorse.

## IV

I thought what pensive patient days  
A soul must know of grain so tender,  
How much of good must grace the sender  
Of such sweet words in such bright phrase.

## V

Uprising then, as things unpriced  
I sought each fragment, patched and mended ;  
The midnight whitened ere I had ended  
And gathered words I had sacrificed.

## VI

But some, alas, of those I threw  
Were past my search, destroyed for ever :  
They were your name and place ; and never  
Did I regain those clues to you.

## VII

I learnt I had missed, by rash unheed,  
My track ; that, so the Will decided,  
In life, death, we should be divided,  
And at the sense I ached indeed.

## VIII

That ache for you, born long ago,  
Throbs on : I never could outgrow it.  
What a revenge, did you but know it !  
But that, thank God, you do not know.

## BEYOND THE LAST LAMP

*(Near Tooting Common)*

## I

WHILE rain, with eve in partnership,  
Descended darkly, drip, drip, drip,  
Beyond the last lone lamp I passed  
    Walking slowly, whispering sadly,  
    Two linked loiterers, wan, downcast :  
Some heavy thought constrained each face,  
And blinded them to time and place.

## II

The pair seemed lovers, yet absorbed  
In mental scenes no longer orb'd  
By love's young rays. Each countenance  
    As it slowly, as it sadly  
    Caught the lamplight's yellow glance,  
Held in suspense a misery  
At things which had been or might be.

## III

When I retrod that watery way  
Some hours beyond the droop of day,  
Still I found pacing there the twain  
    Just as slowly, just as sadly,  
    Heedless of the night and rain.  
One could but wonder who they were  
And what wild woe detained them there.

## IV

Though thirty years of blur and blot  
Have slid since I beheld that spot,  
And saw in curious converse there  
    Moving slowly, moving sadly  
    That mysterious tragic pair,  
Its olden look may linger on—  
All but the couple ; they have gone.

## v

Whither? Who knows, indeed. . . . And yet  
To me, when nights are weird and wet,  
Without those comrades there at tryst  
    Creeping slowly, creeping sadly,  
    That lone lane does not exist.  
There they seem brooding on their pain,  
And will, while such a lane remain.

## THE FACE AT THE CASEMENT

IF ever joy leave  
An abiding sting of sorrow,  
So befell it on the morrow  
    Of that May eve. . . .

The travelled sun dropped  
To the north-west, low and lower,  
The pony's trot grew slower,  
    Until we stopped.

"This cosy house just by  
I must call at for a minute,  
A sick man lies within it  
    Who soon will die.

"He wished to—marry me,  
So I am bound, when I drive near him,  
To inquire, if but to cheer him,  
    How he may be."

A message was sent in,  
And wordlessly we waited,  
Till some one came and stated  
    The bulletin.

And that the sufferer said,  
For her call no words could thank her;  
As his angel he must rank her  
    Till life's spark fled.

Slowly we drove away,  
When I turned my head, although not  
Called to : why I turned I know not  
Even to this day :

And lo, there in my view  
Pressed against an upper lattice  
Was a white face, gazing at us  
As we withdrew.

And well did I divine  
It to be the man's there dying,  
Who but lately had been sighing  
For her pledged mine.

Then I deigned a deed of hell ;  
It was done before I knew it ;  
What devil made me do it  
I cannot tell !

Yes, while he gazed above,  
I put my arm about her  
That he might see, nor doubt her  
My plighted Love.

The pale face vanished quick,  
As if blasted, from the casement,  
And my shame and self-abasement  
Began their prick.

And they prick on, ceaselessly,  
For that stab in Love's fierce fashion  
Which, unfired by lover's passion,  
Was foreign to me.

She smiled at my caress,  
But why came the soft embowment  
Of her shoulder at that moment  
She did not guess.

Long long years has he lain  
In thy garth, O sad Saint Cleather :  
What tears there, bared to weather,  
Will cleanse that stain !

Love is long-suffering, brave,  
Sweet, prompt, precious as a jewel ;  
But jealousy is cruel,  
Cruel as the grave !

## LOST LOVE

I PLAY my sweet old airs—  
The airs ~~he~~ knew  
When our love was true—  
But ~~he~~ does not balk  
~~He~~ determined walk,  
And passes up the stairs.

I sing my songs once more,  
And presently hear  
His footstep near  
As if it would stay ;  
But he goes his way,  
And shuts a distant door.

So I wait for another morn,  
And another night  
In this soul-sick blight ;  
And I wonder much  
As I sit, why such  
A woman as I was born !

“ MY SPIRIT WILL NOT HAUNT THE  
MOUND ”

My spirit will not haunt the mound  
Above my breast,  
But travel, memory-possessed,  
To where my tremulous being found  
Life largest, best.

My phantom-footed shape will go  
When nightfall grays



Hither and thither along the ways  
I and another used to know  
In backward days.

And there you'll find me, if a jot  
You still should care  
For me, and for my curious air ;  
If otherwise, then I shall not,  
For you, be there.

### WESSEX HEIGHTS

(1896)

THERE are some heights in Wessex, shaped as if by a kindly  
hand  
For thinking, dreaming, dying on, and at crises when I stand,  
Say, on Ingpen Beacon eastward, or on Wylls-Neck westwardly,  
I seem where I was before my birth, and after death may be.

In the lowlands I have no comrade, not even the lone man's  
friend—  
Her who suffereth long and is kind ; accepts what he is too weak  
to mend :  
Down there they are dubious and askance ; there nobody  
thinks as I,  
But mind-chains do not clank where one's next neighbour is  
the sky.

In the towns I am tracked by phantoms having weird detective  
ways—  
Shadows of beings who fellowed with myself of earlier days :  
They hang about at places, and they say harsh heavy things—  
Men with a wintry sneer, and women with tart disparagings.

Down there I seem to be false to myself, my simple self that was,  
And is not now, and I see him watching, wondering what crass  
cause  
Can have merged him into such a strange continuator as this,  
Who yet has something in common with himself, my chrysalis.

I cannot go to the great grey Plain ; there's a figure against the  
moon,  
Nobody sees it but I, and it makes my breast beat out of tune ;  
I cannot go to the tall-spired town, being barred by the forms  
now passed  
For everybody but me, in whose long vision they stand there  
fast.

There's a ghost at Yell'ham Bottom chiding loud at the fall of  
the night,  
There's a ghost in Froom-side Vale, thin-lipped and vague, in  
a shroud of white,  
There is one in the railway train whenever I do not want it near,  
I see its profile against the pane, saying what I would not hear.

As for one rare fair woman, I am now but a thought of hers,  
I enter her mind and another thought succeeds me that she  
prefers ;  
Yet my love for her in its fulness she herself even did not know ;  
Well, time cures hearts of tenderness, and now I can let her go.

So I am found on Ingpen Beacon, or on Wylls-Neck to the west,  
Or else on homely Bulbarrow, or little Pilsdon Crest,  
Where men have never cared to haunt, nor women have walked  
with me,  
And ghosts then keep their distance ; and I know some liberty.

## IN DEATH DIVIDED

### I

I SHALL rot here, with those whom in their day  
You never knew,  
And alien ones who, ere they chilled to clay,  
Met not my view,  
Will in your distant grave-place ever neighbour you.

### II

No shade of pinnacle or tree or tower,  
While earth endures,

Will fall on my mound and within the hour  
 Steal on to yours ;  
 One robin never haunt our two green covertures.

## III

Some organ may resound on Sunday noons  
 By where you lie,  
 Some other thrill the panes with other tunes  
 Where moulder I ;  
 No selfsame chords compose our common lullaby

## IV

The simply-cut memorial at my head  
 Perhaps may take  
 A rustic form, and that above your bed  
 A stately make ;  
 No linking symbol show thereon for our tale's sake.

## V

And in the monotonous moils of strained, hard-run  
 Humanity,  
 The eternal tie which binds us twain in one  
 No eye will see  
 Stretching across the miles that sever you from me.

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## THE PLACE ON THE MAP

## I

I LOOK upon the map that hangs by me—  
 Its shires and towns and rivers lined in varnished artistry—  
 And I mark a jutting height  
 Coloured purple, with a margin of blue sea.

## II

—'Twas a day of latter summer, hot and dry ;  
 Ay, even the waves seemed drying as we walked on, she and I  
 By this spot where, calmly quite,  
 She unfolded what would happen by and by.

## III

This hanging map depicts the coast and place,  
And re-creates therewith our unforeboded troublous case  
All distinctly to my sight,  
And her tension, and the aspect of her face.

## IV

Weeks and weeks we had loved beneath that blazing blue,  
Which had lost the art of raining, as her eyes to-day had too,  
While she told what, as by sleight,  
Shot our firmament with rays of ruddy hue.

## V

For the wonder and the wormwood of the whole  
Was that what in realms of reason would have joyed our double soul  
Wore a torrid tragic light  
Under order-keeping's rigorous control.

## VI

So, the map revives her words, the spot, the time,  
And the thing we found we had to face before the next year's  
prime ;  
The charted coast stares bright,  
And its episode comes back in pantomime.

## THE SCHRECKHORN

*(With thoughts of Leslie Stephen)*

(June 1897)

ALOOF, as if a thing of mood and whim ;  
Now that its spare and desolate figure gleams  
Upon my nearing vision, less it seems  
A looming Alp-height than a guise of him  
Who scaled its horn with ventured life and limb,  
Drawn on by vague imaginings, maybe,  
Of semblance to his personality  
In its quaint glooms, keen lights, and rugged trim.

At his last change, when Life's dull coils unwind,  
 Will he, in old love, hitherward escape,  
 And the eternal essence of his mind  
 Enter this silent adamantine shape,  
 And his low voicing haunt its slipping snows  
 When dawn that calls the climber dyes them rose;

## A SINGER ASLEEP

(*Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1837-1909*)

## I

IN this fair niche above the unslumbering sea,  
 That sentrys up and down all night, all day,  
 From cove to promontory, from ness to bay,  
 The Fates have fitly bidden that he should be  
     Pillowed eternally.

## II

---It was as though a garland of red roses  
 Had fallen about the hood of some smug nun  
 When irresponsibly dropped as from the sun,  
 In fulth of numbers freaked with musical closes,  
 Upon Victoria's formal middle time  
     His leaves of rhythm and rhyme.

## III

O that far morning of a summer day  
 When, down a terraced street whose pavements lay  
 Glassing the sunshine into my bent eyes,  
 I walked and read with a quick glad surprise  
     New words, in classic guise,—

## IV

The passionate pages of his earlier years,  
 Fraught with hot sighs, sad laughters, kisses, tears;  
 Fresh-fluted notes, yet from a minstrel who  
 Blew them not naively, but as one who knew  
     Full well why thus he blew.

## V

I still can hear the brabble and the roar  
At those thy tunes, O still one, now passed through  
That fitful fire of tongues then entered new !  
Their power is spent like spindrift on this shore ;  
    Thine swells yet more and more.

## VI

—His singing-mistress verily was no other  
Than she the Lesbian, she the music-mother  
Of all the tribe that feel in melodies ;  
Who leapt, love-anguished, from the Leucadian steep  
Into the rambling world-encircling deep  
    Which hides her where none sees.

## VII

And one can hold in thought that nightly here  
His phantom may draw down to the water's brim,  
And hers come up to meet it, as a dim  
Lone shine upon the heaving hydrosphere,  
And mariners wonder as they traverse near,  
    Unknowing of her and him.

## VIII

One dreams him sighing to her spectral form :  
" O teacher, where lies hid thy burning line ;  
Where are those songs, O poetess divine  
Whose very orts are love incarnadine ? "  
And her smile back : " Disciple true and warm,  
    Sufficient now are thine." . . .

## IX

So here, beneath the waking constellations,  
Where the waves peal their everlasting strains,  
And their dull subterrene reverberations  
Shake him when storms make mountains of their plains—  
Him once their peer in sad improvisations,  
And deft as wind to cleave their frothy manes—  
I leave him, while the daylight gleam declines  
    Upon the capes and chines.

## A PLAINT TO MAN

WHEN you slowly emerged from the den of Time,  
And gained percipience as you grew,  
And fleshed you fair out of shapeless slime,

Wherefore, O Man, did there come to you  
The unhappy need of creating me—  
A form like your own—for praying to?

My virtue, power, utility,  
Within my maker must all abide,  
Since none in myself can ever be,

One thin as a phasm on a lantern-slide  
Shown forth in the dark upon some dim sheet,  
And by none but its showman vivified.

“Such a forced device,” you may say, “is meet  
For easing a loaded heart at whiles :  
Man needs to conceive of a mercy-seat

Somewhere above the gloomy aisles  
Of this wailful world, or he could not bear  
The irk no local hope beguiles.”

—But since I was framed in your first despair  
The doing without me has had no play  
In the minds of men when shadows scare ;

And now that I dwindle day by day  
Beneath the deicide eyes of seers  
In a light that will not let me stay,

And to-morrow the whole of me disappears,  
’The truth should be told, and the fact be faced  
That had best been faced in earlier years :

The fact of life with dependence placed  
On the human heart’s resource alone,  
In brotherhood bonded close and graced

With loving-kindness fully blown,  
And visioned help unsought, unknown.

## GOD'S FUNERAL

## I

I SAW a slowly-stepping train—  
Lined on the brows, scoop-eyed and bent and hoar—  
Following in files across a twilit plain  
A strange and mystic form the foremost bore.

## II

And by contagious throbs of thought  
Or latent knowledge that within me lay  
And had already stirred me, I was wrought  
To consciousness of sorrow even as they.

## III

The fore-borne shape, to my blurred eyes,  
At first seemed man-like, and anon to change  
To an amorphous cloud of marvellous size,  
At times endowed with wings of glorious range

## IV

And this phantasmal variousness  
Ever possessed it as they drew along :  
Yet throughout all it symbolled none the less  
Potency vast and loving-kindness strong.

## V

Almost before I knew I bent  
Towards the moving columns without a word ;  
They, growing in bulk and numbers as they went,  
Struck out sick thoughts that could be overheard :-

## VI

" O man-projected Figure, of late  
Imaged as we, thy knell who shall survive ?  
Whence came it we were tempted to create  
One whom we can no longer keep alive ?



## VII

“Framing him jealous, fierce, at first,  
We gave him justice as the ages rolled,  
Will to bless those by circumstance accurst,  
And longsuffering, and mercies manifold.

## VIII

“And, tricked by our own early dream  
And need of solace, we grew self-deceived,  
Our making soon our maker did we deem,  
And what we had imagined we believed.

## IX

“Till, in Time’s stayless stealthy swing,  
Uncompromising rude reality  
Mangled the Monarch of our fashioning,  
Who quavered, sank ; and now has ceased to be

## X

“So, toward our myth’s oblivion,  
Darkling, and languid-lipped, we creep and grope  
Sadlier than those who wept in Babylon,  
Whose Zion was a still abiding hope.

## XI

“How sweet it was in years far hied  
To start the wheels of day with trustful prayer,  
To lie down liegely at the eventide  
And feel a blest assurance he was there !

## XII

“And who or what shall fill his place ?  
Whither will wanderers turn distracted eyes  
For some fixed star to stimulate their pace  
Towards the goal of their enterprise ?” . . .

## XIII

Some in the background then I saw,  
Sweet women, youths, men, all incredulous,

Who chimed : " This is a counterfeit of straw,  
This requiem mockery ! Still he lives to us ! "

## XIV

I could not buoy their faith : and yet  
Many I had known : with all I sympathized ;  
And though struck speechless, I did not forget  
That what was mourned for, I, too, long had prized.

## XV

Still, how to bear such loss I deemed  
The insistent question for each animate mind,  
And gazing, to my growing sight there seemed  
A pale yet positive gleam low down behind,

## XVI

Whereof, to lift the general night,  
A certain few who stood aloof had said,  
" See you upon the horizon that small light—  
Swelling somewhat ? " Each mourner shook his head

## XVII

And they composed a crowd of whom  
Some were right good, and many nigh the best. . . .  
Thus dazed and puzzled 'twixt the gleam and gloom  
Mechanically I followed with the rest.

1908-10.

## SPECTRES THAT GRIEVE

" It is not death that harrows us," they lipped,  
" The soundless cell is in itself relief,  
For life is an unfenced flower, benumbed and nipped  
At unawares, and at its best but brief."

The speakers, sundry phantoms of the gone,  
Had risen like filmy flames of phosphor dye,  
As if the palest of sheet lightnings shone  
From the sward near me, as from a nether sky.

And much surprised was I that, spent and dead,  
 They should not, like the many, be at rest,  
 But **stray** as apparitions ; hence I said,  
 " Why, having slipped life, hark you back distressed ? "

" We are among the few death sets not free,  
 The hurt, misrepresented names, who come  
 At each year's brink, and cry to History  
 To do them justice, or go past them dumb.

" We are stript of rights ; our shames lie unredressed,  
 Our deeds in full anatomy are not shown,  
 Our words in morsels merely are expressed  
 On the scripted page, our motives blurred, unknown."

Then all these shaken slighted visitants sped  
 Into the vague, and left me musing there  
 On fames that well might instance what they had said,  
 Until the New-Year's dawn strode up the air.

### "AH, ARE YOU DIGGING ON MY GRAVE?"

"AH, are you digging on my grave,  
     My loved one ?—planting rue ?"  
 —" No : yesterday he went to wed  
 One of the brightest wealth has bred.  
 ' It cannot hurt her now,' he said,  
     ' That I should not be true.' "

" Then who is digging on my grave ?  
     My nearest dearest kin ? "  
 —" Ah, no : they sit and think, ' What **use** !  
 What good will planting flowers produce ?  
 No tendance of her mound can loose  
     Her spirit from Death's gin.' "

" But some one digs upon my grave ?  
     My enemy ?—prodding sly ? "  
 —" Nay : when she heard you had passed the **Gate**  
 That shuts on all flesh soon or late,  
 She thought you no more worth her hate,  
     And cares not where you lie."

"Then, who is digging on my grave?  
Say—since I have not guessed!"  
—"O it is I, my mistress dear,  
Your little dog, who still lives near,  
And much I hope my movements here  
Have not disturbed your rest?"

"Ah, yes! *You* dig upon my grave . . .  
Why flashed it not on me  
That one true heart was left behind!  
What feeling do we ever find  
To equal among human kind  
A dog's fidelity!"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave  
To bury a bone, in case  
I should be hungry near this spot  
When passing on my daily trot.  
I am sorry, but I quite forgot  
It was your resting-place."

## SELF-UNCONSCIOUS

ALONG the way  
He walked that day,  
Watching shapes that reveries limn,  
And seldom he  
Had eyes to see  
The moment that encompassed him.

Bright yellowhammers  
Made mirthful clamours,  
And billed long straws with a bustling air,  
And bearing their load  
Flew up the road  
That he followed, alone, without interest there.

From bank to ground  
And over and round  
They sidled along the adjoining hedge ;

Sometimes to the gutter  
Their yellow flutter  
Would dip from the nearest slatestone ledge.

The smooth sea-line  
With a metal shine,  
And flashes of white, and a sail thereon,  
He would also descry  
With a half-wrapt eye  
Between the projects he mused upon.

Yes, round him were these  
Earth's artistries,  
But specious plans that came to his call  
Did most engage  
His pilgrimage,  
While himself he did not see at all.

Dead now as sherds  
Are the yellow birds,  
And all that mattered has passed away ;  
Yet God, the Elf,  
Now shows him that self  
As he was, and should have been shown, that day

O it would have been good  
Could he then have stood  
At a clear-eyed distance, and conned the whole,  
But now such vision  
Is mere derision,  
Nor soothes his body nor saves his soul.

Not much, some may  
Incline to say,  
To see therein, had it all been seen.  
Nay ! he is aware  
A thing was there  
That loomed with an immortal mien.

## THE DISCOVERY

I WANDERED to a crude coast  
Like a ghost ;  
Upon the hills I saw fires—  
Funeral pyres  
Seemingly—and heard breaking  
Waves like distant cannonades that set the land shaking.

And so I never once guessed  
A Love-nest,  
Bowered and candle-lit, lay  
In my way,  
Till I found a hid hollow,  
Where I burst on her my heart could not but follow.

## TOLERANCE

"IT is a foolish thing," said I,  
"To bear with such, and pass it by ;  
Yet so I do, I know not why !"

And at each cross I would surmise  
That if I had willed not in that wise  
I might have spared me many sighs.

But now the only happiness  
In looking back that I possess—  
Whose lack would leave me comfortless—

Is to remember I refrained  
From masteries I might have gained,  
And for my tolerance was disdained ;

For see, a tomb. And if it were  
I had bent and broke, I should not dare  
To linger in the shadows there.

## BEFORE AND AFTER SUMMER

## I

LOOKING forward to the spring  
 One puts up with anything.  
 On this February day  
 'Though the winds leap down the street  
 Wintry scourgings seem but play,  
 And these later shafts of sleet  
 —Sharper pointed than the first—  
 And these later snows—the worst—  
 Are as a half-transparent blind  
 Riddled by rays from sun behind.

## II

Shadows of the October pine  
 Reach into this room of mine :  
 On the pine there swings a bird ;  
 He is shadowed with the tree.  
 Mutely perched he bills no word :  
 Blank as I am even is he.  
 For those happy suns are past,  
 Fore-discerned in winter last.  
 When went by their pleasure, then ?  
 I, alas, perceived not when.

## AT DAY-CLOSE IN NOVEMBER

THE ten hours' light is abating,  
 And a late bird wings across,  
 Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,  
 Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noon-time,  
 Float past like specks in the eye ;  
 I set every tree in my June time,  
 And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here  
Conceive that there never has been  
A time when no tall trees grew here,  
That none will in time be seen.

## THE YEAR'S AWAKENING

How do you know that the pilgrim track  
Along the belting zodiac  
Swept by the sun in his seeming rounds  
Is traced by now to the Fishes' bounds  
And into the Ram, when weeks of cloud  
Have wrapt the sky in a clammy shroud,  
And never as yet a tinct of spring  
Has shown in the Earth's apparelling ;  
O vespering bird, how do you know,  
How do you know ?

How do you know, deep underground,  
Hid in your bed from sight and sound,  
Without a turn in temperature,  
With weather life can scarce endure,  
That light has won a fraction's strength,  
And day put on some moments' length,  
Whereof in merest rote will come,  
Weeks hence, mild airs that do not numb ;  
O crocus root, how do you know,  
How do you know ?

*February 1910.*

## UNDER THE WATERFALL.

"WHENEVER I plunge my arm, like this,  
In a basin of water, I never miss  
The sweet sharp sense of a fugitive day  
Fetched back from its thickening shroud of gray.  
Hence the only prime  
And real love-rhyme



That I know by heart,  
 And that leaves no smart,  
 Is the purl of a little valley fall  
 About three spans wide and two spans tall  
 Over a table of solid rock,  
 And into a scoop of the self-same block ;  
 The purl of a runlet that never ceases  
 In stir of kingdoms, in wars, in peaces ;  
 With a hollow boiling voice it speaks  
 And has spoken since hills were turfless peaks."

"And why gives this the only prime  
 Idea to you of a real love-rhyme ?  
 And why does plunging your arm in a bowl  
 Full of spring water, bring throbs to your soul ?"

"Well, under the fall, in a crease of the stone,  
 Though where precisely none ever has known,  
 Jammed darkly, nothing to show how prized,  
 And by now with its smoothness opalized,  
     Is a drinking-glass :  
     For, down that pass  
     My lover and I  
     Walked under a sky  
 Of blue with a leaf-wove awning of green,  
 In the burn of August, to paint the scene,  
 And we placed our basket of fruit and wine  
 By the runlet's rim, where we sat to dine ;  
 And when we had drunk from the glass together,  
 Arched by the oak-copse from the weather,  
 I held the vessel to rinse in the fall,  
 Where it slipped, and sank, and was past recall,  
 Though we stooped and plumbed the little abyss  
 With long bared arms. There the glass still is.  
 And, as said, if I thrust my arm below  
 Cold water in basin or bowl, a throe  
 From the past awakens a sense of that time,  
 And the glass we used, and the cascade's rhyme.  
 The basin seems the pool, and its edge  
 The hard smooth face of the brook-side ledge,  
 And the leafy pattern of china-ware  
 The hanging plants that were bathing there.

"By night, by day, when it shines or lours,  
There lies intact that chalice of ours,  
And its presence adds to the rhyme of love  
Persistently sung by the fall above.  
No lip has touched it since his and mine  
In turns therefrom sipped lovers' wine."

## POEMS OF 1912-13

*Veteris vestigia flammae*

### THE GOING

WHY did you give no hint that night  
That quickly after the morrow's dawn,  
And calmly, as if indifferent quite,  
You would close your term here, up and be gone  
    Where I could not follow  
    With wing of swallow  
To gain one glimpse of you ever anon !

    Never to bid good-bye,  
    Or lip me the softest call,  
Or utter a wish for a word, while I  
Saw morning harden upon the wall,  
    Unmoved, unknowing  
    That your great going  
Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house  
And think for a breath it is you I see  
At the end of the alley of bending boughs  
Where so often at dusk you used to be ;  
    Till in darkening darkness  
    The yawning blankness  
Of the perspective sickens me !

You were she who abode  
By those red-veined rocks far West,

You were the swan-necked one who rode  
Along the beetling Beeny Crest,  
    And, reining nigh me,  
    Would muse and eye me,  
While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,  
Did we not think of those days long dead,  
And ere your vanishing strive to seek  
That time's renewal? We might have said,  
    " In this bright spring weather  
    We'll visit together  
Those places that once we visited."

Well, well ! All's past amend,  
Unchangeable. It must go.  
I seem but a dead man held on end  
To sink down soon. . . . O you could not know  
    That such swift fleeing  
    No soul foreseeing—  
Not even I—would undo me so !

*December 1912.*

## YOUR LAST DRIVE

HERE by the moorway you returned,  
And saw the borough lights ahead  
That lit your face—all undiscerned  
To be in a week the face of the dead,  
And you told of the charm of that haloed view  
That never again would beam on you.

And on your left you passed the spot  
Where eight days later you were to lie,  
And be spoken of as one who was not ;  
Beholding it with a heedless eye  
As alien from you, though under its tree  
You soon would halt everlastingly.

I drove not with you. . . . Yet had I sat  
At your side that eve I should not have seen

## SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

That the countenance I was glancing at  
 Had a last-time look in the flickering sheen,  
 Nor have read the writing upon your face,  
 "I go hence soon to my resting-place ;

"You may miss me then. But I shall not know  
 How many times you visit me there,  
 Or what your thoughts are, or if you go  
 There never at all. And I shall not care.  
 Should you censure me I shall take no heed,  
 And even your praises no more shall need."

True : never you'll know. And you will not mind  
 But shall I then slight you because of such ?  
 Dear ghost, in the past did you ever find  
 The thought "What profit," move me much ?  
 Yet abides the fact, indeed, the same,—  
 You are past love, praise, indifference, blame.

*December 1912*

## THE WALK

You did not walk with me  
 Of late to the hill-top tree  
     By the gated ways,  
     As in earlier days ;  
     You were weak and lame,  
     So you never came,  
 And I went alone, and I did not mind,  
 Not thinking of you as left behind.

I walked up there to-day  
 Just in the former way ;  
     Surveyed around  
     The familiar ground  
     By myself again :  
     What difference, then ?  
 Only that underlying sense  
 Of the look of a room on returning thence.

## RAIN ON A GRAVE

CLOUDS spout upon her  
Their waters amain  
In ruthless disdain,—  
Her who but lately  
Had shivered with pain  
As at touch of dishonour  
If there had lit on her  
So coldly, so straightly  
Such arrows of rain :

One who to shelter  
Her delicate head  
Would quicken and quicken  
Each tentative tread  
If drops chanced to pelt her  
That summertime spills  
In dust-paven rills  
When thunder-clouds thicken  
And birds close their bills.

Would that I lay there  
And she were housed here  
Or better, together  
Were folded away there  
Exposed to one weather  
We both,—who would stray there  
When sunny the day there  
Or evening was clear  
At the prime of the year.

Soon will be growing  
Green blades from her mound,  
And daisies be showing  
Like stars on the ground,  
Till she form part of them—  
Ay—the sweet heart of them,  
Loved beyond measure  
With a child's pleasure  
All her life's round.

*Jan. 31, 1913.*

## "I FOUND HER OUT THERE"

I FOUND her out there  
On a slope few see,  
That falls westwardly  
To the salt-edged air,  
Where the ocean breaks  
On the purple strand,  
And the hurricane shakes  
The solid land.

I brought her here,  
And have laid her to rest  
In a noiseless nest  
No sea beats near.  
She will never be stirred  
In her loamy cell  
By the waves long heard  
And loved so well.

So she does not sleep  
By those haunted heights  
The Atlantic smites  
And the blind gales sweep,  
Whence she often would gaze  
At Dundagel's famed head,  
While the dipping blaze  
Dyed her face fire-red ;

And would sigh at the tale  
Of sunk Lyonesse,  
As a wind-tugged tress  
Flapped her cheek like a flail ;  
Or listen at whiles  
With a thought-bound brow  
To the murmuring miles  
She is far from now.

Yet her shade, maybe,  
Will creep underground  
Till it catch the sound  
Of that western sea

As it swells and sobs  
Where she once domiciled,  
And joy in its throbs  
With the heart of a child.

## WITHOUT CEREMONY

It was your way, my dear,  
To vanish without a word  
When callers, friends, or kin  
Had left, and I hastened in  
To rejoin you, as I inferred.

And when you'd a mind to career  
Off anywhere—say to town—  
You were all on a sudden gone  
Before I had thought thereon,  
Or noticed your trunks were down.

So, now that you disappear  
For ever in that swift style,  
Your meaning seems to me  
Just as it used to be :  
"Good-bye is not worth while !"

## LAMENT

How she would have loved  
A party to-day !—  
Bright-hatted and gloved,  
With table and tray  
And chairs on the lawn  
Her smiles would have shone  
With welcomings. . . . But  
She is shut, she is shut  
From friendship's spell  
In the jailing shell  
Of her tiny cell.



Or she would have reigned  
 At a dinner to-night  
 With ardours unfeigned,  
 And a generous delight ;  
 All in her abode  
 She'd have freely bestowed  
 On her guests. . . . But alas.  
 She is shut under grass  
     Where no cups flow,  
     Powerless to know  
     That it might be so.

And she would have sought  
 With a child's eager glance  
 The shy snowdrops brought  
 By the new year's advance,  
 And peered in the rime  
 Of Candlemas-time  
 For crocuses . . . chanced  
 It that she were not tranced  
     From sights she loved best ;  
     Wholly possessed  
     By an infinite rest !

And we are here staying  
 Amid these stale things,  
 Who care not for gaying,  
 And those junketings  
 That used so to joy her,  
 And never to cloy her  
 As us they cloy ! . . . But  
 She is shut, she is shut  
     From the cheer of them, dead  
     To all done and said  
     In her yew-arched bed.

### THE HAUNTER

HE does not think that I haunt here nightly :  
     How shall I let him know  
 That whither his fancy sets him wandering  
     I, too, alertly go ?—

Hover and hover a few feet from him  
Just as I used to do,  
But cannot answer the words he lifts me—  
Only listen thereto !

When I could answer he did not say them :  
When I could let him know  
How I would like to join in his journeys  
Seldom he wished to go.  
Now that he goes and wants me with him  
More than he used to do,  
Never he sees my faithful phantom  
Though he speaks thereto.

Yes, I companion him to places  
Only dreamers know,  
Where the shy hares print long paces,  
Where the night rooks go ;  
Into old aisles where the past is all to him,  
Close as his shade can do,  
Always lacking the power to call to him,  
Near as I reach thereto !

What a good haunter I am, O tell him !  
Quickly make him know  
If he but sigh since my loss befell him  
Straight to his side I go.  
Tell him a faithful one is doing  
All that love can do  
Still that his path may be worth pursuing,  
And to bring peace thereto.

## THE VOICE

WOMAN much missed, how you call to me, call to me,  
Saying that now you are not as you were  
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,  
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,  
Standing as when I drew near to the town

Where you would wait for me : yes, as I knew you then,  
Even to the original air-blue gown !

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness  
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,  
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness  
Heard no more again far or near ?

Thus I ; faltering forward,  
Leaves around me falling,  
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,  
And the woman calling.

*December 1912.*

### HIS VISITOR

I COME across from Mellstock while the moon wastes weaker  
To behold where I lived with you for twenty years and more :  
I shall go in the gray, at the passing of the mail-train,  
And need no setting open of the long familiar door  
As before.

The change I notice in my once own quarters !  
A formal-fashioned border where the daisies used to be,  
The rooms new painted, and the pictures altered,  
And other cups and saucers, and no cosy nook for tea  
As with me.

I discern the dim faces of the sleep-wrapt servants ;  
They are not those who tended me through feeble hours and strong  
But strangers quite, who never knew my rule here,  
Who never saw me painting, never heard my softling song  
Float along.

So I don't want to linger in this re-decked dwelling,  
I feel too uneasy at the contrasts I behold,  
And I make again for Mellstock to return here never,  
And rejoin the roomy silence, and the mute and manifold  
Souls of old.

1913.

## A CIRCULAR

As "legal representative"  
I read a missive not my own,  
On new designs the senders give  
For clothes, in tints as shown.

Here figure blouses, gowns for tea,  
And presentation-trains of state,  
Charming ball-dresses, millinery,  
Warranted up to date.

And this gay-pictured, spring-time shout  
Of Fashion, hails what lady proud?  
Her who before last year ebbed out  
Was costumed in a shroud.

## A DREAM OR NO

WHY go to Saint-Juliot? What's Juliot to me?  
Some strange necromancy  
But charmed me to fancy  
That much of my life claims the spot as its key.

Yes. I have had dreams of that place in the West,  
And a maiden abiding  
Thereat as in hiding;  
Fair-eyed and white-shouldered, broad-browed and brown-tressed

And of how, coastward bound on a night long ago,  
There lonely I found her,  
The sea-birds around her,  
And other than nigh things uncaring to know.

So sweet her life there (in my thought has it seemed)  
That quickly she drew me  
To take her unto me,  
And lodge her long years with me. Such have I dreamed.

But nought of that maid from Saint-Juliot I see ;  
     Can she ever have been here,  
     And shed her life's sheen here,  
 The woman I thought a long housemate with me !

Does there even a place like Saint-Juliot exist ?  
     Or a Vallency Valley  
     With stream and leafed alley,  
 Or Beeny, or Bos with its flounce flinging mist ?

*February 1913.*

### AFTER A JOURNEY

HERETO I come to view a voiceless ghost ;  
     Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me ?  
 Up the cliff, down, till I'm lonely, lost,  
     And the unseen waters' ejaculations awe me.  
 Where you will next be there's no knowing,  
     Facing round about me everywhere,  
     With your nut-coloured hair,  
 And gray eyes, and rose-flush coming and going.

Yes : I have re-entered your olden haunts at last ;  
     Through the years, through the dead scenes I have tracked  
     you ;  
 What have you now found to say of our past—  
     Scanned across the dark space wherein I have lacked you ?  
 Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division ?  
     Things were not lastly as firstly well  
     With us twain, you tell ?  
 But all's closed now, despite Time's derision.

I see what you are doing : you are leading me on  
     To the spots we knew when we haunted here together,  
 The waterfall, above which the mist-bow shone  
     At the then fair hour in the then fair weather,  
 And the cave just under, with a voice still so hollow  
     That it seems to call out to me from forty years ago,  
     When you were all aglow,  
 And not the thin ghost that I now frailly follow !

Ignorant of what there is fitting here to see,  
 The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily ;  
 Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me,  
 For the stars close their shutters and the dawn whitens hazily.  
 Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours,  
 The bringing me here ; nay, bring me here again !  
 I am just the same as when  
 Our days were a joy, and our paths through flowers.

PENTARGAN BAY.

### A DEATH-DAY RECALLED

BEENV did not quiver,  
 Juliot grew not gray,  
 Thin Vallery's river  
 Held its wonted way.  
 Bos seemed not to utter  
 Dimmest note of dirge,  
 Targan mouth a mutter  
 To its creamy surge.

Yet though these, unheeding,  
 Listless, passed the hour  
 Of her spirit's speeding,  
 She had, in her flower,  
 Sought and loved the places—  
 Much and often pined  
 For their lonely faces  
 When in towns confined.

Why did not Vallery  
 In his purl deplore  
 One whose haunts were whence he  
 Drew his limpid store ?  
 Why did Bos not thunder,  
 Targan apprehend  
 Body and Breath were sunder  
 Of their former friend ?

## BEENY CLIFF

*March 1870—March 1913*

## I

O THE opal and the sapphire of that wandering western sea,  
And the woman riding high above with bright hair flapping  
free—

The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

## II

The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed far away  
In a nether sky, engrossed in saying their ceaseless babbling say,  
As we laughed light-heartedly aloft on that clear-sunned March  
day.

## III

A little cloud then cloaked us, and there flew an irised rain,  
And the Atlantic dyed its levels with a dull misfeatured stain,  
And then the sun burst out again, and purples prinked the main.

## IV

—Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks old Beeny to the sky,  
And shall she and I not go there once again now March is nigh,  
And the sweet things said in that March say anew there by and  
by?

## V

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird western  
shore,  
The woman now is—elsewhere—whom the ambling pony bore,  
And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will laugh there never-  
more.

## AT CASTLE BOTEREL

As I drive to the junction of lane and highway,  
And the drizzle bedrenches the waggonette,  
I look behind at the fading byway,  
And see on its slope, now glistening wet,  
Distinctly yet

Myself and a girlish form benighted  
In dry March weather. We climb the road  
Beside a chaise. We had just alighted  
To ease the sturdy pony's load  
When he sighed and slowed.

What we did as we climbed, and what we talked of  
Matters not much, nor to what it led,—  
Something that life will not be balked of  
Without rude reason till hope is dead,  
And feeling fled.

It filled but a minute. But was there ever  
A time of such quality, since or before,  
In that hill's story? To one mind never,  
Though it has been climbed, foot-swift, foot-sore,  
By thousands more.

Primaeval rocks form the road's steep border,  
And much have they faced there, first and last,  
Of the transitory in Earth's long order ;  
But what they record in colour and cast  
Is—that we two passed.

And to me, though Time's unflinching rigour,  
In mindless rote, has ruled from sight  
The substance now, one phantom figure  
Remains on the slope, as when that night  
Saw us alight.

I look and see it there, shrinking, shrinking,  
I look back at it amid the rain  
For the very last time ; for my sand is sinking,  
And I shall traverse old love's domain  
Never again.

*March 1913.*

## PLACES

NOBODY says : Ah, that is the place  
Where chanced, in the hollow of years ago,  
What none of the Three Towns cared to know—  
The birth of a little girl of grace—



## SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

The sweetest the house saw, first or last ;  
 Yet it was so  
 On that day long past.

Nobody thinks : There, there she lay  
 In a room by the Hoe, like the bud of a flower.  
 And listened, just after the bedtime hour,  
 To the stammering chimes that used to play  
 The quaint Old Hundred-and-Thirteenth tune  
 In Saint Andrew's tower  
 Night, morn, and noon.

Nobody calls to mind that here  
 Upon Boterel Hill, where the waggoners skid,  
 With cheeks whose airy flush outbid  
 Fresh fruit in bloom, and free of fear,  
 She cantered down, as if she must fall  
 (Though she never did),  
 To the charm of all.

Nay : one there is to whom these things,  
 That nobody else's mind calls back,  
 Have a savour that scenes in being lack,  
 And a presence more than the actual brings ;  
 To whom to-day is beneaped and stale,  
 And its urgent clack  
 But a vapid tale.

PLYMOUTH, *March* 1913.

## THE PHANTOM HORSEWOMAN

## I

QUEER are the ways of a man I know :  
 He comes and stands  
 In a careworn craze,  
 And looks at the sands  
 And the seaward haze  
 With moveless hands  
 And face and gaze,  
 Then turns to go . . .  
 And what does he see when he gazes so ?

## II

They say he sees as an instant thing  
More clear than to-day,  
A sweet soft scene  
That was once in play  
By that briny green ;  
Yes, notes alway  
Warm, real, and keen,  
What his back years bring—  
A phantom of his own figuring.

## III

Of this vision of his they might say more :  
Not only there  
Does he see this sight,  
But everywhere  
In his brain—day, night,  
As if on the air  
It were drawn rose-bright—  
Yea, far from that shore  
Does he carry this vision of heretofore :

## IV

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,  
He withers daily,  
Time touches her not,  
But she still rides gaily  
In his rapt thought  
On that shagged and shaly  
Atlantic spot,  
And as when first eyed  
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

## THE SPELL OF THE ROSE

“ I MEAN to build a hall anon,  
And shape two turrets there,  
And a broad newelled stair,  
And a cool well for crystal water ;  
Yes ; I will build a hall anon.  
Plant roses love shall feed upon,  
And apple-trees and pear.”

He set to build the manor-hall,  
And shaped the turrets there,  
And the broad newelled stair,  
And the cool well for crystal water ;  
He built for me that manor-hall,  
And planted many trees withal,  
But no rose anywhere.

And as he planted never a rose  
That bears the flower of love,  
Though other flowers throve  
Some heart-bane moved our souls to sever  
Since he had planted never a rose ;  
And misconceits raised horrid shows,  
And agonies came thereof.

“ I’ll mend these miseries,” then said I,  
And so, at dead of night,  
I went and, screened from sight,  
That nought should keep our souls in severance,  
I set a rose-bush. “ This,” said I,  
“ May end divisions dire and wry,  
And long-drawn days of blight.”

But I was called from earth—yea, called  
Before my rose-bush grew ;  
And would that now I knew  
What feels he of the tree I planted,  
And whether, after I was called  
To be a ghost, he, as of old,  
Gave me his heart anew !

Perhaps now blooms that queen of trees  
I set but saw not grow,  
And he, beside its glow—  
Eyes couched of the mis-vision that blurred me—  
Ay, there beside that queen of trees  
He sees me as I was, though sees  
Too late to tell me so !

## ST. LAUNCE'S REVISITED

SLIP back, Time !  
Yet again I am nearing  
Castle and keep, uprearing  
Gray, as in my prime.

At the inn  
Smiling nigh, why is it  
Not as on my visit  
When hope and I were twin ?

Groom and jade  
Whom I found here, moulder ;  
Strange the tavern-holder,  
Strange the tap-maid.

Here I hired  
Horse and man for bearing  
Me on my wayfaring  
To the door desired.

Evening gloomed  
As I journeyed forward  
To the faces shoreward,  
Till their dwelling loomed.

If again  
Towards the Atlantic sea there  
I should speed, they'd be there  
Surely now as then ? . . .

Why waste thought,  
When I know them vanished  
Under earth ; yea, banished  
Ever into nought !

## WHERE THE PICNIC WAS

WHERE we made the fire  
In the summer time  
Of branch and briar  
On the hill to the sea,  
I slowly climb  
Through winter mire,  
And scan and trace  
The forsaken place  
Quite readily.

Now a cold wind blows,  
And the grass is gray,  
But the spot still shows  
As a burnt circle—aye,  
And stick-ends, charred,  
Still strew the sward  
Whereon I stand,  
Last relic of the band  
Who came that day !

Yes, I am here  
Just as last year,  
And the sea breathes brine  
From its strange straight line  
Up hither, the same  
As when we four came.  
—But two have wandered far  
From this grassy rise  
Into urban roar  
Where no picnics are,  
And one—has shut her eyes  
For evermore.

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

### THE WISTFUL LADY

“LOVE, while you were away there came to me—  
From whence I cannot tell—  
A plaintive lady pale and passionless,  
Who laid her eyes upon me critically,  
And weighed me with a wearing wistfulness,  
As if she knew me well.”

“I saw no lady of that wistful sort  
As I came riding home.  
Perhaps she was some dame the Fates constrain  
By memories sadder than she can support,  
Or by unhappy vacancy of brain,  
To leave her roof and roam?”

“Ah, but she knew me. And before this time  
I have seen her, lending ear  
To my light outdoor words, and pondering each,  
Her frail white finger swayed in pantomime,  
As if she fain would close with me in speech,  
And yet would not come near.

“And once I saw her beckoning with her hand  
As I came into sight  
At an upper window. And I at last went out ;  
But when I reached where she had seemed to stand,  
And wandered up and down and searched about,  
I found she had vanished quite.”

## SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

Then thought I how my dead Love used to say,  
    With a small smile, when she  
Was waning wan, that she would hover round  
And show herself after her passing day  
To any newer Love I might have found,  
    But show her not to me.

## THE WOMAN IN THE RYE

"WHY do you stand in the dripping rye,  
Cold-lipped, unconscious, wet to the knee,  
When there are firesides near?" said I.  
"I told him I wished him dead," said she.

"Yea, cried it in my haste to one  
Whom I had loved, whom I well loved still;  
And die he did. And I hate the sun,  
And stand here lonely, aching, chill;

"Stand waiting, waiting under skies  
That blow reproach, the while I see  
The rooks sheer off to where he lies  
Wrapt in a peace withheld from me!"

## THE CHEVAL - GLASS

WHY do you harbour that great cheval-glass  
    Filling up your narrow room?  
    You never preen or plume  
Or look in a week at your full-length figure—  
    Picture of bachelor gloom!

"Well, when I dwelt in ancient England,  
    Renting the valley farm,  
    Thoughtless of all heart-harm,  
I used to gaze at the parson's daughter,  
    A creature of nameless charm.

"Thither there came a lover and won her  
    Carried her off from my view.

O it was then I knew  
Misery of a cast undreamt of—  
More than, indeed, my due !

“Then far rumours of her ill-usage  
Came, like a chilling breath  
When a man languisheth ;  
Followed by news that her mind lost balance,  
And, in a space, of her death.

“Soon sank her father ; and next was the auction —  
Everything to be sold :  
Mid things new and old  
Stood this glass in her former chamber,  
Long in her use, I was told.

“Well, I awaited the sale and bought it. . . .  
There by my bed it stands,  
And as the dawn expands  
Often I see her pale-faced form there  
Brushing her hair's bright bands.

“There, too, at pallid midnight moments  
Quick she will come to my call,  
Smile from the frame withal  
Ponderingly, as she used to regard me  
Passing her father's wall.

“So that it was for its revelations  
I brought it oversea,  
And drag it about with me. . . .  
Anon I shall break it and bury its fragments  
Where my grave is to be.”

## THE RE-ENACTMENT

BETWEEN the folding sea-downs,  
In the gloom  
Of a wailful wintry nightfall,  
When the boom  
Of the ocean, like a hammering in a hollow tomb,



Throbb'd up the copse-cloth'd valley  
From the shore  
To the chamber where I darkled,  
Sunk and sore  
With gray ponderings why my Loved one had not come before

To salute me in the dwelling  
That of late  
I had hired to waste a while in—  
Dim of date,  
Quaint, and remote—wherein I now expectant sate :

On the solitude, unsignalled,  
Broke a man  
Who, in air as if at home there,  
Seemed to scan  
Every fire-flecked nook of the apartment span by span,

A stranger's and no lover's  
Eyes were these,  
Eyes of a man who measures  
What he sees  
But vaguely, as if wrapt in filmy phantasies.

Yea, his bearing was so absent  
As he stood,  
It bespoke a chord so plaintive  
In his mood,  
That soon I judged he would not wrong my quietude.

"Ah—the supper is just ready!"  
Then he said,  
"And the years'-long-binned Madeira  
Flashes red!"  
(There was no wine, no food, no supper-table spread.)

"You will forgive my coming,  
Lady fair?  
I see you as at that time  
Rising there,  
The self-same curious querying in your eyes and air.

"Yet no. How so? You wear not  
The same gown,  
Your locks show woful difference,  
Are not brown :  
What, is it not as when I hither came from town ?

"And the place. . . . But you seem other—  
Can it be ?  
What's this that Time is doing  
Unto me ?  
*You* dwell here, unknown woman ? . . . Whereabouts, then  
is she ?

"And the house-things are much shifted.—  
Put them where  
They stood on this night's fellow ;  
Shift her chair :  
Here was the couch : and the piano should be there."

I indulged him, verily nerve-strained  
Being alone,  
And I moved the things as bidden,  
One by one,  
And feigned to push the old piano where he had shown.

"Aha—now I can see her !  
Stand aside :  
Don't thrust her from the table  
Where, meek-eyed,  
She makes attempt with matron-manners to preside.

"She serves me : now she rises,  
Goes to play. . . .  
But you obstruct her, fill her  
With dismay,  
And all-embarrassed, scared, she vanishes away !"

And, as 'twere useless longer  
To persist,  
He sighed, and sought the entry  
Ere I wist,  
And retreated, disappearing soundless in the mist.

That here some mighty passion  
Once had burned,  
Which still the walls enghosted,  
I discerned,  
And that by its strong spell mine might be overturned.

I sat depressed ; till, later,  
My Love came ;  
But something in the chamber  
Dimmed our flame,—  
An emanation, making our due words fall tame.

As if the intenser drama  
Shown me there  
Of what the walls had witnessed  
Filled the air,  
And left no room for later passion anywhere.

So came it that our fervours  
Did quite fail  
Of future consummation—  
Being made quail  
By the weird witchery of the parlour's hidden tale,

Which I, as years passed, faintly  
Learnt to trace,—  
One of sad love, born full-winged  
In that place  
Where the predestined sorrowers first stood face to face.

And as that month of winter  
Circles round,  
And the evening of the date-day  
Grows embrowned,  
I am conscious of those presences, and sit spellbound.

There, often—lone, forsaken—  
Queries breed  
Within me ; whether a phantom  
Had my heed  
On that strange night, or was it some wrecked heart indeed ?

## HER SECRET

THAT love's dull smart distressed my heart  
    He shrewdly learnt to see,  
But that I was in love with a dead man  
    Never suspected he.

He searched for the trace of a pictured face,  
    He watched each missive come,  
And a sheet that seemed like a love-line  
    Wrought his look lurid and numb.

He dogged my feet to the city street,  
    He followed me to the sea,  
But not to the nigh, still churchyard  
    Did he dream of following me !

## "SHE CHARGED ME"

SHE charged me with having said this and that  
To another woman long years before,  
In the very parlour where we sat,—

Sat on a night when the endless pour  
Of rain on the roof and the road below  
Bent the spring of the spirit more and more. .

—So charged she me ; and the Cupid's bow  
Of her mouth was hard, and her eyes, and her face,  
And her white forefinger lifted slow.

Had she done it gently, or shown a trace  
That not too curiously would she view  
A folly flown ere her reign had place,

A kiss might have closed it. But I knew  
From the fall of each word, and the pause between,  
That the curtain would drop upon us two  
Ere long, in our play of slave and queen.

## THE NEWCOMER'S WIFE

HE paused on the sill of a door ajar  
That screened a lively liquor-bar,  
For the name had reached him through the door  
Of her he had married the week before.

"We called her the Hack of the Parade ;  
But she was discreet in the games she played ;  
If slightly worn, she's pretty yet,  
And gossips, after all, forget :

"And he knows nothing of her past ;  
I am glad the girl's in luck at last ;  
Such ones, though stale to native eyes,  
Newcomers snatch at as a prize."

"Yes, being a stranger he sees her blent  
Of all that's fresh and innocent,  
Nor dreams how many a love-campaign  
She had enjoyed before his reign !"

That night there was the splash of a fall  
Over the slimy harbour-wall :  
They searched, and at the deepest place  
Found him with crabs upon his face.

## A CONVERSATION AT DAWN

HE lay awake, with a harassed air,  
And she, in her cloud of loose lank hair,  
Seemed trouble-tried  
As the dawn drew in on their faces there.

The chamber looked far over the sea  
From a white hotel on a white-stoned quay,  
And stepping a stride  
He parted the window-drapery.

Above the level horizon spread  
The sunrise, firing them foot to head  
    From its smouldering lair,  
And painting their pillows with dyes of red.

“What strange disquiets have stirred you, dear,  
This dragging night, with starts in fear  
    Of me, as it were,  
Or of something evil hovering near?”

“My husband, can I have fear of you?  
What should one fear from a man whom few,  
    Or none, had matched  
In that late long spell of delays undue!”

He watched her eyes in the heaving sun:  
“Then what has kept, O reticent one,  
    Those lids unlatched—  
Anything promised I’ve not yet done?”

“O it’s not a broken promise of yours  
(For what quite lightly your lip assures  
    The due time brings)  
That has troubled my sleep, and no waking cures!”

“I have shaped my will; ’tis at hand,” said he;  
“I subscribe it to-day, that no risk there be  
    In the hap of things  
Of my leaving you menaced by poverty.”

“That a boon provision I’m safe to get,  
Signed, sealed by my lord as it were a debt,  
    I cannot doubt,  
Or ever this peering sun be set.”

“But you flung my arms away from your side,  
And faced the wall. No month-old bride  
    Ere the tour be out  
In an air so loth can be justified?”

“Ah—had you a male friend once loved well,  
Upon whose suit disaster fell  
    And frustrance swift?  
Honest you are, and may care to tell.”

She lay impassive, and nothing broke  
The stillness other than, stroke by stroke,  
    The lazy lift  
Of the tide below them ; till she spoke :

“ I once had a friend—a Love, if you will—  
Whose wife forsook him, and sank until  
    She was made a thrall  
In a prison-cell for a deed of ill. . . .

“ He remained alone ; and we met—to love,  
But barring legitimate joy thereof  
    Stood a doorless wall,  
Though we prized each other all else above.

“ And this was why, though I'd touched my prime,  
I put off suitors from time to time—  
    Yourself with the rest—  
Till friends, who approved you, called it crime,

“ And when misgivings weighed on me  
In my lover's absence, hurriedly,  
    And much distress,  
I took you. . . . Ah, that such could be ! . . .

“ Now, saw you when crossing from yonder shore  
At yesternoon, that the packet bore  
    On a white-wreathed bier  
A coffined body towards the fore ?

“ Well, while you stood at the other end,  
The loungers talked, and I couldn't but lend  
    A listening ear,  
For they named the dead. 'Twas the wife of my friend.

“ He was there, but did not note me, veiled,  
Yet I saw that a joy, as of one unjailed,  
    Now shone in his gaze ;  
He knew not his hope of me just had failed !

“ They had brought her home : she was born in this isle ;  
And he will return to his domicile,  
    And pass his days  
Alone, and not as he dreamt erstwhile ! ”

"—So you've lost a sprucer spouse than I!"  
She held her peace, as if fain deny  
    She would indeed  
For his pleasure's sake, but could lip no lie.

"One far less formal and plain and slow!"  
She let the laconic assertion go  
    As if of need  
She held the conviction that it was so.

"Regard me as his he always should,  
He had said, and wed me he vowed he would  
    In his prime or sere  
Most verily do, if ever he could ;

"And this fulfilment is now his aim,  
For a letter, addressed in my maiden name,  
    Has dogged me here,  
Reminding me faithfully of his claim ;

"And it started a hope like a lightning-streak  
That I might go to him—say for a week—  
    And afford you right  
To put me away, and your vows unspeak.

"To be sure you have said, as of dim intent.  
That marriage is a plain event  
    Of black and white,  
Without any ghost of sentiment,

"And my heart has quailed.—But deny it true  
That you will never this lock undo !  
    No God intends  
To thwart the yearning He's father to !

The husband hemmed, then blandly bowed  
In the light of the angry morning cloud.

"So my idyll ends,  
And a drama opens !" he mused aloud ;

And his features froze. "You may take it as true  
That I will never this lock undo  
    For so depraved  
A passion as that which kindles you !"



Said she : " I am sorry you see it so ;  
 I had hoped you might have let me go,  
                     And thus been saved  
 The pain of learning there's more to know."

" More ? What may that be ? Gad, I think  
 You have told me enough to make me blink !  
                     Yet if more remain  
 Then own it to me. I will not shrink !"

" Well, it is this. As we could not see  
 That a legal marriage would ever be,  
                     To end our pain  
 We united ourselves informally ;

" And vowed at a chancel-altar nigh,  
 With book and ring, a lifelong tie ;  
                     A contract vain  
 To the world, but real to Him on High."

" And you became as his wife ?"—" I did."—  
 He stood as stiff as a caryatid,  
                     And said, " Indeed ! . . .  
 No matter. You're mine, whatever you've hid !"

" But is it right ! When I only gave  
 My hand to you in a sweat to save,  
                     Through desperate need  
 (As I thought), my fame, for I was not brave !"

" To save your fame ? Your meaning is dim,  
 For nobody knew of your altar-whim ?"

" I mean—I feared  
 There might be fruit of my tie with him ;

" And to cloak it by marriage I'm not the first,  
 Though, maybe, morally most accurst  
                     Through your unpeered  
 And strict uprightness. That's the worst !

" While yesterday his worn contours  
 Convinced me that love like his endures,  
                     And that my troth-plight  
 Had been his, in fact, and not truly yours."

"So, my lady, you raise the veil by degrees. . . .

I own this last is enough to freeze

The warmest wight !

Now hear the other side, if you please :

"I did say once, though without intent,

That marriage is a plain event

Of black and white,

Whatever may be its sentiment :

"I'll act accordingly, none the less

That you soiled the contract in time of stress,

Thereto induced

By the feared results of your wantonness.

"But the thing is over, and no one knows,

And it's nought to the future what you disclose.

That you'll be loosed

For such an episode, don't suppose !

"No : I'll not free you. And if it appear

There was too good ground for your first fear

From your amorous tricks,

I'll father the child. Yes, by God, my dear !

"Even should you fly to his arms, I'll damn

Opinion, and fetch you ; treat as sham

Your mutinous kicks,

And whip you home. That's the sort I am !"

She whitened. "Enough. . . . Since you disapprove

I'll yield in silence, and never move

Till my last pulse ticks

A footstep from the domestic groove."

"Then swear it," he said, "and your king uncrown."

He drew her forth in her long white gown,

And she knelt and swore.

"Good. Now you may go and again lie down.

"Since you've played these pranks and given no sign,

You shall crave this man of yours ; pine and pine

With sighings sore,

'Till I've starved your love for him ; nailed you mine !

## SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

"I'm a practical man, and want no tears ;  
 You've made a fool of me, it appears ;  
     That you don't again  
 Is a lesson I'll teach you in future years."

She answered not, lying listlessly  
 With her dark dry eyes on the coppery sea,  
     That now and then  
 Flung its lazy flounce at the neighbouring quay.

1910.

## A KING'S SOLILOQUY

## ON THE NIGHT OF HIS FUNERAL

FROM the slow march and muffled drum,  
     And crowds distrest,  
 And book and bell, at length I have come  
     To my full rest.

A ten years' rule beneath the sun  
     Is wound up here,  
 And what I have done, what left undone,  
     Figures out clear.

Yet in the estimate of such  
     It grieves me more  
 That I by some was loved so much  
     Than that I bore,

From others, judgment of that hue  
     Which over-hope  
 Breeds from a theoretic view  
     Of regal scope.

For kingly opportunities  
     Right many have sighed ;  
 How best to bear its devilries  
     Those learn who have tried !

I have eaten the fat and drunk the sweet.  
     Lived the life out

From the first greeting glad drum-beat  
To the last shout.

What pleasure earth affords to kings  
I have enjoyed  
Through its long vivid pulse-stirrings  
Even till it cloyed.

What days of drudgery, nights of stress  
Can cark a throne,  
Even one maintained in peacefulness,  
I too have known.

And so, I think, could I step back  
To life again,  
I should prefer the average track  
Of average men,

Since, as with them, what kingship would  
It cannot do,  
Nor to first thoughts however good  
Hold itself true.

Something binds hard the royal hand,  
As all that be,  
And it is That has shaped, has planned  
My acts and me.

*May 1910.*

## THE CORONATION

AT Westminster, hid from the light of day,  
Many who once had shone as monarchs lay.

Edward the Pious, and two Edwards more,  
The second Richard, Henrys three or four ;

That is to say, those who were called the Third,  
Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth (the much self-widowed) ;

And James the Scot, and near him Charles the Second,  
And, too, the second George could there be reckoned.

Of women, Mary and Queen Elizabeth,  
And Anne, all silent in a musing death ;

And William's Mary, and Mary, Queen of Scots,  
And consort-queens whose names oblivion blots ;

And several more whose chronicle one sees  
Adorning ancient royal pedigrees.

—Now, as they drowsed on, freed from Life's old thrall,  
And heedless, save of things exceptional,

Said one : " What means this throbbing thudding sound  
That reaches to us here from overground ;

" A sound of chisels, augers, planes, and saws,  
Infringing all ecclesiastic laws ?

" And these tons-weight of timber on us pressed,  
Unfelt here since we entered into rest ?

" Surely, at least to us, being corpses royal,  
A meet repose is owing by the loyal ? "

"—Perhaps a scaffold ! " Mary Stuart sighed,  
" If such still be. It was that way I died. "

"—Ods ! Far more like, " said he the many-wived,  
" That for a wedding 'tis this work's contrived.

" Ha-ha ! I never would bow down to Rimmon,  
But I had a rare time with those six women ! "

" Not all at once ? " gasped he who loved confession.

" Nay, nay ! " said Hal. " That would have been transgression. "

"—They build a catafalque here, black and tall,  
Perhaps, " mused Richard, " for some funeral ? "

And Anne chimed in : " Ah, yes : it may be so ! "

" Nay ! " squeaked Eliza. " Little you seem to know—

" Clearly 'tis for some crowning here in state,  
As they crowned us at our long bygone date ;

" Though we'd no such a power of carpentry,  
But let the ancient architecture be ;

"If I were up there where the parsons sit,  
In one of my gold robes, I'd see to it!"

"But you are not," Charles chuckled. "You are here,  
And never will know the sun again, my dear!"

"Yea," whispered those whom no one had addressed;  
"With slow, sad march, amid a folk distressed,  
We were brought here, to take our dusty rest.

"And here, alas, in darkness laid below,  
We'll wait and listen, and endure the show. . . .  
Clamour dogs kingship; afterwards not so!"

1911.

### AQUAE SULIS

THE chimes called midnight, just at interlune,  
And the daytime parle on the Roman investigations  
Was shut to silence, save for the husky tune  
The bubbling waters played near the excavations.

And a warm air came up from underground,  
And the flutter of a filmy shape unsepulchred,  
That collected itself, and waited, and looked around:  
Nothing was seen, but utterances could be heard:

Those of the Goddess whose shrine was beneath the pile  
Of the God with the baldachined altar overhead:  
"And what did you win by raising this nave and aisle  
Close on the site of the temple I tenanted?"

"The notes of your organ have thrilled down out of view  
To the earth-clogged wrecks of my edifice many a year,  
Though stately and shining once—ay, long ere you  
Had set up crucifix and candle here.

"Your priests have trampled the dust of mine without rueing.  
Despising the joys of man whom I so much loved,  
Though my springs boil on by your Gothic arcades and pewing,  
And sculptures crude. . . . Would Jove they could be removed!"

"Repress, O lady proud, your traditional ires;  
You know not by what a frail thread we equally hang;

It is said we are images both—twitched by people's desires ;  
And that I, as you, fail like a song men yesterday sang ! ”

“ What—a Jumping-jack you, and myself but a poor Jumping-jill,  
Now worm-caten, times ago twitched at Humanity's bid ?  
O I cannot endure it !—But, chance to us whatso there will,  
Let us kiss and be friends ! Come, agree you ? ”—None heard if  
he did. . . .

And the olden dark hid the cavities late laid bare,  
And all was suspended and soundless as before,  
Except for a gossamery noise fading off in the air,  
And the boiling voice of the waters' medicinal pour.

BATH.

## SEVENTY-FOUR AND TWENTY

HERE goes a man of seventy-four,  
Who sees not what life means for him,  
And here another in years a score  
Who reads its very figure and trim.

The one who shall walk to-day with me  
Is not the youth who gazes far,  
But the breezy sire who cannot see  
What Earth's ingrained conditions are.

## THE ELOPEMENT

“ A WOMAN never agreed to it ! ” said my knowing friend to me  
“ That one thing she'd refuse to do for Solomon's mines in fee :  
No woman ever will make herself look older than she is.”  
I did not answer ; but I thought, “ you err there, ancient Quiz.”

It took a rare one, true, to do it ; for she was surely rare—  
As rare a soul at that sweet time of her life as she was fair,  
And urging heart-heaves, too, were strong, for ours was a passionate  
case,  
Yea, passionate enough to lead to freaking with that young face.

I have told no one about it, should perhaps make few believe,  
But I think it over now that life looms dull and years bereave,  
How blank we stood at our bright wits' end, two blown barks in  
distress,

How self-regard in her was slain by her large tenderness.

I said : "The only chance for us in a crisis of this kind  
Is going it thorough!"—"Yes," she calmly breathed. "Well,  
I don't mind."

And we blanched her dark locks ruthlessly : set wrinkles on her  
brow ;

Ay—she was a right rare woman then, whatever she may be now.

That night we heard a coach drive up, and questions asked  
below.

"A gent with an elderly wife, sir," was returned from the bureau.  
And the wheels went rattling on, and free at last from public ken  
We washed all off in her chamber and restored her youth again.

How many years ago it was ! Some fifty can it be  
Since that adventure held us, and she played old wife to me ?  
But in time convention won her, as it wins all women at last,  
And now she is rich and respectable, and time has buried the  
past.

### "I ROSE UP AS MY CUSTOM IS"

I ROSE up as my custom is  
On the eve of All-Souls' day,  
And left my grave for an hour or so  
To call on those I used to know  
Before I passed away.

I visited my former Love  
As she lay by her husband's side ;  
I asked her if life pleased her, now  
She was rid of a poet wrung in brow,  
And crazed with the ills he eyed ;

Who used to drag her here and there  
Wherever his fancies led,  
And point out pale phantasmal things,



And talk of vain vague purposings  
That she discredited.

She was quite civil, and replied,  
"Old comrade, is that you?  
Well, on the whole, I like my life.—  
I know I swore I'd be no wife,  
But what was I to do?

"You see, of all men for my sex  
A poet is the worst;  
Women are practical, and they  
Crave the wherewith to pay their way,  
And slake their social thirst.

"You were a poet—quite the ideal  
That we all love awhile;  
But look at this man snoring here—  
He's no romantic chanticleer,  
Yet keeps me in good style.

"He makes no quest into my thoughts,  
But a poet wants to know  
What one has felt from earliest days,  
Why one thought not in other ways,  
And one's Loves of long ago."

Her words benumbed my fond faint ghost;  
The nightmares neighed from their stalls,  
The vampires screeched, the harpies flew,  
And under the dim dawn I withdrew  
To Death's inviolate halls.

## A WEEK

ON Monday night I closed my door,  
And thought you were not as heretofore,  
And little cared if we met no more.

I seemed on Tuesday night to trace  
Something beyond mere commonplace  
In your ideas, and heart, and face.

On Wednesday I did not opine  
Your life would ever be one with mine,  
Though if it were we should well combine.

On Thursday noon I liked you well,  
And fondly felt that we must dwell  
Not far apart, whatever befell.

On Friday it was with a thrill  
In gazing towards your distant vill  
I owned you were my dear one still.

I saw you wholly to my mind  
On Saturday—even one who shrined  
All that was best of womankind.

As wing-clipt sea-gull for the sea  
On Sunday night I longed for thee,  
Without whom life were waste to me !

### HAD YOU WEPT

HAD you wept ; had you but neared me with a hazed uncertain ray,  
Dewy as the face of the dawn, in your large and luminous eye,  
Then would have come back all the joys the tidings had slain that  
day,

And a new beginning, a fresh fair heaven, have smoothed the  
things awry.

But you were less feebly human, and no passionate need for  
clinging

Possessed your soul to overthrow reserve when I came near ;  
Ay, though you suffer as much as I from storms the hours are  
bringing

Upon your heart and mine, I never see you shed a tear.

The deep strong woman is weakest, the weak one is the strong ;  
The weapon of all weapons best for winning, you have not used ;  
Have you never been able, or would you not, through the evil  
times and long ?

Has not the gift been given you, or such gift have you refused ?

When I bade me not absolve you on that evening or the morrow,  
Why did you not make war on me with those who weep like rain?  
You felt too much, so gained no balm for all your torrid sorrow,  
And hence our deep division, and our dark undying pain.

### BEREFT, SHE THINKS SHE DREAMS

I DREAM that the dearest I ever knew  
Has died and been entombed.  
I am sure it's a dream that cannot be true,  
But I am so overgloomed  
By its persistence, that I would gladly  
Have quick death take me,  
Rather than longer think thus sadly;  
So wake me, wake me!

It has lasted days, but minute and hour  
I expect to get aroused  
And find him as usual in the bower  
Where we so happily housed.  
Yet stays this nightmare too appalling,  
And like a web shakes me,  
And piteously I keep on calling,  
And no one wakes me!

### IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

"WHAT do you see in that time-touched stone,  
When nothing is there  
But ashen blankness, although you give it  
A rigid stare?

"You look not quite as if you saw,  
But as if you heard,  
Parting your lips, and treading softly  
As mouse or bird.

"It is only the base of a pillar, they'll tell you,  
That came to us

From a far old hill men used to name  
Areopagus."

—"I know no art, and I only view  
A stone from a wall,  
But I am thinking that stone has echoed  
The voice of Paul;

"Paul as he stood and preached beside it  
Facing the crowd,  
A small gaunt figure with wasted features,  
Calling out loud

"Words that in all their intimate accents  
Pattered upon  
That marble front, and were wide reflected,  
And then were gone.

"I'm a labouring man, and know but little,  
Or nothing at all;  
But I can't help thinking that stone once echoed  
The voice of Paul."

## IN THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS

"MAN, you too, aren't you, one of these rough followers of the  
criminal?

All hanging hereabout to gather how he's going to bear  
Examination in the hall." She flung disdainful glances on  
The shabby figure standing at the fire with others there,  
Who warmed them by its flare.

"No indeed, my skipping maiden: I know nothing of the trial  
here,  
Or criminal, if so he be.—I chanced to come this way,  
And the fire shone out into the dawn, and morning airs are cold  
now;  
I, too, was drawn in part by charms I see before me play,  
That I see not every day."

“Ha, ha !” then laughed the constables who also stood to warm  
                  themselves,  
The while another maiden scrutinized his features hard,  
As the blaze threw into contrast every line and knot that wrinkled  
                  them,  
Exclaiming, “Why, last night when he was brought in by the  
                  guard,  
                  You were with him in the yard !”

“Nay, nay, you teasing wench, I say ! You know you speak  
                  mistakenly.  
Cannot a tired pedestrian who has legged it long and far  
Here on his way from northern parts, engrossed in humble  
                  marketings,  
Come in and rest awhile, although judicial doings are  
                  Afoot by morning star ?”

“O, come, come !” laughed the constables. “Why, man, you  
                  speak the dialect  
He uses in his answers ; you can hear him up the stairs.  
So own it. We sha’n’t hurt ye. There he’s speaking now !  
                  His syllables  
Are those you sound yourself when you are talking unawares,  
                  As this pretty girl declares.”

“And you shudder when his chain clinks !” she rejoined. “O  
                  yes, I noticed it.  
And you winced, too, when those cuffs they gave him echoed to  
                  us here.  
They’ll soon be coming down, and you may then have to defend  
                  yourself  
Unless you hold your tongue, or go away and keep you clear  
                  When he’s led to judgment near !”

“No ! I’ll be damned in hell if I know anything about the man !  
No single thing about him more than everybody knows !  
Must not I even warm my hands but I am charged with  
                  blasphemies ?” . . .

—His face convulses as the morning cock that moment crows,  
                  And he droops, and turns, and goes.

## THE OBLITERATE TOMB

"MORE than half my life long  
Did they weigh me falsely, to my bitter wrong,  
But they all have shrunk away into the silence  
Like a lost song.

"And the day has dawned and come  
For forgiveness, when the past may hold it dumb  
On the once reverberate words of hatred uttered  
Half in delirium. . . .

"With folded lips and hands  
They lie and wait what next the Will commands,  
And doubtless think, if think they can : ' Let discord  
Sink with Life's sands ! '

"By these late years their names,  
Their virtues, their hereditary claims,  
May be as near defacement at their grave-place  
As are their fames."

—Such thoughts bechanced to seize  
A traveller's mind—a man of memories—  
As he set foot within the western city  
Where had died these

Who in their lifetime deemed  
Him their chief enemy—one whose brain had schemed  
To get their dingy greatness deeper dingied  
And disesteemed.

So, sojourning in their town,  
He mused on them and on their once renown,  
And said, " I'll seek their resting-place to-morrow  
Ere I lie down,

"And end, lest I forget,  
Those ires of many years that I regret,  
Renew their names, that men may see some liegeness  
Is left them yet."

Duly next night he went  
 And sought the church he had known them to frequent,  
 And wandered, lantern-bearing, in the precincts.  
     Where they lay pent,

Till by remembrance led  
 He stood at length beside their slighted bed,  
 Above which, truly, scarce a line or letter  
     Could now be read.

“Thus years obliterate  
 Their graven worth, their chronicle, their date !  
 At once I'll garnish and revive the record  
     Of their past state,

“That still the sage may say  
 In pensive progress here where they decay,  
 ‘This stone records a luminous line whose talents  
     Told in their day.’”

While dreaming thus he turned,  
 For a form shadowed where they lay inurned,  
 And he beheld a stranger in foreign vesture,  
     And tropic-burned.

“Sir, I am right pleased to view  
 That ancestors of mine should interest you,  
 For I have fared of purpose here to find them. . . .  
     They are time-worn, true,

“But that's a fault, at most,  
 Carvers can cure. On the Pacific coast  
 I have vowed for long that relics of my forbears  
     I'd trace ere lost,

“And hitherward I come,  
 Before this same old Time shall strike me numb,  
 To carry it out.”—“Strange, this is !” said the other ;  
     “What mind shall plumb

“Coincident design !  
 Though these my father's enemies were and mine,  
 I nourished a like purpose—to restore them  
     Each letter and line.”

“Such magnanimity  
Is now not needed, sir ; for you will see  
That since I am here, a thing like this is, plainly,  
Best done by me.”

The other bowed, and left,  
Crestfallen in sentiment, as one bereft  
Of some fair object he had been moved to cherish,  
By hands more deft.

And as he slept that night  
The phantoms of the ensepulchred stood upright  
Before him, trembling that he had set him seeking  
Their charnel-site.

And, as unknowing his ruth,  
Asked as with terrors founded not on truth  
Why he should want them. “Ha,” they hollowly hacked,  
“You come, forsooth,

“By stealth to obliterate  
Our graven worth, our chronicle, our date,  
That our descendant may not gild the record  
Of our past state,

“And that no sage may say  
In pensive progress near where we decay :  
‘This stone records a luminous line whose talents  
Told in their day.’”

Upon the morrow he went,  
And to that town and churchyard never bent  
His ageing footsteps till, some twelvemonths onward,  
An accident

Once more detained him there ;  
And, stirred by hauntings, he must needs repair  
To where the tomb was. Lo, it stood still wasting  
In no man’s care.

And so the tomb remained  
Untouched, untended, crumbling, weather-stained,  
And though the one-time foe was fain to right it  
He still refrained.



“I’ll set about it when  
I am sure he’ll come no more. Best wait till then”  
But so it was that never the kinsman entered  
That city again.

Till doubts grew keen  
If it had chanced not that the figure seen  
Shaped but in dream on that dim doubtful midnight  
Such things had been. . . .

So, the well-meaner died  
While waiting tremulously unsatisfied  
That no return of the family’s foreign scion  
Would still betide.

And many years slid by,  
And active church-restorers cast their eye  
Upon the ancient garth and hoary building  
The tomb stood nigh.

And when they had scraped each wall,  
Pulled out the stately pews, and smartened all,  
“It will be well,” declared the spruce church-warden,  
“To overhaul

“And broaden this path where shown ;  
Nothing prevents it but an old tombstone  
Pertaining to a family forgotten,  
Of deeds unknown.

“Their names can scarce be read ;  
Depend on’t, all who care for them are dead.”  
So went the tomb, whose shards were as path-paving  
Distributed.

Over it and about  
Men’s footsteps beat, and wind and waterspout,  
Until the names, aforetime gnawed by weathers,  
Were quite worn out.

So that no sage can say  
In pensive progress near where they decay,  
“This stone records a luminous line whose talents  
Told in their day.”

"REGRET NOT ME"

REGRET not me ;  
 Beneath the sunny tree  
 I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light  
 I flew my faery flight ;  
 Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

I did not know  
 That heydays fade and go,  
 But deemed that what was would be always so

I skipped at morn  
 Between the yellowing corn,  
 Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves  
 Among the piled-up sheaves,  
 Dreaming, "I grieve not, therefore nothing grieves."

Now soon will come  
 The apple, pear, and plum,  
 And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare  
 To cider-makings rare,  
 And junketings ; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing  
 Until the pewter ring  
 Those songs we sang when we went gipsying

And lightly dance  
 Some triple-timed romance  
 In coupled figures, and forget mischance ;

And mourn not me  
 Beneath the yellowing tree ;  
 For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully

## THE RECALCITRANTS

LET us off and search, and find a place  
Where yours and mine can be natural lives,  
Where no one comes who dissects and dives  
And proclaims that ours is a curious case,  
Which its touch of romance can scarcely grace

You would think it strange at first, but then  
Everything has been strange in its time.  
When some one said on a day of the prime  
He would bow to no brazen god again  
He doubtless dazed the mass of men.

None will see in us a pair whose claims -  
To righteous judgment we care not making ;  
Who have doubted if breath be worth the taking,  
And have no respect for the current fames  
Whence the savour has flown while abide the names

We have found us already shunned, disdained,  
And for re-acceptance have not once striven ;  
Whatever offence our course has given  
The brunt thereof we have long sustained.  
Well, let us away, scorned, unexplained.

## STARLINGS ON THE ROOF

" No smoke spreads out of this chimney-pot,  
The people who lived here have left the spot,  
And others are coming who knew them not.

" If you listen anon, with an ear intent,  
The voices, you'll find, will be different  
From the well-known ones of those who went."

" Why did they go? Their tones so bland  
Were quite familiar to our band ;  
The comers we shall not understand."

“They look for a new life, rich and strange ;  
They do not know that, let them range  
Wherever they may, they will get no change.

“They will drag their house-gear ever so far  
In their search for a home no miseries mar ;  
They will find that as they were they are,

“That every hearth has a ghost, alack,  
And can be but the scene of a bivouac  
Till they move their last—no care to pack !”

## THE MOON LOOKS IN

### I

I HAVE risen again,  
And awhile survey  
By my chilly ray  
Through your window pane  
Your upturned face,  
As you think, “Ah—she  
Now dreams of me  
In her distant place !”

### II

I pierce her blind  
In her far-off home :  
She fixes a comb,  
And says in her mind,  
“I start in an hour ;  
Whom shall I meet ?  
Won't the men be sweet,  
And the women sour !”

## THE SWEET HUSSY

IN his early days he was quite surprised  
 When she told him she was compromised  
 By meetings and lingerings at his whim,  
 And thinking not of herself but him ;  
 While she lifted orbs aggrieved and round  
 That scandal should so soon abound,  
 (As she had raised them to nine or ten  
 Of antecedent nice young men) :  
 And in remorse he thought with a sigh,  
 How good she is, and how bad am I !—  
 It was years before he understood  
 That she was the wicked one—he the good.

## THE TELEGRAM

“O HE’S suffering—maybe dying—and I not there to aid,  
 And smooth his bed and whisper to him ! Can I nohow go ?  
 Only the nurse’s brief twelve words thus hurriedly conveyed,  
 As by stealth, to let me know.

“He was the best and brightest !—candour shone upon his brow,  
 And I shall never meet again a soldier such as he,  
 And I loved him ere I knew it, and perhaps he’s sinking now,  
 Far, far removed from me !”

—The yachts ride mute at anchor and the fulling moon is fair,  
 And the giddy folk are strutting up and down the smooth parade,  
 And in her wild distraction she seems not to be aware  
 That she lives no more a maid,

But has vowed and wived herself to one who blessed the ground  
 she trod

To and from his scene of ministry, and thought her history known  
 In its last particular to him—aye, almost as to God,  
 And believed her quite his own.

So rapt her mind’s far-off regard she droops as in a swoon,  
 And a movement of aversion mars her recent spousal grace,

And in silence we two sit here in our waning honeymoon  
At this idle watering-place. . . .

What now I see before me is a long lane overhung  
With lovelessness, and stretching from the present to the grave.  
And I would I were away from this, with friends I knew when  
young,  
Ere a woman held me slave.

## THE MOTH-SIGNAL

*(On Egdon Heath)*

"WHAT are you still, still thinking,"  
He asked in vague surmise,  
"That you stare at the wick unblinking  
With those deep lost luminous eyes?"

"O, I see a poor moth burning  
In the candle flame," said she,  
"Its wings and legs are turning  
To a cinder rapidly."

"Moths fly in from the heather,"  
He said, "now the days decline."  
"I know," said she. "The weather,  
I hope, will at last be fine."

"I think," she added lightly,  
"I'll look out at the door.  
The ring the moon wears nightly  
May be visible now no more."

She rose, and, little heeding,  
Her life-mate then went on  
With his mute and museful reading  
In the annals of ages gone.

Outside the house a figure  
Came from the tumulus near,  
And speedily waxed bigger,  
And clasped and called her Dear,

## SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

"I saw the pale-winged token  
You sent through the crack," sighed she,  
"That moth is burnt and broken  
With which you lured out me.

"And were I as the moth is  
It might be better far  
For one whose marriage troth is  
Shattered as potsherds are !"

Then grinned the Ancient Briton  
From the tumulus treed with pine :  
"So, hearts are thwartly smitten  
In these days as in mine !"

## SEEN BY THE WAITS

THROUGH snowy woods and shady  
We went to play a tune  
To the lonely manor-lady  
By the light of the Christmas moon.

We violed till, upward glancing  
To where a mirror leaned,  
It showed her airily dancing,  
Deeming her movements screened ;

Dancing alone in the room there,  
Thin-draped in her robe of night ;  
Her postures, glassed in the gloom there,  
Were a strange phantasmal sight.

She had learnt (we heard when homing)  
That her roving spouse was dead :  
Why she had danced in the gloaming  
We thought, but never said.

## THE TWO SOLDIERS

JUST at the corner of the wall  
We met—yes, he and I—  
Who had not faced in camp or hall  
Since we bade home good-bye,  
And what once happened came back—all—  
Out of those years gone by ;

And that strange woman whom we knew  
And loved—long dead and gone,  
Whose poor half-perished residue,  
Tombless and trod, lay yon,  
But at this moment to our view  
Rose like a phantom wan !

And in his fixed face I could see,  
Lit by a lurid shine,  
The drama re-enact which she  
Had dyed incarnadine  
For us, and more. And doubtless he  
Beheld it too in mine.

A start, as at one slightly known ;  
And with an indifferent air  
We passed, without a sign being shown  
That, as it real were,  
A memory-acted scene had thrown  
Its tragic shadow there.

## THE DEATH OF REGRET

I OPENED my shutter at sunrise,  
And looked at the hill hard by,  
And I heartily grieved for the comrade  
Who wandered up there to die.

I let in the morn on the morrow,  
And failed not to think of him then,  
As he trod up that rise in the twilight,  
And never came down again.



## SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

I undid the shutter a week thence,  
 But not until after I'd turned  
 Did I call back his last departure  
 By the upland there discerned.

Uncovering the casement long later,  
 I bent to my toil till the gray,  
 When I said to myself, "Ah—what ails me  
 To forget him all the day!"

As daily I flung back the shutter  
 In the same blank bald routine,  
 He scarcely once rose to remembrance  
 Through a month of my facing the scene

And ah, seldom now do I ponder  
 At the window as heretofore  
 On the long valued one who died yonder,  
 And wastes by the sycamore.

## IN THE DAYS OF CRINOLINE

A PLAIN tilt-bonnet on her head  
 She took the path across the leaze.  
 —Her spouse the vicar, gardening, said,  
 "Too dowdy that, for coquetries,  
 So I can hoe at ease."

But when she had passed into the heath,  
 And gained the wood beyond the flat,  
 She raised her skirts, and from beneath  
 Unpinned and drew as from a sheath  
 An ostrich-feathered hat.

And where the hat had hung she now  
 Concealed and pinned the dowdy hood,  
 And set the hat upon her brow,  
 And thus emerging from the wood  
 Tripped on in jaunty mood.

The sun was low and crimson-faced  
 As two came that way from the town,

And plunged into the wood untraced. . . .  
When severally therefrom they paced  
The sun had quite gone down.

The hat and feather disappeared,  
The dowdy hood again was donned,  
And in the gloom the fair one neared  
Her home and husband dour, who conned  
Calmly his blue-eyed blonde.

"To-day," he said, "you have shown good sense,  
A dress so modest and so meek  
Should always deck your goings hence  
Alone." And as a recompense  
He kissed her on the cheek.

### THE ROMAN GRAVEMOUNDS

By Rome's dim relics there walks a man,  
Eyes bent ; and he carries a basket and spade ;  
I guess what impels him to scrape and scan ;  
Yea, his dreams of that Empire long decayed.

"Vast was Rome," he must muse, "in the world's regard,  
Vast it looms there still, vast it ever will be" ;  
And he stoops as to dig and unmine some shard  
Left by those who are held in such memory.

But no ; in his basket, see, he has brought  
A little white furred thing, stiff of limb,  
Whose life never won from the world a thought ;  
It is this, and not Rome, that is moving him.

And to make it a grave he has come to the spot,  
And he delves in the ancient dead's long home ;  
Their fames, their achievements, the man knows not ;  
The furred thing is all to him—nothing Rome !

"Here say you that Cæsar's warriors lie ?—  
But my little white cat was my only friend !  
Could she but live, might the record die  
Of Cæsar, his legions, his aims, his end !"

Well, Rome's long rule here is oft and again  
A theme for the sages of history,  
And the small furred life was worth no one's pen ;  
Yet its mourner's mood has a charm for me.

*November 1910.*

### THE WORKBOX

"SEE, here's the workbox, little wife,  
That I made of polished oak."  
He was a joiner, of village life ;  
She came of borough folk.

He holds the present up to her  
As with a smile she nears  
And answers to the profferer,  
" 'Twill last all my sewing years ! "

" I warrant it will. And longer too.  
'Tis a scantling that I got  
Off poor John Wayward's coffin, who  
Died of they knew not what.

" The shingled pattern that seems to cease  
Against your box's rim  
Continues right on in the piece  
That's underground with him.

" And while I worked it made me think  
Of timber's varied doom ;  
One inch where people eat and drink,  
The next inch in a tomb.

" But why do you look so white, my dear,  
And turn aside your face ?  
You knew not that good lad, I fear,  
Though he came from your native place ? "

" How could I know that good young man,  
Though he came from my native town,  
When he must have left far earlier than  
I was a woman grown ? "

"Ah, no. I should have understood !  
It shocked you that I gave  
To you one end of a piece of wood  
Whose other is in a grave ?"

"Don't, dear, despise my intellect,  
Mere accidental things  
Of that sort never have effect  
On my imaginings."

Yet still her lips were limp and wan,  
Her face still held aside,  
As if she had known not only John,  
But known of what he died.

## THE SACRILEGE

A BALLAD-TRAGEDY

(*Circa 182-*)

### PART I

"I HAVE a Love I love too well  
Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor ;  
I have a Love I love too well,  
To whom, ere she was mine,  
'Such is my love for you,' I said,  
'That you shall have to hood your head  
A silken kerchief crimson-red,  
Wove finest of the fine.'

"And since this Love, for one mad moon,  
On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor,  
Since this my Love for one mad moon  
Did clasp me as her king,  
I snatched a silk-piece red and rare  
From off a stall at Priddy Fair,  
For handkerchief to hood her hair  
When we went gallanting.

"Full soon the four weeks neared their end  
Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor ;

And when the four weeks neared their end,  
     And their swift sweets outwore,  
 I said, 'What shall I do to own  
 Those beauties bright as tulips blown,  
 And keep you here with me alone  
     As mine for evermore ?'

"And as she drowsed within my van  
 On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor—  
 And as she drowsed within my van,  
     And dawning turned to day,  
 She heavily raised her sloe-back eyes  
 And murmured back in softest wise,  
 'One more thing, and the charms you prize  
     Are yours henceforth for aye.

" 'And swear I will I'll never go  
 While Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor  
 To meet the Cornish Wrestler Joe  
     For dance and dallyings.  
 If you'll to yon cathedral shrine,  
 And finger from the chest divine  
 Treasure to buy me ear-drops fine,  
     And richly jewelled rings.'

"I said : 'I am one who has gathered gear  
 From Marlbury Downs to Dunkery Tor,  
 Who has gathered gear for many a year  
     From mansion, mart and fair ;  
 But at God's house I've stayed my hand,  
 Hearing within me some command—  
 Curbed by a law not of the land  
     From doing damage there !'

"Whereat she pouts, this Love of mine,  
 As Dunkery pouts to Exon Moor,  
 And still she pouts, this Love of mine,  
     So cityward I go.  
 But ere I start to do the thing,  
 And speed my soul's imperilling  
 For one who is my ravishing  
     And all the joy I know,

"I come to lay this charge on thee—  
On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor—  
I come to lay this charge on thee

With solemn speech and sign :  
Should things go ill, and my life pay  
For botchery in this rash assay,  
You are to take hers likewise—yea,  
The month the law takes mine.

"For should my rival, Wrestler Joe,  
Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor—  
My reckless rival, Wrestler Joe,

My Love's bedwinner be,  
My rafted spirit would not rest,  
But wander weary and distressed  
Throughout the world in wild protest :  
The thought nigh maddens me !"

## PART II

Thus did he speak—this brother of mine—  
On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor,  
Born at my birth of mother of mine,

And forthwith went his way  
To dare the deed some coming night . . .  
I kept the watch with shaking sight,  
The moon at moments breaking bright,  
At others glooming gray.

For three full days I heard no sound  
Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor,  
I heard no sound at all around

Whether his fay prevailed,  
Or one more foul the master were,  
Till some afoot did tidings bear  
How that, for all his practised care,  
He had been caught and jailed.

They had heard a crash when twelve had chimed  
By Mendip east of Dunkery Tor,  
When twelve had chimed and moonlight climbed ;  
They watched, and he was tracked  
By arch and aisle and saint and knight

Of sculptured stonework sheeted white  
 In the cathedral's ghostly light,  
     And captured in the act.

Yes ; for this Love he loved too well  
 Where Dunkery sights the Severn shore,  
 All for this Love he loved too well  
     He burst the holy bars,  
 Seized golden vessels from the chest  
 To buy her ornaments of the best,  
 At her ill-witchery's request  
     And lure of eyes like stars. . . .

When blustering March confused the sky  
 In Toneborough Town by Exon Moor,  
 When blustering March confused the sky  
     They stretched him ; and he died.  
 Down in the crowd where I, to see  
 The end of him, stood silently,  
 With a set face he lippled to me—  
     "Remember." "Ay !" I cried.

By night and day I shadowed her  
 From Toneborough Deane to Dunkery Tor  
 I shadowed her asleep, astir,  
     And yet I could not bear—  
 Till Wrestler Joe anon began  
 To figure as her chosen man,  
 And took her to his shining van—  
     To doom a form so fair !

He made it handsome for her sake—  
 And Dunkery smiled to Exon Moor—  
 He made it handsome for her sake,  
     Painting it out and in ;  
 And on the door of apple-green  
 A bright brass knocker soon was seen,  
 And window-curtains white and clean  
     For her to sit within.

And all could see she clave to him  
 As cleaves a cloud to Dunkery Tor,  
 Yea, all could see she clave to him,  
     And every day I said,

"A pity it seems to part those two  
That hourly grow to love more true :  
Yet she's the wanton woman who  
Sent one to swing till dead !"

That blew to blazing all my hate,  
While Dunkery frowned on Exon Moor,  
And when the river swelled, her fate  
Came to her pitilessly. . . .  
I dogged her, crying : "Across that plank  
They use as bridge to reach yon bank  
A coat and hat lie limp and dank ;  
Your goodman's, can they be ?"

She paled, and went, I close behind—  
And Exon frowned to Dunkery Tor,  
She went, and I came up behind  
And tipped the plank that bore  
Her, fleetly flitting across to eye  
What such might bode. She slid awry ;  
And from the current came a cry,  
A gurgle ; and no more.

How that befell no mortal knew  
From Marlbury Downs to Exon Moor ;  
No mortal knew that deed undue  
But he who schemed the crime,  
Which night still covers. . . . But in dream  
Those ropes of hair upon the stream  
He sees, and he will hear that scream  
Until his judgment-time.

## THE ABBEY MASON

INVENTOR OF THE "PERPENDICULAR" STYLE OF  
GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

*(With Memories of John Hicks, Architect)*

THE new-vamped Abbey shaped apace  
In the fourteenth century of grace ;

(The church which, at an after date,  
Acquired cathedral rank and state.)



Panel and circumscribing wall  
Of latest feature, trim and tall,

Rose roundabout the Norman core  
In prouder pose than theretofore,

Encasing magically the old  
With parpend ashlar manifold.

The trowels rang out, and tracery  
Appeared where blanks had used to be.

Men toiled for pleasure more than pay,  
And all went smoothly day by day,

Till, in due course, the transept part  
Engrossed the master-mason's art.

—Home-coming thence he tossed and turned  
Throughout the night till the new sun burned.

"What fearful visions have inspired  
These gaingivings?" his wife inquired;

"As if your tools were in your hand  
You have hammered, fitted, muttered, planned;

"You have thumped as you were working hard:  
I might have found me bruised and scarred.

"What then's amiss? What eating care  
Looms nigh, whereof I am unaware?"

He answered not, but churchward went,  
Viewing his draughts with discontent;

And fumbled there the livelong day  
Till, hollow-eyed, he came away.

—'Twas said, "The master-mason's ill!"  
And all the abbey works stood still.

Quoth Abbot Wygmore: "Why, O why  
Distress yourself? You'll surely die!"

The mason answered, trouble-torn,  
"This long-vogued style is quite outworn!"

"The upper archmould nohow serves  
To meet the lower tracery curves :

"The ogees bend too far away  
To give the flexures interplay.

"This it is causes my distress. . . .  
So it will ever be unless

"New forms be found to supersede  
The circle when occasions need.

"To carry it out I have tried and toiled,  
And now perforce must own me foiled !

"Jeerers will say: 'Here was a man  
Who could not end what he began !' "

—So passed that day, the next, the next ;  
The abbot scanned the task, perplexed ;

The townsmen mustered all their wit  
To fathom how to compass it,

But no raw artistries availed  
Where practice in the craft had failed. . . .

—One night he tossed, all open-eyed,  
And early left his helpmeet's side.

Scattering the rushes of the floor  
He wandered from the chamber door

And sought the sizing pile, whereon  
Struck dimly a cadaverous dawn

Through freezing rain, that drenched the board  
Of diagram-lines he last had scored—

Chalked phantasies in vain begot  
To knife the architectural knot—

In front of which he dully stood,  
Regarding them in hopeless mood.

He closelier looked ; then looked again :  
The chalk-scratched draught-board faced the rain,

Whose iced drops deformed the lines  
Innumerable of his lame designs,

So that they streamed in small white threads  
From the upper segments to the heads

Of arcs below, uniting them  
Each by a stalactitic stem.

—At once, with eyes that struck out sparks,  
He adds accessory cusping-marks,

Then laughs aloud. The thing was done  
So long assayed from sun to sun. . . .

—Now in his joy he grew aware  
Of one behind him standing there,

And, turning, saw the abbot, who  
The weather's whim was watching too.

Onward to Prime the abbot went,  
Tacit upon the incident.

—Men now discerned as days revolved  
The ogive riddle had been solved ;

Templates were cut, fresh lines were chalked  
Where lines had been defaced and balked,

And the work swelled and mounted higher,  
Achievement distancing desire ;

Here jambs with transoms fixed between,  
Where never the like before had been—

There little mullions thinly sawn  
Where meeting circles once were drawn.

"We knew," men said, "the thing would go  
After his craft-wit got aglow,

"And, once fulfilled what he has designed,  
We'll honour him and his great mind !"

When matters stood thus poised awhile,  
And all surroundings shed a smile,

The master-mason on an eve  
Homed to his wife and seemed to grieve. . . .

—“The abbot spoke to me to-day;  
He hangs about the works alway.

“He knows the source as well as I  
Of the new style men magnify.

“He said: ‘You pride yourself too much  
On your creation. Is it such?’

“‘Surely the hand of God it is  
That conjured so, and only His!—

“‘Disclosing by the frost and rain  
Forms your invention chased in vain;

“‘Hence the devices deemed so great  
You copied, and did not create.’

“I feel the abbot’s words are just,  
And that all thanks renounce I must.

“Can a man welcome praise and pelf  
For hatching art that hatched itself? . . .

“So, I shall own the deft design  
Is Heaven’s outshaping, and not mine.”

“What!” said she. “Praise your works ensure  
To throw away, and quite obscure

“Your beaming and beneficent star?  
Better you leave things as they are!

“Why, think awhile. Had not your zest  
In your loved craft curtailed your rest—

“Had you not gone there ere the day  
The sun had melted all away!”

—But, though his good wife argued so,  
The mason let the people know

That not unaided sprang the thought  
Whereby the glorious fane was wrought,

But that by frost when dawn was dim  
The method was disclosed to him.

"Yet," said the townspeople thereat,  
"'Tis your own doing, even with that!"

But he—chafed, childlike, in extremes—  
The temperament of men of dreams—

Aloofly scrupled to admit  
That he did aught but borrow it,

And diffidently made request  
That with the abbot all should rest.

—As none could doubt the abbot's word,  
Or question what the church averred,

The mason was at length believed  
Of no more count than he conceived,

And soon began to lose the fame  
That late had gathered round his name. .

—Time passed, and like a living thing  
The pile went on embodying,

And workmen died, and young ones grew,  
And the old mason sank from view

And Abbots Wygmore and Staunton went  
And Horton sped the embellishment.

But not till years had far progressed  
Chanced it that, one day, much impressed,

Standing within the well-graced aisle,  
He asked who first conceived the style ;

And some decrepit sage detailed  
How, when invention nought availed,

The cloud-cast waters in their whim  
Came down, and gave the hint to him

Who struck each arc, and made each mould ;  
And how the abbot would not hold

As sole begetter him who applied  
Forms the Almighty sent as guide ;

And how the master lost renown,  
And wore in death no artist's crown.

—Then Horton, who in inner thought  
Had more perceptions than he taught,

Replied : “ Nay ; art can but transmute ;  
Invention is not absolute ;

“ Things fail to spring from nought at call  
And art-beginnings most of all.

“ He did but what all artists do,  
Wait upon Nature for his cue.”

—“ Had you been here to tell them so,  
Lord Abbot, sixty years ago,

“ The mason, now long underground,  
Doubtless a different fate had found.

“ He passed into oblivion dim,  
And none knew what became of him !

“ His name ? ’Twas of some common kind  
And now has faded out of mind.”

The Abbot : “ It shall not be hid !  
I’ll trace it.” . . . But he never did.

—When longer yet dank death had wormed  
The brain wherein the style had germed

From Gloucester church it flew afar—  
The style called Perpendicular.—

To Winton and to Westminster  
It ranged, and grew still beautifuller :

From Solway Frith to Dover Strand  
Its fascinations starred the land,

Not only on cathedral walls  
But upon courts and castle halls,

Till every edifice in the isle  
Was patterned to no other style,

And till, long having played its part  
The curtain fell on Gothic art.

—Well : when in Wessex on your rounds,  
Take a brief step beyond its bounds,

And enter Gloucester : seek the quoin  
Where choir and transept interjoin,

And, gazing at the forms there flung  
Against the sky by one unsung—

The ogee arches transom-topped,  
The tracery-stalks by spandrels stopped,

Petrified lacework—lightly lined  
On ancient massiveness behind—

Muse that some minds so modest be  
As to renounce fame's fairest fee,

(Like him who crystallized on this spot  
His visionings, but lies forgot,

And many a mediaeval one  
Whose symmetries salute the sun)

While others boom a baseless claim,  
And upon nothing rear a name.

## THE JUBILEE OF A MAGAZINE

*(To the Editor)*

YES ; your up-dated modern page—  
All flower-fresh, as it appears—  
Can claim a time-tried lineage,

That reaches backward fifty years  
(Which, if but short for sleepy squires,  
Is much in magazines' careers).

—Here, on your cover, never tires  
The sower, reaper, thresher, while  
As through the seasons of our sires

Each wills to work in ancient style  
With seedlip, sickle, share and flail,  
Though modes have since moved many a mile !

The steel-roped plough now rips the vale,  
With cog and tooth the sheaves are won,  
Wired wheels drum out the wheat like hail ;

But if we ask, what has been done  
To unify the mortal lot  
Since your bright leaves first saw the sun,

Beyond mechanic furtherance—what  
Advance can rightness, candour, claim ?  
Truth bends abashed, and answers not.

Despite your volumes' gentle aim  
To straighten visions wry and wrong,  
Events jar onward much the same !

—Had custom tended to prolong,  
As on your golden page engrained,  
Old processes of blade and prong,

And best invention been retained  
For high crusades to lessen tears  
Throughout the race, the world had gained ! . . .  
But too much, this, for fifty years.

## THE SATIN SHOES

“ If ever I walk to church to wed,  
As other maidens use,  
And face the gathered eyes,” she said  
“ I'll go in satin shoes ! ”

She was as fair as early day  
Shining on meads unmown,



And her sweet syllables seemed to play  
Like flute-notes softly biown.

The time arrived when it was meet  
That she should be a bride ;  
The satin shoes were on her feet,  
Her father was at her side.

They stood within the dairy door,  
And gazed across the green ;  
The church loomed on the distant moor,  
But rain was thick between.

"The grass-path hardly can be stepped,  
The lane is like a pool!"—  
Her dream is shown to be inept,  
Her wish they overrule.

"To go forth shod in satin soft  
A coach would be required!"  
For thickest boots the shoes were doffed—  
Those shoes her soul desired. . . .

All day the bride, as overborne,  
Was seen to brood apart,  
And that the shoes had not been worn  
Sat heavy on her heart.

From her wrecked dream, as months flew on,  
Her thought seemed not to range.  
"What ails the wife," they said anon,  
"That she should be so strange?" . . .

Ah—what coach comes with furtive glide—  
A coach of closed-up kind?  
It comes to fetch the last year's bride,  
Who wanders in her mind.

She strove with them, and fearfully ran  
Stairward with one low scream :  
"Nay—coax her," said the madhouse man,  
"With some old household theme."

“If you will go, dear, you must fain  
Put on those shoes—the pair  
Meant for your marriage, which the rain  
Forbade you then to wear.”

She clapped her hands, flushed joyous hues ;  
“O yes—I’ll up and ride  
If I am to wear my satin shoes  
And be a proper bride !”

Out then her little foot held she,  
As to depart with speed ;  
The madhouse man smiled pleasantly  
To see the wile succeed.

She turned to him when all was done,  
And gave him her thin hand,  
Exclaiming like an enraptured one,  
“This time it will be grand !”

She mounted with a face elate,  
Shut was the carriage door ;  
They drove her to the madhouse gate,  
And she was seen no more. . . .

Yet she was fair as early day  
Shining on meads unmown,  
And her sweet syllables seemed to play  
Like flute-notes softly blown.

## EXEUNT OMNES

## I

EVERYBODY else, then, going,  
And I still left where the fair was ? . . .  
Much have I seen of neighbour loungers  
Making a lusty showing,  
Each now past all knowing.

## II

There is an air of blankness  
 In the street and the littered spaces ;  
 Thoroughfare, steeple, bridge and highway  
     Wizen themselves to lankness ;  
 Kennels dribble dankness.

## III

Folk all fade. And whither,  
 As I wait alone where the fair was ?  
 Into the clammy and numbing night-fog  
     Whence they entered hither.  
 Soon one more goes thither !

*June 2, 1913.*

## A POET

ATTENTIVE eyes, fantastic heed,  
 Assessing minds, he does not need,  
 Nor urgent writs to sup or dine,  
 Nor pledges in the rosy wine.

For loud acclaim he does not care  
 By the august or rich or fair,  
 Nor for smart pilgrims from afar,  
 Curious on where his hauntings are.

But soon or later, when you hear  
 That he has doffed this wrinkled gear,  
 Some evening, at the first star-ray,  
 Come to his graveside, pause and say :

“ Whatever his message—glad or grim—  
 Two bright-souled women clave to him ”  
 Stand and say that while day decays ;  
 It will be word enough of praise.

*July 1914.*

# SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

## IN FIFTEEN GLIMPSES

*(First published April 1911)*

### I

#### AT TEA

THE kettle descants in a cosy drone,  
And the young wife looks in her husband's face,  
And then at her guest's, and shows in her own  
Her sense that she fills an envied place ;  
And the visiting lady is all abloom,  
And says there was never so sweet a room.

And the happy young housewife does not know  
That the woman beside her was first his choice,  
Till the fates ordained it could not be so. . . .  
Betraying nothing in look or voice  
The guest sits smiling and sips her tea,  
And he throws her a stray glance yearningly.

### II

#### IN CHURCH

"AND now to God the Father," he ends,  
And his voice thrills up to the topmost tiles :  
Each listener chokes as he bows and bends,  
And emotion pervades the crowded aisles.

Then the preacher glides to the vestry-door,  
And shuts it, and thinks he is seen no more.

The door swings softly ajar meanwhile,  
And a pupil of his in the Bible class,  
Who adores him as one without gloss or guile,  
Sees her idol stand with a satisfied smile  
And re-enact at the vestry-glass  
Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show  
That had moved the congregation so.

### III

#### BY HER AUNT'S GRAVE

"SIXPENCE a week," says the girl to her lover,  
"Aunt used to bring me, for she could confide  
In me alone, she vowed. 'Twas to cover  
The cost of her headstone when she died.  
And that was a year ago last June ;  
I've not yet fixed it. But I must soon."

"And where is the money now, my dear ?"  
"O, snug in my purse . . . Aunt was *so* slow  
In saving it—eighty weeks, or near." . . .  
"Let's spend it," he hints. "For she won't know.  
There's a dance to-night at the Load of Hay."  
She passively nods. And they go that way.

### IV

#### IN THE ROOM OF THE BRIDE-ELECT

"WOULD it had been the man of our wish !"  
Sighs her mother. To whom with vehemence she  
In the wedding-dress—the wife to be—  
"Then why were you so mollyish  
As not to insist on him for me !"  
The mother, amazed : "Why, dearest one,  
Because you pleaded for this or none !"

"But Father and you should have stood out strong !  
Since then, to my cost, I have lived to find  
That you were right and that I was wrong ;  
This man is a dolt to the one declined. . . .  
Ah !—here he comes with his button-hole rose.  
Good God—I must marry him I suppose !"

## V

## AT A WATERING-PLACE

THEY sit and smoke on the esplanade,  
The man and his friend, and regard the bay  
Where the far chalk cliffs, to the left displayed,  
Smile sallowly in the decline of day.  
And saunterers pass with laugh and jest—  
A handsome couple among the rest.

"That smart proud pair," says the man to his friend,  
"Are to marry next week. . . . How little he thinks  
That dozens of days and nights on end  
I have stroked her neck, unhooked the links  
Of her sleeve to get at her upper arm. . . .  
Well, bliss is in ignorance : what's the harm !"

## VI

## IN THE CEMETERY

"YOU see those mothers squabbling there ?"  
Remarks the man of the cemetery.  
"One says in tears, '*'Tis mine lies here !*'  
Another, '*Nay, mine, you Pharisee !*'  
Another, '*How dare you move my flowers  
And put your own on this grave of ours !*'  
But all their children were laid therein  
At different times, like sprats in a tin.

"And then the main drain had to cross,  
And we moved the lot some nights ago,

And packed them away in the general foss  
 With hundreds more. But their folks don't know,  
 And as well cry over a new-laid drain  
 As anything else, to ease your pain !”

## VII

## OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

“ MY stick !” he says, and turns in the lane  
 To the house just left, whence a vixen voice  
 Comes out with the firelight through the pane,  
 And he sees within that the girl of his choice  
 Stands rating her mother with eyes aglare  
 For something said while he was there.

“ At last I behold her soul undraped !”  
 Thinks the man who had loved her more than himself ;  
 “ My God !—’tis but narrowly I have escaped.—  
 My precious porcelain proves it delf.”  
 His face has reddened like one ashamed,  
 And he steals off, leaving his stick unclaimed.

## VIII

## IN THE STUDY

HE enters, and mute on the edge of a chair  
 Sits a thin-faced lady, a stranger there,  
 A type of decayed gentility ;  
 And by some small signs he well can guess  
 That she comes to him almost breakfastless.

“ I have called—I hope I do not err—  
 I am looking for a purchaser  
 Of some score volumes of the works  
 Of eminent divines I own,—  
 Left by my father—though it irks  
 My patience to offer them.” And she smiles

As if necessity were unknown ;  
 " But the truth of it is that oftenwhiles  
 I have wished, as I am fond of art,  
 To make my rooms a little smart,  
 And these old books are so in the way."  
 And lightly still she laughs to him,  
 As if to sell were a mere gay whim,  
 And that, to be frank, Life were indeed  
 To her not vinegar and gall,  
 But fresh and honey-like ; and Need  
 No household skeleton at all.

## IX

## AT THE ALTAR-RAIL

" My bride is not coming, alas ! " says the groom,  
 And the telegram shakes in his hand. " I own  
 It was hurried ! We met at a dancing-room  
 When I went to the Cattle-Show alone,  
 And then, next night, where the Fountain leaps,  
 And the Street of the Quarter-Circle sweeps.

" Ay, she won me to ask her to be my wife—  
 'Twas foolish perhaps !—to forsake the ways  
 Of the flaring town for a farmer's life.  
 She agreed. And we fixed it. Now she says :  
 '*It's sweet of you, dear, to prepare me a nest,  
 But a swift, short, gay life suits me best.  
 What I really am you have never gleaned ;  
 I had eaten the apple ere you were weaned.*' "

## X

## IN THE NUPTIAL CHAMBER

" O THAT mastering tune ! " And up in the bed  
 Like a lace-robed phantom springs the bride ;  
 " And why ? " asks the man she had that day wed,  
 With a start, as the band plays on outside.



"It's the townsfolk's cheery compliment  
Because of our marriage, my Innocent."

"O but you don't know! 'Tis the passionate air  
To which my old Love waltzed with me,  
And I swore as we spun that none should share  
My home, my kisses, till death, save he!  
And he dominates me and thrills me through,  
And it's he I embrace while embracing you!"

## XI

## IN THE RESTAURANT

"BUT hear. If you stay, and the child be born,  
It will pass as your husband's with the rest,  
While, if we fly, the teeth of scorn  
Will be gleaming at us from east to west;  
And the child will come as a life despised;  
I feel an elopement is ill-advised!"

"O you realize not what it is, my dear,  
To a woman! Daily and hourly alarms  
Lest the truth should out. How can I stay here  
And nightly take him into my arms!  
Come to the child no name or fame,  
Let us go, and face it, and bear the shame."

## XII

## AT THE DRAPER'S

"I STOOD at the back of the shop, my dear,  
But you did not perceive me.  
Well, when they deliver what you were shown  
I shall know nothing of it, believe me!"

And he coughed and coughed as she paled and said,  
"O, I didn't see you come in there—  
Why couldn't you speak?"—"Well, I didn't. I left  
That you should not notice I'd been there."

"You were viewing some lovely things. 'Soon required  
For a widow, of latest fashion';  
And I knew 'twould upset you to meet the man  
Who had to be cold and ashen

"And screwed in a box before they could dress you  
'In the last new note in mourning,'  
As they defined it. So, not to distress you,  
I left you to your adorning."

## XIII

## ON THE DEATH-BED

"I'LL tell—being past all praying for—  
Then promptly die . . . He was out at the war,  
And got some scent of the intimacy  
That was under way between her and me ;  
And he stole back home, and appeared like a ghost  
One night, at the very time almost  
That I reached her house. Well, I shot him dead,  
And secretly buried him. Nothing was said.

"The news of the battle came next day ;  
He was scheduled missing. I hurried away,  
Got out there, visited the field,  
And sent home word that a search revealed  
He was one of the slain ; though, lying alone  
And stript, his body had not been known.

"But she suspected. I lost her love,  
Yea, my hope of earth, and of Heaven above ;  
And my time's now come, and I'll pay the score,  
Though it be burning for evermore."

## XIV

## OVER THE COFFIN

THEY stand confronting, the coffin between,  
His wife of old, and his wife of late,  
And the dead man whose they both had been  
Seems listening aloof, as to things past date.  
—"I have called," says the first. "Do you marvel or not?"  
"In truth," says the second, "I do—somewhat."  
  
"Well, there was a word to be said by me! . . .  
I divorced that man because of you—  
It seemed I must do it, boundenly;  
But now I am older, and tell you true,  
For life is little, and dead lies he;  
I would I had let alone you two!  
And both of us, scorning parochial ways,  
Had lived like the wives in the patriarchs' days."

## XV

## IN THE MOONLIGHT

"O LONELY workman, standing there  
In a dream, why do you stare and stare  
At her grave, as no other grave there were?"  
  
"If your great gaunt eyes so importune  
Her soul by the shine of this corpse-cold moon.  
Maybe you'll raise her phantom soon!"  
  
"Why, fool, it is what I would rather see  
Than all the living folk there be;  
But alas, there is no such joy for me!"  
  
"Ah—she was one you loved, no doubt,  
Through good and evil, through rain and drought,  
And when she passed, all your sun went out?"  
  
"Nay: she was the woman I did not love,  
Whom all the others were ranked above,  
Whom during her life I thought nothing of."

MOMENTS OF VISION  
AND MISCELLANEOUS VERSES



## MOMENTS OF VISION

THAT mirror  
Which makes of men a transparency,  
Who holds that mirror  
And bids us such a breast-bare spectacle see  
Of you and me?

That mirror  
Whose magic penetrates like a dart,  
Who lifts that mirror  
And throws our mind back on us, and our heart,  
Until we start?

That mirror  
Works well in these night hours of ache ;  
Why in that mirror  
Are tincts we never see ourselves once take  
When the world is awake?

That mirror  
Can test each mortal when unaware ;  
Yea, that strange mirror  
May catch his last thoughts, whole life foul or fair,  
Glassing it—where?

## THE VOICE OF THINGS

FORTY Augusts—aye, and several more—ago,  
When I paced the headlands loosed from dull employ,  
The waves huzza'd like a multitude below  
In the sway of an all-including joy  
Without cloy.

Blankly I walked there a double decade after,  
 When thwarts had flung their toils in front of me,  
 And I heard the waters wagging in a long ironic laughter  
 At the lot of men, and all the vapoury  
 Things that be.

Wheeling change has set me again standing where  
 Once I heard the waves huzza at Lammas-tide ;  
 But they supplicate now—like a congregation there  
 Who murmur the Confession—I outside,  
 Prayer denied.

### “WHY BE AT PAINS?”

*(Wooper's Song)*

WHY be at pains that I should know  
 You sought not me ?  
 Do breezes, then, make features glow  
 So rosily ?  
 Come, the lit port is at our back,  
 And the tumbling sea ;  
 Elsewhere the lampless uphill track  
 To uncertainty !

O should not we two waifs join hands ?  
 I am alone,  
 You would enrich me more than lands  
 By being my own.  
 Yet, though this facile moment flies,  
 Close is your tone,  
 And ere to-morrow's dewfall dries  
 I plough the unknown.

### “WE SAT AT THE WINDOW”

*(Bournemouth, 1875)*

WE sat at the window looking out,  
 And the rain came down like silken strings  
 That Swithin's day. Each gutter and spout  
 Babbled unchecked in the busy way  
 Of witless things :

Nothing to read, nothing to see  
Seemed in that room for her and me  
On Swithin's day.

We were irked by the scene, by our own selves ; yes.  
For I did not know, nor did she infer  
How much there was to read and guess  
By her in me, and to see and crown  
By me in her.  
Wasted were two souls in their prime,  
And great was the waste, that July time  
When the rain came down.

## AFTERNOON SERVICE AT MELLSTOCK

(*Circa 1850*)

ON afternoons of drowsy calm  
We stood in the panelled pew,  
Singing one-voiced a Tate-and-Brady psalm  
To the tune of "Cambridge New."

We watched the elms, we watched the rooks,  
The clouds upon the breeze,  
Between the whiles of glancing at our books,  
And swaying like the trees.

So mindless were those outpourings !—  
Though I am not aware  
That I have gained by subtle thought on things  
Since we stood psalming there.

## AT THE WICKET-GATE

THERE floated the sounds of church-chiming  
But no one was nigh,  
Till there came, as a break in the loneliness,  
Her father, she, I.



And we slowly moved on to the wicket,  
 And downlooking stood,  
 Till anon people passed, and amid them  
 We parted for good.

Greater, wiser, may part there than we three  
 Who parted there then,  
 But never will Fates colder-featured  
 Hold sway there again.  
 Of the churchgoers through the still meadows  
 No single one knew  
 What a play was played under their eyes there  
 As thence we withdrew.

## IN A MUSEUM

### I

HERE's the mould of a musical bird long passed from light,  
 Which over the earth before man came was winging ;  
 There's a contralto voice I heard last night,  
 That lodges in me still with its sweet singing.

### II

Such a dream is Time that the coo of this ancient bird  
 Has perished not, but is blent, or will be blending  
 Mid visionless wilds of space with the voice that I heard,  
 In the full-fugued song of the universe unending.

EXETER.

## APOSTROPHE TO AN OLD PSALM TUNE

I MET you first—ah, when did I first meet you ?  
 When I was full of wonder, and innocent,  
 Standing meek-eyed with those of choric bent,  
 While dimming day grew dimmer  
 In the pulpit-glimmer.

Much riper in years I met you—in a temple  
 Where summer sunset streamed upon our shapes,

And you spread over me like a gauze that drapes,  
 And flapped from floor to rafters,  
 Sweet as angels' laughter.

But you had been stripped of some of your old vesture  
 By Monk, or another. Now you wore no frill,  
 And at first you startled me. But I knew you still,  
 Though I missed the minim's waver,  
 And the dotted quaver.

I grew accustomed to you thus. And you hailed me  
 Through one who evoked you often. Then at last  
 Your raiser was borne off, and I mourned you had passed  
 From my life with your late outsetter ;  
 'Till I said, "'Tis better !"

But you waylaid me. I rose and went as a ghost goes,  
 And said, eyes-full : "I'll never hear it again !  
 It is overmuch for scathed and memoried men  
 When sitting among strange people  
 Under their steeple."

Now, a new stirrer of tones calls you up before me  
 And wakes your speech, as she of Endor did  
 (When sought by Saul who, in disguises hid,  
 Fell down on the earth to hear it)  
 Samuel's spirit.

So, your quired oracles beat till they make me tremble  
 As I discern your mien in the old attire,  
 Here in these turmoiled years of belligerent fire  
 Living still on—and onward, maybe,  
 Till Doom's great day be !

*Sunday, August 13, 1916.*

## AT THE WORD "FAREWELL"

SHE looked like a bird from a cloud  
 On the clammy lawn,  
 Moving alone, bare-browed  
 In the dim of dawn.

## MOMENTS OF VISION

The candles alight in the room  
For my parting meal  
Made all things withoutdoors loom  
Strange, ghostly, unreal.

The hour itself was a ghost,  
And it seemed to me then  
As of chances the chance furthest  
I should see her again.  
I beheld not where all was so fleet  
That a Plan of the past  
Which had ruled us from birthtime to meet,  
Was in working at last :

No prelude did I there perceive  
To a drama at all,  
Or foreshadow what fortune might weave  
From beginnings so small ;  
But I rose as if quickened by a spur  
I was bound to obey,  
And stepped through the casement to her  
Still alone in the gray.

"I am leaving you. . . . Farewell !" I said  
As I followed her on  
By an alley bare boughs overspread ;  
"I soon must be gone !"  
Even then the scale might have been turned  
Against love by a feather,  
—But crimson one cheek of hers burned  
When we came in together.

## FIRST SIGHT OF HER AND AFTER

A DAY is drawing to its fall  
I had not dreamed to see ;  
The first of many to enthrall  
My spirit, will it be ?  
Or is this eve the end of all  
Such new delight for me ?

I journey home : the pattern grows  
 Of moonshades on the way :  
 "Soon the first quarter, I suppose,"  
 Sky-glancing travellers say ;  
 I realize that it, for those,  
 Has been a common day.

### THE RIVAL

I DETERMINED to find out whose it was—  
 The portrait he looked at so, and sighed ;  
 Bitterly have I rued my meanness  
 And wept for it since he died !

I searched his desk when he was away,  
 And there was the likeness—yes, my own !  
 Taken when I was the season's fairest,  
 And time-lines all unknown.

I smiled at my image, and put it back,  
 And he went on cherishing it, until  
 I was chafed that he loved not the me then living,  
 But that past woman still.

Well, such was my jealousy at last,  
 I destroyed that face of the former me ;  
 Could you ever have dreamed the heart of woman  
 Would work so foolishly !

### HEREDITY

I AM the family face ;  
 Flesh perishes, I live on,  
 Projecting trait and trace  
 Through time to times anon,  
 And leaping from place to place  
 Over oblivion.

The years-heired feature that can  
 In curve and voice and eye

Despise the human span  
Of durance—that is I ;  
The eternal thing in man,  
That heeds no call to die.

# "YOU WERE THE SORT THAT MEN FORGET"

YOU were the sort that men forget ;  
Though I—not yet !—  
Perhaps not ever. Your slighted weakness  
Adds to the strength of my regret !

You'd not the art—you never had  
For good or bad—  
To make men see how sweet your meaning,  
Which, visible, had charmed them glad.

You would, by words inept let fall,  
Offend them all,  
Even if they saw your warm devotion  
Would hold your life's blood at their call.

You lacked the eye to understand  
Those friends offhand  
Whose mode was crude, though whose dim purport  
Outpriced the courtesies of the bland.

I am now the only being who  
Remembers you  
It may be. What a waste that Nature  
Grudged soul so dear the art its due !

# SHE, I, AND THEY

I WAS sitting,  
She was knitting,  
And the portraits of our fore-folk hung around ;  
When there struck on us a sigh ;  
"Ah—what is that ?" said I :  
"Was it not you ?" said she. "A sigh did sound."

I had not breathed it,  
Nor the night-wind heaved it,  
And how it came to us we could not guess ;  
And we looked up at each face  
Framed and glazed there in its place,  
Still hearkening ; but thenceforth was silentness.

Half in dreaming,  
“Then its meaning,”  
Said we, “must be surely this ; that they repine  
That we should be the last  
Of stocks once unsurpassed,  
And unable to keep up their sturdy line.”

1916.

### NEAR LANIVET, 1872

THERE was a stunted handpost just on the crest,  
Only a few feet high :  
She was tired, and we stopped in the twilight-time for her rest,  
At the crossways close thereby.

She leant back, being so weary, against its stem,  
And laid her arms on its own,  
Each open palm stretched out to each end of them,  
Her sad face sideways thrown.

Her white-clothed form at this dim-lit cease of day  
Made her look as one crucified  
In my gaze at her from the midst of the dusty way,  
And hurriedly “Don’t,” I cried.

I do not think she heard. Loosing thence she said,  
As she stepped forth ready to go,  
“I am rested now.—Something strange came into my head,  
I wish I had not leant so !”

And wordless we moved onward down from the hill  
In the west cloud’s murky obscure,  
And looking back we could see the handpost still  
In the solitude of the moor.

"It struck her too," I thought, for as if afraid  
 She heavily breathed as we trailed ;  
 Till she said, "I did not think how 'twould look in the shade,  
 When I leant there like one nailed."

I, lightly : "There's nothing in it. For *you*, anyhow !  
 —"O I know there is not," said she . . .  
 "Yet I wonder . . . If no one is bodily crucified now,  
 In spirit one may be !"

And we dragged on and on, while we seemed to see  
 In the running of Time's far glass  
 Her crucified, as she had wondered if she might be  
 Some day.—Alas, alas !

### JOYS OF MEMORY

WHEN the spring comes round, and a certain day  
 Looks out from the brume by the eastern copsetrees  
 And says, Remember,  
 I begin again, as if it were new,  
 A day of like date I once lived through,  
 Whiling it hour by hour away ;  
 So shall I do till my December,  
 When spring comes round.

I take my holiday then and my rest  
 Away from the dun life here about me,  
 Old hours re-greeting  
 With the quiet sense that bring they must  
 Such throbs as at first, till I house with dust  
 And in the numbness my heartsome zest  
 For things that were, be past repeating  
 When spring comes round.

### TO THE MOON

"WHAT have you looked at, Moon.  
 In your time,  
 Now long past your prime ?"  
 "O, I have looked at, often looked at  
 Sweet, sublime,

Sore things, shudderful, night and noon.  
In my time."

"What have you mused on, Moon,  
In your day,  
So aloof, so far away?"  
"O, I have mused on, often mused on  
Growth, decay,  
Nations alive, dead, mad, aswoon,  
In my day!"

"Have you much wondered, Moon,  
On your rounds,  
Self-wrapt, beyond Earth's bounds."  
"Yea, I have wondered, often wondered  
At the sounds  
Reaching me of the human tune  
On my rounds."

"What do you think of it, Moon,  
As you go?  
Is Life much, or no?"  
"O, I think of it, often think of it  
As a show  
God ought surely to shut up soon,  
As I go."

## COPYING ARCHITECTURE IN AN OLD MINSTER

(*Wimborne*)

How smartly the quarters of the hour march by  
That the jack-o'-clock never forgets;  
Ding-dong; and before I have traced a cusp's eye,  
Or got the true twist of the ogee over,  
A double ding-dong ricochets.

Just so did he clang here before I came,  
And so will he clang when I'm gone  
Through the Minster's cavernous hollows—the same  
Tale of hours never more to be will he deliver  
To the speechless midnight and dawn!



I grow to conceive it a call to ghosts,  
 Whose mould lies below and around.  
 Yes ; the next "Come, come," draws them out from their posts,  
 And they gather, and one shade appears, and another,  
 As the eve-damps creep from the ground.

See—a Courtenay stands by his quatre-foiled tomb,  
 And a Duke and his Duchess near ;  
 And one Sir Edmund in columned gloom,  
 And a Saxon king by the presbytery chamber ;  
 And shapes unknown in the rear.

Maybe they have met for a parle on some plan  
 To better ail-stricken mankind ;  
 I catch their cheepings, though thinner than  
 The overhead creak of a passager's pinion  
 When leaving land behind.

Or perhaps they speak to the yet unborn,  
 And caution them not to come  
 To a world so ancient and trouble-torn,  
 Of foiled intents, vain lovingkindness,  
 And ardours chilled and numb.

They waste to fog as I stir and stand,  
 And move from the arched recess,  
 And pick up the drawing that slipped from my hand,  
 And feel for the pencil I dropped in the cranny  
 In a moment's forgetfulness.

## TO SHAKESPEARE

### AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS

BRIGHT baffling Soul, least capturable of themes,  
 Thou, who display'dst a life of commonplace,  
 Leaving no intimate word or personal trace  
 Of high design outside the artistry  
 Of thy penned dreams,  
 Still shalt remain at heart unread eternally.

Through human orbits thy discourse to-day,  
 Despite thy formal pilgrimage, throbs on

In harmonies that cow Oblivion,  
 And, like the wind, with all-uncared effect  
     Maintain a sway  
 Not fore-desired, in tracks unchosen and unchecked.

And yet, at thy last breath, with mindless note  
 The borough clocks but samely tongued the hour  
 The Avon just as always glassed the tower,  
 Thy age was published on thy passing-bell  
     But in due rote  
 With other dwellers' deaths accorded a like knell.

And at the strokes some townsman (met, maybe,  
 And thereon queried by some squire's good dame  
 Driving in shopward) may have given thy name,  
 With, "Yes, a worthy man and well-to-do ;  
     Though, as for me,  
 I knew him but by just a neighbour's nod, 'tis true.

"I' faith, few knew him much here, save by word,  
 He having elsewhere led his busier life ;  
 Though to be sure he left with us his wife."  
 —"Ah, one of the tradesmen's sons, I now recall. . . .  
     Witty, I've heard. . . .  
 We did not know him. . . . Well, good-day. Death comes  
     to all."

So, like a strange bright bird we sometimes find  
 To mingle with the barn-door brood awhile,  
 Then vanish from their homely domicile—  
 Into man's poesy, we wot not whence,  
     Flew thy strange mind,  
 Lodged there a radiant guest, and sped for ever thence.

1916.

## QUID HIC AGIS?

### I

WHEN I weekly knew  
 An ancient pew,  
 And murmured there  
 The forms of prayer

And thanks and praise  
In the ancient ways,  
And heard read out  
During August drought  
That chapter from Kings  
Harvest-time brings ;  
—How the prophet, broken  
By griefs unspoken,  
Went heavily away  
To fast and to pray,  
And, while waiting to die,  
The Lord passed by,  
And a whirlwind and fire  
Drew nigher and nigher,  
And a small voice anon  
Bade him up and be gone.  
I did not apprehend  
As I sat to the end  
And watched for her smile  
Across the sunned aisle,  
That this tale of a seer  
Which came once a year  
Might, when sands were heaping,  
Be like a sweat creeping,  
Or in any degree  
Bear on her or on me !

## II

When later, by chance  
Of circumstance,  
It befel me to read  
On a hot afternoon  
At the lectern there  
The selfsame words  
As the lesson decreed,  
To the gathered few  
From the hamlets near—  
Folk of flocks and herds  
Sitting half aswoon,  
Who listened thereto  
As women and men  
Not overmuch

Concerned at such—  
So, like them then,  
I did not see  
What drought might be  
With me, with her,  
As the Kalendar  
Moved on, and Time  
Devoured our prime.

III

But now, at last,  
When our glory has passed,  
And there is no smile  
From her in the aisle,  
But where it once shone  
A marble, men say,  
With her name thereon  
Is discerned to-day ;  
And spiritless  
In the wilderness  
I shrink from sight  
And desire the night,  
(Though, as in old wise,  
I might still arise,  
Go forth, and stand  
And prophesy in the land),  
I feel the shake  
Of wind and earthquake,  
And consuming fire  
Nigher and nigher,  
And the voice catch clear,  
“What doest thou here?”

*the Spectator* : 1916. During the War

ON A MIDSUMMER EVE

I IDLY cut a parsley stalk,  
And blew therein towards the moon ;  
I had not thought what ghosts would walk  
With shivering footsteps to my tune.

I went, and knelt, and scooped my hand  
 As if to drink, into the brook,  
 And a faint figure seemed to stand  
 Above me, with the bygone look.

I lipped rough rhymes of chance, not choice  
 I thought not what my words might be ;  
 There came into my ear a voice  
 That turned a tenderer verse for me.

### TIMING HER

*(Written to an old folk-tune,*

LALAGE'S coming :  
 Where is she now, O ?  
 Turning to bow, O,  
 And smile, is she,  
 Just at parting,  
 Parting, parting,  
 As she is starting  
 To come to me ?

Where is she now, O,  
 Now, and now, O,  
 Shadowing a bough, O,  
 Of hedge or tree  
 As she is rushing,  
 Rushing, rushing,  
 Gossamers brushing  
 'To come to me ?

Lalage's coming ;  
 Where is she now, O ;  
 Climbing the brow, O,  
 Of hills I see ?  
 Yes, she is nearing,  
 Nearing, nearing,  
 Weather unfearing  
 To come to me.

Near is she now, O,  
Now, and now, O ;  
Milk the rich cow, O,  
Forward the tea ;  
Shake the down bed for her,  
Linen sheets spread for her,  
Drape round the head for her  
Coming to me.

Lalage's coming,  
She's nearer now, O,  
End anyhow, O,  
To-day's husbandry !  
Would a gilt chair were mine,  
Slippers of vair were mine,  
Brushes for hair were mine  
Of ivory !

What will she think, O,  
She who's so comely,  
Viewing how homely  
A sort are we !  
Nothing resplendent,  
No prompt attendant,  
Not one dependent  
Pertaining to me !

Lalage's coming ;  
Where is she now, O ?  
Fain I'd avow, O,  
Full honestly  
Nought here's enough for her,  
All is too rough for her,  
Even my love for her  
Poor in degree.

She's nearer now, O,  
Still nearer now, O,  
She 'tis, I vow, O,  
Passing the lea.  
Rush down to meet her there.  
Call out and greet her there.

## MOMENTS OF VISION

Never a sweeter there  
Crossed to me !

Lalage's come ; aye,  
Come is she now, O ! . . .  
Does Heaven allow, O,  
A meeting to be ?  
Yes, she is here now,  
Here now, here now,  
Nothing to fear now,  
Here's Lalage !

## BEFORE KNOWLEDGE

WHEN I walked roseless tracks and wide,  
Ere dawned your date for meeting me,  
O why did you not cry Halloo  
Across the stretch between, and say :

“ We move, while years as yet divide,  
On closing lines which—though it be  
You know me not nor I know you—  
Will intersect and join some day ! ”

Then well I had borne  
Each scraping thorn ;  
But the winters froze,  
And grew no rose ;  
No bridge bestrode  
The gap at all ;  
No shape you showed,  
And I heard no call !

## THE BLINDED BIRD

So zestfully canst thou sing ?  
And all this indignity,  
With God's consent, on thee !  
Blinded ere yet a-wing  
By the red-hot needle thou,

I stand and wonder how  
So zestfully thou canst sing !

Resenting not such wrong,  
Thy grievous pain forgot,  
Eternal dark thy lot,  
Groping thy whole life long,  
After that stab of fire ;  
Enjailed in pitiless wire ;  
Resenting not such wrong !

Who hath charity ? This bird.  
Who suffereth long and is kind,  
Is not provoked, though blind  
And alive ensepulchred ?  
Who hopeth, endureth all things ?  
Who thinketh no evil, but sings ?  
Who is divine ? This bird.

### “THE WIND BLEW WORDS”

THE wind blew words along the skies,  
And these it blew to me  
Through the wide dusk : “ Lift up your eyes,  
Behold this troubled tree,  
Complaining as it sways and plies ;  
It is a limb of thee.

“ Yea, too, the creatures sheltering round—  
Dumb figures, wild and tame,  
Yea, too, thy fellows who abound—  
Either of speech the same  
Or far and strange—black, dwarfed, and browned,  
They are stuff of thy own frame.”

I moved on in a surging awe  
Of inarticulateness  
At the pathetic Me I saw  
In all his huge distress,  
Making self-slaughter of the law  
To kill, break, or suppress.



## THE FADED FACE

How was this I did not see  
Such a look as here was shown  
Ere its womanhood had blown  
Past its first felicity?—  
That I did not know you young  
Faded Face,  
Know you young !

Why did Time so ill bestead  
That I heard no voice of yours  
Hail from out the curved contours  
Of those lips when rosy red ;  
Weeted not the songs they sung,  
Faded Face,  
Songs they sung !

By these blanchings, blooms of old,  
And the relics of your voice—  
Leavings rare of rich and choice  
From your early tone and mould—  
Let me mourn,—aye, sorrow-wrung.  
Faded Face,  
Sorrow-wrung !

## THE RIDDLE

## I

STRETCHING eyes west  
Over the sea,  
Wind foul or fair,  
Always stood she  
Prospect-impressed ;  
Solely out there  
Did her gaze rest,  
Never elsewhere  
Seemed charm to be.

## II

Always eyes east  
 Ponders she now—  
 As in devotion—  
 Hills of blank brow  
 Where no waves plough.  
 Never the least  
 Room for emotion  
 Drawn from the ocean  
 Does she allow.

## THE DUEL

“I AM here to time, you see ;  
 The glade is well-screened—eh?—against alarm .  
 Fit place to vindicate by my arm  
 The honour of my spotless wife,  
 Who scorns your libel upon her life  
 In boasting intimacy !

“ ‘ All hush-offerings you’ll spurn,  
 My husband. Two must come ; one only go ;  
 She said. ‘ That he’ll be you I know ;  
 To faith like ours Heaven will be just,  
 And I shall abide in fullest trust  
 Your speedy glad return.’ ”

“ Good. Here am also I ;  
 And we’ll proceed without more waste of words  
 To warm your cockpit. Of the swords  
 Take you your choice. I shall thereby  
 Feel that on me no blame can lie,  
 Whatever Fate accords.”

So stripped they there, and fought,  
 And the swords clicked and scraped, and the onsets sped ;  
 Till the husband fell ; and his shirt was red  
 With streams from his heart’s hot cistern. Nought  
 Could save him now ; and the other, wrought  
 Maybe to pity, said :

“ Why did you urge on this ?  
Your wife assured you ; and ’t had better been  
That you had let things pass, serene  
In confidence of long-tried bliss,  
Holding there could be nought amiss  
In what my words might mean.”

Then, seeing nor ruth nor rage  
Could move his foeman more—now Death’s deaf thrall -  
He wiped his steel, and, with a call  
Like turtledove to dove, swift broke  
Into the copse, where under an oak  
His horse cropt, held by a page.

“ All’s over, Sweet,” he cried  
To the wife, thus guised ; for the young page was she.  
“ ’Tis as we hoped and said ’t would be.  
He never guessed. . . . We mount and ride  
To where our love can reign uneyed.  
He’s clay, and we are free.”

### AT MAYFAIR LODGINGS

How could I be aware,  
The opposite window eyeing  
As I lay listless there,  
That through its blinds was dying  
One I had rated rare  
Before I had set me sighing  
For another more fair ?

Had the house-front been glass,  
My vision unobscuring,  
Could aught have come to pass  
More happiness-insuring  
To her, loved as a lass  
When spouseless, all-alluring ?  
I reckon not, alas !

So, the square window stood,  
Steadily night-long shining  
In my close neighbourhood,

Who looked forth undivining  
That soon would go for good  
One there in pain reclining,  
Unpardoned, unadieu'd.

Silently screened from view  
Her tragedy was ending  
That need not have come due  
Had she been less unbending.  
How near, near were we two  
At that last vital rending,—  
And neither of us knew!

## TO MY FATHER'S VIOLIN

DOES he want you down there  
In the Nether Glooms where  
The hours may be a dragging load upon him,  
As he hears the axle grind  
Round and round  
Of the great world, in the blind  
Still profound  
Of the night-time? He might liven at the sound  
Of your string, revealing you had not forgone him.

In the gallery west the nave,  
But a few yards from his grave,  
Did you, tucked beneath his chin, to his bowing  
Guide the homely harmony  
Of the quire  
Who for long years strenuously—  
Son and sire—  
Caught the strains that at his fingering low or higher  
From your four thin threads and eff-holes came outflowing,

And, too, what merry tunes  
He would bow at nights or noons  
That chanced to find him bent to lute a measure,  
When he made you speak his heart  
As in dream,

Without book or music-chart,  
On some theme  
Elusive as a jack-o'-lanthorn's gleam,  
And the psalm of duty shelved for trill of pleasure.

Well, you can not, alas,  
The barrier overpass  
That screens him in those Mournful Meads hereunder,  
Where no fiddling can be heard  
In the glades  
Of silentness, no bird  
Thrills the shades ;  
Where no viol is touched for songs or serenades,  
No bowing wakes a congregation's wonder.

He must do without you now,  
Stir you no more anyhow  
To yearning concords taught you in your glory ;  
While, your strings a tangled wreck,  
Once smart drawn,  
Ten worm-wounds in your neck,  
Purflings wan  
With dust-hoar, here alone I sadly con  
Your present dumbness, shape your olden story.

1916.

## THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

THIS statue of Liberty, busy man,  
Here erect in the city square,  
I have watched while your scrubbings, this early morning,  
Strangely wistful,  
And half tristful,  
Have turned her from foul to fair ;

With your bucket of water, and mop, and brush,  
Bringing her out of the grime  
That has smeared her during the smokes of winter  
With such glumness  
In her dumbness,  
And aged her before her time.

You have washed her down with motherly care—  
Head, shoulders, arm, and foot,  
To the very hem of the robes that drape her—  
All expertly  
And alertly,  
Till a long stream, black with soot,  
Flows over the pavement to the road,  
And her shape looms pure as snow :  
I read you are hired by the City guardians—  
May be yearly,  
Or once merely—  
To treat the statues so ?

“ Oh, I’m not hired by the Councilmen  
To cleanse the statues here.  
I do this one as a self-willed duty,  
Not as paid to,  
Or at all made to,  
But because the doing is dear.”

Ah, then I hail you brother and friend !  
Liberty’s knight divine.  
What you have done would have been my doing,  
Yea, most verily,  
Well, and thoroughly,  
Had but your courage been mine !

“ Oh I care not for Liberty’s mould,  
Liberty charms not me ;  
What’s Freedom but an idler’s vision,  
Vain, pernicious,  
Often vicious,  
Of things that cannot be !

“ Memory it is that brings me to this—  
Of a daughter—my one sweet own.  
She grew a famous carver’s model,  
One of the fairest  
And of the rarest :—  
She sat for the figure as shown.

“ But alas, she died in this distant place  
Before I was warned to betake

## MOMENTS OF VISION

Myself to her side ! . . . And in love of my darling,  
 In love of the fame of her,  
 And the good name of her,  
 I do this for her sake."

Answer I gave not. Of that form  
 The carver was I at his side ;  
 His child, my model, held so saintly,  
 Grand in feature,  
 Gross in nature,  
 In the dens of vice had died.

## THE BACKGROUND AND THE FIGURE

*(Lover's Ditty)*

I THINK of the slope where the rabbits fed,  
 Of the periwinks' rockwork lair,  
 Of the fuchsias ringing their bells of red—  
 And the something else seen there.

Between the blooms where the sod basked bright.  
 By the bobbing fuchsia trees,  
 Was another and yet more eyesome sight---  
 The sight that richened these.

I shall seek those beauties in the spring,  
 When the days are fit and fair,  
 But only as foils to the one more thing  
 That also will flower there!

## THE CHANGE

OUT of the past there rises a week—  
 Who shall read the years O !—  
 Out of the past there rises a week  
 Enringed with a purple zone.  
 Out of the past there rises a week  
 When thoughts were strung too thick to speak,  
 And the magic of its lineaments remains with me alone.

In that week there was heard a singing—  
Who shall spell the years, the years!—  
In that week there was heard a singing,  
And the white owl wondered why.  
In that week, yea, a voice was ringing,  
And forth from the casement were candles flinging  
Radiance that fell on the deodar and lit up the path thereby.

Could that song have a mocking note? —  
Who shall unroll the years O!—  
Could that song have a mocking note  
To the white owl's sense as it fell?  
Could that song have a mocking note  
As it trilled out warm from the singer's throat,  
And who was the mocker and who the mocked when two felt all  
was well?

In a tedious trampling crowd yet later—  
Who shall bare the years, the years!—  
In a tedious trampling crowd yet later,  
When silvery singings were dumb;  
In a crowd uncaring what time might fate her,  
Mid murks of night I stood to await her,  
And the twanging of iron wheels gave out the signal that she was  
come.

She said with a travel-tired smile—  
Who shall lift the years O!—  
She said with a travel-tired smile,  
Half scared by scene so strange;  
She said, outworn by mile on mile,  
The blurred lamps wanning her face the while,  
“O Love, I am here; I am with you!” . . . Ah, that there should  
have come a change!

O the doom by someone spoken—  
Who shall unseal the years, the years!—  
O the doom that gave no token,  
When nothing of bale saw we:  
O the doom by someone spoken,  
O the heart by someone broken,  
The heart whose sweet reverberances are all time leaves to me.



## SITTING ON THE BRIDGE

*(Echo of an old song)*

SITTING on the bridge

Past the barracks, town and ridge,  
 At once the spirit seized us  
 To sing a song that pleased us—  
 As "The Fifth" were much in rumour;  
 It was "Whilst I'm in the humour,  
   Take me, Paddy, will you now?"  
 And a lancer soon drew nigh,  
 And his Royal Irish eye  
 Said, "Willing, faith, am I,  
 O, to take you anyhow, dears,  
   To take you anyhow."

But, lo!—dad walking by,  
 Cried, "What, you lightheels! Fie!  
 Is this the way you roam  
 And mock the sunset gleam?"  
 And he marched us straightway home,  
 Though we said, "We are only, daddy,  
 Singing, 'Will you take me, Paddy?'"  
   —Well, we never saw from then,  
 If we sang there anywhen,  
 The soldier dear again,  
 Except at night in dream-time,  
   Except at night in dream.

Perhaps that soldier's fighting  
   In a land that's far away,  
 Or he may be idly plighting  
   Some foreign hussy gay;  
 Or perhaps his bones are whiting  
   In the wind to their decay! . . .  
 Ah!—does he mind him how  
   The girls he saw that day  
 On the bridge, were sitting singing  
 At the time of curfew-ringing,  
 "Take me, Paddy; will you now, dear?  
   Paddy, will you now?"

GREY'S BRIDGE.

## THE YOUNG CHURCHWARDEN

WHEN he lit the candles there,  
And the light fell on his hand,  
And it trembled as he scanned  
Her and me, his vanquished air  
Hinted that his dream was done,  
And I saw he had begun  
    To understand.

When Love's viol was unstrung,  
Sore I wished the hand that shook  
Had been mine that shared her book  
While that evening hymn was sung,  
His the victor's, as he lit  
Candles where he had bidden us sit  
    With vanquished look.

Now her dust lies listless there,  
His afar from tending hand,  
What avails the victory scanned?  
Does he smile from upper air:  
"Ah, my friend, your dream is done;  
And 'tis *you* who have begun  
    To understand!"

## "I TRAVEL AS A PHANTOM NOW"

I TRAVEL as a phantom now,  
For people do not wish to see  
In flesh and blood so bare a bough  
    As Nature makes of me.

And thus I visit bodiless  
Strange gloomy households often at odds,  
And wonder if Man's consciousness  
    Was a mistake of God's.

And next I meet you, and I pause,  
 And think that if mistake it were,  
 As some have said, O then it was  
     One that I well can bear !

1915.

## LINES

### TO A MOVEMENT IN MOZART'S E-FLAT SYMPHONY

SHOW me again the time  
 When in the Junetide's prime  
 We flew by meads and mountains northerly !—  
 Yea, to such freshness, fairness, fulness, fineness, fiveness,  
     Love lures life on.

Show me again the day  
 When from the sandy bay  
 We looked together upon the pestered sea !—  
 Yea, to such surging, swaying, sighing, swelling, shrinking,  
     Love lures life on.

Show me again the hour  
 When by the pinnacled tower  
 We eyed each other and feared futurity !—  
 Yea, to such bodings, broodings, beatings, blanchings, blessings,  
     Love lures life on.

Show me again just this :  
 The moment of that kiss  
 Away from the prancing folk, by the strawberry-tree !—  
 Yea, to such rashness, ratheness, rareness, ripeness, richness,  
     Love lures life on.

*Begun November 1898.*

## "IN THE SEVENTIES"

"Qui deridetur ab amico suo sicut ego."—JOB.

IN the seventies I was bearing in my breast,  
     Penned tight,  
 Certain starry thoughts that threw a magic light  
 On the worktimes and the soundless hours of rest

In the seventies ; aye, I bore them in my breast  
Penned tight.

In the seventies when my neighbours—even my friend—  
Saw me pass,  
Heads were shaken, and I heard the words, "Alas,  
For his onward years and name unless he mend!"  
In the seventies, when my neighbours and my friend  
Saw me pass.

In the seventies those who met me did not know  
Of the vision  
That immuned me from the chillings of misprision  
And the damps that choked my goings to and fro  
In the seventies ; yea, those noddies did not know  
Of the vision.

In the seventies nought could darken or destroy it,  
Locked in me,  
Though as delicate as lamp worm's lucency ;  
Neither mist nor murk could weaken or alloy it  
In the seventies !—could not darken or destroy it,  
Locked in me.

## THE PEDIGREE

### I

I BENT in the deep of night  
Over a pedigree the chronicler gave  
As mine ; and as I bent there, half-unrobed,  
The uncurtained panes of my window-square let in the watery  
light  
Of the moon in its old age :  
And green-rheumed clouds were hurrying past where mute and  
cold it globed  
Like a drifting dolphin's eye seen through a lapping wave.

### II

So, scanning my sire-sown tree,  
And the hieroglyphs of this spouse tied to that,  
With offspring mapped below in lineage,  
Till the tangles troubled me,

The branches seemed to twist into a seared and cynic face  
Which winked and tokened towards the window like a Mage  
Enchanting me to gaze again thereat.

## III

It was a mirror now,  
And in it a long perspective I could trace  
Of my begetters, dwindling backward each past each  
All with the kindred look,  
Whose names had since been inked down in their place  
On the recorder's book,  
Generation and generation of my mien, and build, and brow.

## IV

And then did I divine  
That every heave and coil and move I made  
Within my brain, and in my mood and speech,  
Was in the glass portrayed  
As long forestalled by their so making it ;  
The first of them, the primest fuglemen of my line,  
Being fogged in far antiqueness past surmise and reason's reach.

## V

Said I then, sunk in tone,  
"I am merest mimicker and counterfeit !—  
Though thinking, *I am I,*  
*And what I do I do myself alone.*"  
—The cynic twist of the page thereat unknit  
Back to its normal figure, having wrought its purport wry,  
The Mage's mirror left the window-square,  
And the stained moon and drift retook their places there.

1916.

## HIS HEART

## A WOMAN'S DREAM

AT midnight, in the room where he lay dead  
Whom in his life I had never clearly read,  
I thought if I could peer into that citadel  
His heart, I should at last know full and well

What hereto had been known to him alone,  
Despite our long sit-out of years foreflown,  
"And if," I said, "I do this for his memory's sake,  
It would not wound him, even if he could wake."

So I bent over him. He seemed to smile  
With a calm confidence the whole long while  
That I, withdrawing his heart, held it and, bit by bit,  
Perused the unguessed things found written on it.

It was inscribed like a terrestrial sphere  
With quaint vermiculations close and clear—  
His graving. Had I known, would I have risked the stroke  
Its reading brought, and my own heart nigh broke!

Yes, there at last, eyes opened, did I see  
His whole sincere symmetric history;  
There were his truth, his simple singlemindedness,  
Strained, maybe, by time's storms, but there no less.

There were the daily deeds from sun to sun  
In blindness, but good faith, that he had done;  
There were regrets, at instances wherein he swerved  
(As he conceived) from cherishings I had deserved.

There were old hours all figured down as bliss—  
Those spent with me—(how little had I thought this!)  
There those when, at my absence, whether he slept or waked,  
(Though I knew not 'twas so!) his spirit ached.

There that when we were severed, how day dulled  
Till time joined us anew, was chronicled:  
And arguments and battlings in defence of me  
That heart recorded clearly and ruddily.

I put it back, and left him as he lay  
While pierced the morning pink and then the gray  
Into each dreary room and corridor around,  
Where I shall wait, but his step will not sound.

## WHERE THEY LIVED

DISHEVELLED leaves creep down  
Upon that bank to-day,  
Some green, some yellow, and some pale brown ;  
The wet bents bob and sway ;  
The once warm slippery turf is sodden  
Where we laughingly sat or lay.

The summerhouse is gone,  
Leaving a weedy space ;  
The bushes that veiled it once have grown  
Gaunt trees that interlace,  
Through whose lank limbs I see too clearly  
The nakedness of the place.

And where were hills of blue,  
Blind drifts of vapour blow,  
And the names of former dwellers few,  
If any, people know,  
And instead of a voice that called, "Come in, Dears,"  
Time calls, "Pass below !"

## THE OCCULTATION

WHEN the cloud shut down on the morning shine,  
And darkened the sun,  
I said, "So ended that joy of mine  
Years back begun."

But day continued its lustrous roll  
In upper air ;  
And did my late irradiate soul  
Live on somewhere ?

## LIFE LAUGHS ONWARD

RAMBLING I looked for an old abode  
Where, years back, one had lived I knew ;  
Its site a dwelling duly showed,  
    But it was new.

I went where, not so long ago,  
The sod had riven two breasts asunder ;  
Daisies throve gaily there, as though  
    No grave were under.

I walked along a terrace where  
Loud children gambolled in the sun :  
The figure that had once sat there  
    Was missed by none.

Life laughed and moved on unsubdued,  
I saw that Old succumbed to Young :  
'Twas well. My too regretful mood  
    Died on my tongue.

## THE PEACE-OFFERING

IT was but a little thing,  
Yet I knew it meant to me  
Ease from what had given a sting  
To the very birdsinging  
    Latterly.

But I would not welcome it ;  
And for all I then declined  
O the regrettings infinite  
When the night-processions flit  
    Through the mind !



## "SOMETHING TAPPED"

SOMETHING tapped on the pane of my room  
When there was never a trace  
Of wind or rain, and I saw in the gloom  
My weary Belovéd's face.

"O I am tired of waiting," she said,  
"Night, morn, noon, afternoon ;  
So cold it is in my lonely bed,  
And I thought you would join me soon !"

I rose and neared the window-glass,  
But vanished thence had she :  
Only a pallid moth, alas,  
Tapped at the pane for me.

*August 1913.*

## THE WOUND

I CLIMBED to the crest,  
And, fog-festooned,  
The sun lay west  
Like a crimson wound :

Like that wound of mine  
Of which none knew,  
For I'd given no sign  
That it pierced me through.

## A MERRYMAKING IN QUESTION

"I WILL get a new string for my fiddle,  
And call to the neighbours to come,  
And partners shall dance down the middle  
Until the old pewter-wares hum :  
And we'll sip the mead, cyder, and rum !"

From the night came the oddest of answers :  
A hollow wind, like a bassoon,  
And headstones all ranged up as dancers,  
And cypresses droning a croon,  
And gurgoyles that mouthed to the tune.

## I SAID AND SANG HER EXCELLENCE"

*(Fickle Lover's Song)*

I SAID and sang her excellence :  
They called it laid undue.  
(Have your way, my heart, O !)  
Yet what was homage far above  
The plain deserts of my olden Love  
Proved verity of my new.

"She moves a sylph in picture-land,  
Where nothing frosts the air :"  
(Have your way, my heart, O !)  
"To all winged pipers overhead  
She is known by shape and song," I said,  
Conscious of licence there.

I sang of her in a dim old hall  
Dream-built too fancifully,  
(Have your way, my heart, O !)  
But lo, the ripe months chanced to lead  
My feet to such a hall indeed,  
Where stood the very She.

Strange, startling, was it then to learn  
I had glanced down unborn time,  
(Have your way, my heart, O !)  
And prophesied, whereby I knew  
That which the years had planned to do  
In warranty of my rhyme.

BY RUSHY-POND,

## A JANUARY NIGHT

(1879)

THE rain smites more and more,  
The east wind snarls and sneezes ;  
Through the joints of the quivering door  
The water wheezes.

The tip of each ivy-shoot  
Writhes on its neighbour's face ;  
There is some hid dread afoot  
That we cannot trace.

Is it the spirit astray  
Of the man at the house below  
Whose coffin they took in to-day?  
We do not know.

## A KISS

By a wall the stranger now calls his,  
Was born of old a particular kiss,  
Without forethought in its genesis ;  
Which in a trice took wing on the air.  
And where that spot is nothing shows :  
There ivy calmly grows,  
And no one knows  
What a birth was there !

That kiss is gone where none can tell—  
Not even those who felt its spell :  
It cannot have died ; that know we well.  
Somewhere it pursues its flight,  
One of a long procession of sounds  
Travelling aethereal rounds  
Far from earth's bounds  
In the infinite.

## THE ANNOUNCEMENT

THEY came, the brothers, and took two chairs  
In their usual quiet way ;  
And for a time we did not think  
They had much to say.

And they began and talked awhile  
Of ordinary things,  
Till spread that silence in the room  
A pent thought brings.

And then they said : " The end has come.  
Yes : it has come at last."  
And we looked down, and knew that day  
A spirit had passed.

## THE OXEN

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock.  
" Now they are all on their knees,"  
An elder said as we sat in a flock  
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where  
They dwelt in their strawy pen,  
Nor did it occur to one of us there  
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave  
In these years ! Yet, I feel,  
If someone said on Christmas Eve,  
" Come ; see the oxen kneel

" In the lonely barton by yonder coomb  
Our childhood used to know,"  
I should go with him in the gloom,  
Hoping it might be so.

## THE TRESSES

“WHEN the air was damp  
It made my curls hang slack  
As they kissed my neck and back  
While I footed the salt-aired track  
I loved to tramp.

“When it was dry  
They would roll up crisp and tight  
As I went on in the light  
Of the sun, which my own sprite  
Seemed to outvie.

“Now I am old ;  
And have not one gay curl  
As I had when a girl  
For dampness to unfurl  
Or sun uphold !”

## THE PHOTOGRAPH

THE flame crept up the portrait line by line  
As it lay on the coals in the silence of night's profound,  
And over the arm's incline,  
And along the marge of the silkwork superfine,  
And gnawed at the delicate bosom's defenceless round.

Then I vented a cry of hurt, and averted my eyes ;  
The spectacle was one that I could not bear,  
To my deep and sad surprise ;  
But, compelled to heed, I again looked furtivewise  
Till the flame had eaten her breasts, and mouth, and hair.

“Thank God, she is out of it now !” I said at last,  
In a great relief of heart when the thing was done  
That had set my soul aghast,  
And nothing was left of the picture unsheathed from the past  
But the ashen ghost of the card it had figured on.

She was a woman long hid amid packs of years,  
 She might have been living or dead ; she was lost to my sight,  
     And the deed that had nigh drawn tears  
 Was done in a casual clearance of life's arrears ;  
 But I felt as if I had put her to death that night ! . . .

—Well ; she knew nothing thereof did she survive,  
 And suffered nothing if numbered among the dead ;  
     Yet—yet—if on earth alive  
 Did she feel a smart, and with vague strange anguish strive ?  
 If in heaven, did she smile at me sadly and shake her head ?

## ON A HEATH

I COULD hear a gown-skirt rustling  
     Before I could see her shape,  
 Rustling through the heather  
     That wove the common's drape,  
 On that evening of dark weather  
     When I hearkened, lips agape.  
  
 And the town-shine in the distance  
     Did but baffle here the sight,  
 And then a voice flew forward :  
     “ Dear, is't you ? I fear the night ! ”  
 And the herons flapped to norward  
     In the firs upon my right.  
  
 There was another looming  
     Whose life we did not see ;  
 There was one stilly blooming  
     Full nigh to where walked we ;  
 There was a shade entombing  
     All that was bright of me.

## AN ANNIVERSARY

It was at the very date to which we have come,  
     In the month of the matching name,  
 When, at a like minute, the sun had upswum,  
     Its couch-time at night being the same.

And the same path stretched here that people now follow,  
 And the same stile crossed their way,  
 And beyond the same green hillock and hollow  
 The same horizon lay ;  
 And the same man pilgrims now hereby who pilgrimed here that  
 day.

Let so much be said of the date-day's sameness ;  
 But the tree that neighbours the track,  
 And stoops like a pedlar afflicted with lameness,  
 Knew of no sogged wound or wind-crack.  
 And the joints of that wall were not enshrouded  
 With mosses of many tones,  
 And the garth up afar was not overcrowded  
 With a multitude of white stones,  
 And the man's eyes then were not so sunk that you saw the  
 socket-bones.

KINGSTON-MAURWARD EWELEASE.

### "BY THE RUNIC STONE"

*(Two who became a story)*

By the Runic Stone  
 They sat, where the grass sloped down,  
 And chattered, he white-hatted, she in brown,  
 Pink-faced, breeze-blown.

Rapt there alone  
 In the transport of talking so  
 In such a place, there was nothing to let them know  
 What hours had flown.

And the die thrown  
 By them heedlessly there, the dent  
 It was to cut in their encompassment,  
 Were, too, unknown.

It might have strown  
 Their zest with qualms to see,  
 As in a glass, Time toss their history  
 From zone to zone !

## THE PINK FROCK

"O MY pretty pink frock,  
I sha'n't be able to wear it !  
Why is he dying just now ?  
I hardly can bear it !

"He might have contrived to live on ;  
But they say there's no hope whatever :  
And must I shut myself up,  
And go out never ?

"O my pretty pink frock ?  
Puff-sleeved and accordion-pleated !  
He might have passed in July,  
And not so cheated !"

## TRANSFORMATIONS

PORTION of this yew  
Is a man my grandsire knew,  
Bosomed here at its foot :  
This branch may be his wife,  
A ruddy human life  
Now turned to a green shoot.

These grasses must be made  
Of her who often prayed,  
Last century, for repose ;  
And the fair girl long ago  
Whom I often tried to know  
May be entering this rose.

So, they are not underground,  
But as nerves and veins abound  
In the growths of upper air,  
And they feel the sun and rain,  
And the energy again  
That made them what they were !



## IN HER PRECINCTS

HER house looked cold from the foggy lea,  
 And the square of each window a dull black blur  
     Where showed no stir ;  
 Yes, her gloom within at the lack of me  
 Seemed matching mine at the lack of her.

The black squares grew to be squares of light  
 As the eveshade swathed the house and lawn,  
     And viols gave tone ;  
 There was glee within. And I found that night  
 The gloom of severance mine alone.

KINGSTON-MAURWARD PARK.

## THE LAST SIGNAL

(*Oct. 11, 1886*)

A MEMORY OF WILLIAM BARNES

SILENTLY I footed by an uphill road  
 That led from my abode to a spot yew-boughed ;  
 Yellowly the sun sloped low down to westward,  
     And dark was the east with cloud.

Then, amid the shadow of that livid sad east,  
 Where the light was least, and a gate stood wide,  
 Something flashed the fire of the sun that was facing it,  
     Like a brief blaze on that side.

Looking hard and harder I knew what it meant—  
 The sudden shine sent from the livid east scene ;  
 It meant the west mirrored by the coffin of my friend there,  
     Turning to the road from his green,

To take his last journey forth—he who in his prime  
 Trudged so many a time from that gate athwart the land !  
 Thus a farewell to me he signalled on his grave-way,  
     As with a wave of his hand.

WINTERBORNE-CAME PATH.

## THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

"THAT is a quiet place—  
That house in the trees with the shady lawn."  
"—If, child, you knew what there goes on  
You would not call it a quiet place.  
Why, a phantom abides there, the last of its race,  
And a brain spins there till dawn."

"But I see nobody there,—  
Nobody moves about the green,  
Or wanders the heavy trees between."  
"—Ah, that's because you do not bear  
The visioning powers of souls who dare  
To pierce the material screen.

"Morning, noon, and night,  
Mid those funereal shades that seem  
The uncanny scenery of a dream,  
Figures dance to a mind with sight,  
And music and laughter like floods of light  
Make all the precincts gleam.

"It is a poet's bower,  
Through which there pass, in fleet arrays,  
Long teams of all the years and days,  
Of joys and sorrows, of earth and heaven,  
That meet mankind in its ages seven,  
An aion in an hour."

## GREAT THINGS

SWEET cyder is a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
Spinning down to Weymouth town  
By Ridgway thirstily,  
And maid and mistress summoning  
Who tend the hostelry:  
O cyder is a great thing,  
A great thing to me!

## MOMENTS OF VISION

The dance it is a great thing,  
 A great thing to me,  
 With candles lit and partners fit  
 For night-long revelry ;  
 And going home when day-dawning  
 Peeps pale upon the lea :  
 O dancing is a great thing,  
 A great thing to me !

Love is, yea, a great thing,  
 A great thing to me,  
 When, having drawn across the lawn  
 In darkness silently,  
 A figure flits like one a-wing  
 Out from the nearest tree :  
 O love is, yes, a great thing,  
 A great thing to me !

Will these be always great things,  
 Great things to me ? . . .  
 Let it befall that One will call,  
 " Soul, I have need of thee : "  
 What then ? Joy-jaunts, impassioned flings  
 Love, and its ecstasy,  
 Will always have been great things,  
 Great things to me !

## THE CHIMES

THAT morning when I trod the town  
 The twitching chimes of long renown  
 Played out to me  
 The sweet Sicilian sailors' tune,  
 And I knew not if late or soon  
 My day would be :

A day of sunshine beryl-bright  
 And windless ; yea, think as I might,  
 I could not say,  
 Even to within years' measure, when  
 One would be at my side who then  
 Was far away.

When hard utilitarian times  
Had stilled the sweet Saint-Peter's chimes  
I learnt to see  
That bale may spring where blisses are,  
And one desired might be afar  
Though near to me.

## THE FIGURE IN THE SCENE

It pleased her to step in front and sit  
Where the cragged slope was green,  
While I stood back that I might pencil it  
With her amid the scene ;  
Till it gloomed and rained ;  
But I kept on, despite the drifting wet  
That fell and stained  
My draught, leaving for curious quizzings yet  
The blots engrained.

And thus I drew her there alone,  
Seated amid the gauze  
Of moisture, hooded, only her outline shown,  
With rainfall marked across.  
—Soon passed our stay ;  
Yet her rainy form is the Genius still of the spot,  
Immutable, yea,  
Though the place now knows her no more, and has known her not  
Ever since that day.

*From an old note.*

## “WHY DID I SKETCH ”

WHY did I sketch an upland green,  
And put the figure in  
Of one on the spot with me ?--  
For now that one has ceased to be seen  
The picture waxes akin  
To a wordless irony.

## MOMENTS OF VISION

If you go drawing on down or cliff  
 Let no soft curves intrude  
 Of a woman's silhouette,  
 But show the escarpments stark and stiff  
 As in utter solitude ;  
 So shall you half forget.

Let me sooner pass from sight of the sky  
 Than again on a thoughtless day  
 Limn, laugh, and sing, and rhyme  
 With a woman sitting near, whom I  
 Paint in for love, and who may  
 Be called hence in my time

*From an old note.*

## CONJECTURE

IF there were in my kalenda  
 No Emma, Florence, Mary,  
 What would be my existence now—  
 A hermit's?—wanderer's weary? -  
 How should I live, and how  
 Near would be death, or far?

Could it have been that other eyes  
 Might have uplit my highway?  
 That fond, sad, retrospective sight  
 Would catch from this dim byway  
 Prized figures different quite  
 From those that now arise?

With how strange aspect would there creep  
 The dawn, the night, the daytime,  
 If memory were not what it is  
 In song-time, toil, or pray-time.—  
 O were it else than this,  
 I'd pass to pulseless sleep!

## THE BLOW

THAT no man schemed it is my hope .  
Yea, that it fell by will and scope  
    Of That Which some enthrone,  
And for whose meaning myriads grope

For I would not that of my kind  
There should, of his unbiassed mind,  
    Have been one known  
Who such a stroke could have designed

Since it would augur works and ways  
Below the lowest that man assays  
    To have hurled that stone  
Into the sunshine of our days !

And if it prove that no man did,  
And that the Inscrutable, the Hid,  
    Was cause alone  
Of this foul crash our lives amid,

I'll go in due time, and forget  
In some deep graveyard's oubliette  
    The thing whereof I groan,  
And cease from troubling ; thankful yet

Time's finger should have stretched to show  
No aimful author's was the blow  
    That swept us prone,  
But the Immanent Doer's That doth not know,

Which in some age unguessed of us  
May lift Its blinding incubus,  
    And see, and own :  
" It grieves me I did thus and thus ! "

## LOVE THE MONOPOLIST

*(Young Lover's Reverie)*

THE train draws forth from the station-yard,  
And with it carries me.  
I rise, and stretch out, and regard  
The platform left, and see  
An airy slim blue form there standing,  
And know that it is she.

While with strained vision I watch on,  
The figure turns round quite  
To greet friends gaily ; then is gone. . . .  
The import may be slight,  
But why remained she not hard gazing  
Till I was out of sight ?

"O do not chat with others there,"  
I brood. "They are not I.  
O strain your thoughts as if they were  
Gold bands between us ; eye  
All neighbour scenes as so much blankness  
Till I again am by !

"A troubled sougling in the breeze  
And the sky overhead  
Let yourself feel ; and shade-ful trees,  
Ripe corn, and apples red,  
Read as things barren and distasteful  
While we are separated !

"When I come back uncloak your gloom.  
And let in lovely day ;  
Then the long dark as of the tomb  
Can well be thrust away  
With sweet things I shall have to practise,  
And you will have to say !"

*Begun 1871 : finished—*

## AT MIDDLE-FIELD GATE IN FEBRUARY

THE bars are thick with drops that show  
 As they gather themselves from the fog  
 Like silver buttons ranged in a row,  
 And as evenly spaced as if measured, although  
 They fall at the feeblest jog.

They load the leafless hedge hard by,  
 And the blades of last year's grass,  
 While the fallow ploughland turned up nigh  
 In raw rolls, clammy and clogging lie—  
 Too clogging for feet to pass.

How dry it was on a far-back day  
 When straws hung the hedge and around,  
 When amid the sheaves in amorous play  
 In curtained bonnets and light array  
 Bloomed a bevy now underground !

BOCKHAMPTON LANE.

## THE YOUTH WHO CARRIED A LIGHT

I SAW him pass as the new day dawned,  
 Murmuring some musical phrase ;  
 Horses were drinking and floundering in the pond,  
 And the tired stars thinned their gaze ;  
 Yet these were not the spectacles at all that he conned,  
 But an inner one, giving out rays.

Such was the thing in his eye, walking there,  
 The very and visible thing,  
 A close light, displacing the gray of the morning air,  
 And the tokens that the dark was taking wing ;  
 And was it not the radiance of a purpose rare  
 That might ripe to its accomplishing ?

What became of that light ? I wonder still its fate !  
 Was it quenched ere its full apogee ?



Did it struggle frail and frailer to a beam emaciate?  
 Did it thrive till matured in verity?  
 Or did it travel on, to be a new young dreamer's freight,  
 And thence on infinitely?

1915.

## THE HEAD ABOVE THE FOG

SOMETHING do I see  
 Above the fog that sheets the mead,  
 A figure like to life indeed,  
 Moving along with spectre-speed,  
 Seen by none but me.

O the vision keen!—  
 Tripping along to me for love  
 As in the flesh it used to move,  
 Only its hat and plume above  
 The evening fog-fleece seen.

In the day-fall wan,  
 When nighted birds break off their song,  
 Mere ghostly head it skins along,  
 Just as it did when warm and strong,  
 Body seeming gone.

Such it is I see  
 Above the fog that sheets the mead—  
 Yea, that which once could breathe and plead!—  
 Skimming along with spectre-speed  
 To a last tryst with me.

## OVERLOOKING THE RIVER STOUR

THE swallows flew in the curves of an eight  
 Above the river-gleam  
 In the wet June's last beam:  
 Like little crossbows animate  
 The swallows flew in the curves of an eight  
 Above the river-gleam.

Planing up shavings of crystal spray  
    A moor-hen darted out  
    From the bank thereabout,  
And through the stream-shine ripped his way ;  
Planing up shavings of crystal spray  
    A moor-hen darted out.

Closed were the kingcups ; and the mead  
    Dripped in monotonous green,  
    Though the day's morning sheen  
Had shown it golden and honeybee'd ;  
Closed were the kingcups ; and the mead  
    Dripped in monotonous green.

And never I turned my head, alack,  
    While these things met my gaze  
    Through the pane's drop-drenched glaze,  
To see the more behind my back. . . .  
O never I turned, but let, alack,  
    These less things hold my gaze !

## THE MUSICAL BOX

LIFELONG to be  
Seemed the fair colour of the time ;  
That there was standing shadowed near  
A spirit who sang to the gentle chime  
Of the self-struck notes, I did not hear,  
    I did not see.

Thus did it sing  
To the mindless lyre that played indoors  
As she came to listen for me without :  
" O value what the nonce outpours—  
This best of life—that shines about  
    Your welcoming ! "

I had slowed along  
After the torrid hours were done,  
Though still the posts and walls and road

## MOMENTS OF VISION

Flung back their sense of the hot-faced sun,  
And had walked by Stourside Mill, where broad  
Stream-lilies throng.

And I descried  
The dusky house that stood apart,  
And her, white-muslined, waiting there  
In the porch with high-expectant heart,  
While still the thin mechanic air  
Went on inside.

At whiles would flit  
Swart bats, whose wings, be-webbed and tanned,  
Whirred like the wheels of ancient clocks :  
She laughed a hailing as she scanned  
Me in the gloom, the tuneful box  
Intoning it.

Lifelong to be  
I thought it. That there watched hard by  
A spirit who sang to the indoor tune,  
"O make the most of what is nigh!"  
I did not hear in my dull soul-swoon—  
I did not see.

## ON STURMINSTER FOOT-BRIDGE

*(Onomatopœic)*

RETICULATIONS creep upon the slack stream's face  
When the wind skims irritably past,  
The current clucks smartly into each hollow place  
That years of flood have scabbled in the pier's sodden base :  
The floating-lily leaves rot fast.

On a roof stand the swallows ranged in wistful waiting rows,  
Till they arrow off and drop like stones  
Among the eyot-withies at whose foot the river flows :  
And beneath the roof is she who in the dark world shows  
As a lattice-gleam when midnight moans.

## ROYAL SPONSORS

"THE king and the queen will stand to the child ;  
    'Twill be handed down in song ;  
And it's no more than their deserving,  
With my lord so faithful at Court so long,  
    And so staunch and strong.

"O never before was known such a thing !  
    'Twill be a grand time for all ;  
And the beef will be a whole-roast bullock,  
And the servants will have a feast in the hall,  
    And the ladies a ball.

"While from Jordan's stream by a traveller,  
    In a flagon of silver wrought,  
And by caravan, stage-coach, wain, and waggon  
A precious trickle has been brought,  
    Clear as when caught."

The morning came. To the park of the peer  
    The royal couple bore ;  
And the font was filled with the Jordan water,  
And the household awaited their guests before  
    The carpeted door.

But when they went to the silk-lined cot  
    The child was found to have died.  
"What's now to be done? We can disappoint not  
The king and queen!" the family cried  
    With eyes spread wide.

"Even now they approach the chestnut-drive !  
    The service must be read."  
"Well, since we can't christen the child alive,  
By God we shall have to christen him dead !"  
    The marquis said.

Thus, breath-forsaken, a corpse was taken  
    To the private chapel—yea—  
And the king knew not, nor the queen, God wot,  
That they answered for one returned to clay  
    At the font that day.

## OLD FURNITURE

I KNOW not how it may be with others  
    Who sit amid relics of householdry  
That date from the days of their mothers' mothers,  
    But well I know how it is with me  
    Continually.

I see the hands of the generations  
    That owned each shiny familiar thing  
In play on its knobs and indentations,  
    And with its ancient fashioning  
    Still dallying :

Hands behind hands, growing paler and paler,  
    As in a mirror a candle-flame  
Shows images of itself, each frailer  
    As it recedes, though the eye may frame  
    Its shape the same.

On the clock's dull dial a foggy finger,  
    Moving to set the minutes right  
With tentative touches that lift and linger  
    In the wont of a moth on a summer night,  
    Creeps to my sight.

On this old viol, too, fingers are dancing—  
    As whilom—just over the strings by the nut,  
The tip of a bow receding, advancing  
    In airy quivers, as if it would cut  
    The plaintive gut.

And I see a face by that box for tinder,  
    Glowing forth in fits from the dark,  
And fading again, as the linden cinder  
    Kindles to red at the flinty spark,  
    Or goes out stark.

Well, well. It is best to be up and doing,  
    The world has no use for one to-day  
Who eyes things thus—no aim pursuing !  
    He should not continue in this stay,  
    But sink away.

## A THOUGHT IN TWO MOODS

I SAW it—pink and white—revealed  
Upon the white and green ;  
The white and green was a daisied field,  
The pink and white Ethleen.

And as I looked it seemed in kind  
That difference they had none ;  
The two fair bodiments combined  
As varied miens of one.

A sense that, in some mouldering year,  
As one they both would lie,  
Made me move quickly on to her  
To pass the pale thought by.

She laughed and said : " Out there, to me,  
You looked so weather-browned,  
And brown in clothes, you seemed to be  
Made of the dusty ground ! "

## THE LAST PERFORMANCE

" I AM playing my oldest tunes," declared she,  
" All the old tunes I know,—  
Those I learnt ever so long ago."  
—Why she should think just then she'd play them  
Silence cloaks like snow.

When I returned from the town at nightfall  
Notes continued to pour  
As when I had left two hours before :  
" It's the very last time," she said in closing ;  
" From now I play no more."

A few morns onward found her fading,  
And, as her life outflow,  
I thought of her playing her tunes right through ;  
And I feit she had known of what was coming,  
And wondered how she knew.

## "YOU ON THE TOWER"

## I

"YOU on the tower of my factory—  
 What do you see up there?  
 Do you see Enjoyment with wide wings  
 Advancing to reach me here?"  
 —"Yea; I see Enjoyment with wide wings  
 Advancing to reach you here."

## II

"Good. Soon I'll come and ask you  
 To tell me again thereon. . . .  
 Well, what is he doing now? Hoi, there!"  
 —"He still is flying on."  
 "Ah, waiting till I have full-finished.  
 Good. Tell me again anon. . . ."

## III

Hoi, Watchman! I'm here. When comes he?  
 Between my sweats I am chill."  
 —"Oh, you there, working still?  
 Why, surely he reached you a time back,  
 And took you miles from your mill?  
 He duly came in his winging,  
 And now he has passed out of view  
 How can it be that you missed him?  
 He brushed you by as he flew."

## THE INTERLOPER

"And I saw the figure and visage of Madness seeking for a home

THERE are three folk driving in a quaint old chaise,  
 And the cliff-side track looks green and fair.  
 I view them talking in quiet glee  
 As they drop down towards the puffins' lair  
 By the roughest of ways;  
 But another with the three rides on, I see,  
 Whom I like not to be there!

No : it's not anybody you think of. Next  
 A dwelling appears by a slow sweet stream  
 Where two sit happy and half in the dark :  
 They read, helped out by a frail-wick'd gleam,  
     Some rhythmic text ;  
 But one sits with them whom they don't mark,  
     One I'm wishing could not be there.

No : not whom you knew and name. And now  
 I discern gay diners in a mansion-place,  
 And the guests dropping wit—pert, prim, or choice,  
 And the hostess's tender and laughing face,  
     And the host's bland brow ;  
 But I cannot help hearing a hollow voice  
     And I'd fain not hear it there.

No : it's not from the stranger you met once. Ah,  
 Yet a goodlier scene than that succeeds ;  
 People on a lawn—quite a crowd of them. Yes,  
 And they chatter and ramble as fancy leads ;  
     And they say, " Hurrah !"  
 To a blithe speech made ; save one, mirthless,  
     Who ought not to be there.

Nay : it's not the pale Form your imagings raise,  
 That waits on us all at a destined time,  
 It is not the Fourth Figure the Furnace showed ;  
 O that it were such a shape sublime  
     In these latter days !  
 It is that under which best lives corrode ;  
     Would, would it could not be there !

## LOGS ON THE HEARTH

### A MEMORY OF A SISTER.

THE fire advances along the log  
 Of the tree we felled,  
 Which bloomed and bore striped apples by the peck  
 Till its last hour of bearing knelled.



The fork that first my hand would reach  
And then my foot  
In climbings upward inch by inch, lies now  
Sawn, sapless, darkening with soot.

Where the bark chars is where, one year,  
It was pruned, and bled—  
Then overgrew the wound. But now, at last,  
Its growings all have stagnated.

My fellow-climber rises dim  
From her chilly grave—  
Just as she was, her foot near mine on the bending limb,  
Laughing, her young brown hand away.

*December 1915.*

### THE SUNSHADE

AH—it's the skeleton of a lady's sunshade,  
Here at my feet in the hard rock's chink,  
Merely a naked sheaf of wires!—  
Twenty years have gone with their livers and diers  
Since it was silked in its white or pink.

Noonshine riddles the ribs of the sunshade,  
No more a screen from the weakest ray;  
Nothing to tell us the hue of its dyes,  
Nothing but rusty bones as it lies  
In its coffin of stone, unseen till to-day.

Where is the woman who carried that sunshade  
Up and down this seaside place?—  
Little thumb standing against its stem,  
Thoughts perhaps bent on a love-stratagem.  
Softening yet more the already soft face!

Is the fair woman who carried that sunshade  
A skeleton just as her property is,

Laid in the chink that none may scan ?  
And does she regret—if regret dust can—  
The vain things thought when she flourished this ?

SWANAGE CLIFFS.

## THE AGEING HOUSE

WHEN the walls were red  
That now are seen  
To be overspread  
With a mouldy green,  
A fresh fair head  
Would often lean  
From the sunny casement  
And scan the scene,  
While blithely spoke the wind to the little sycamore tree.

But storms have raged  
Those walls about,  
And the head has aged  
That once looked out ;  
And zest is suaged  
And trust grows doubt,  
And slow effacement  
Is rife throughout,  
While fiercely girds the wind at the long-limbed sycamore tree !

## THE CAGED GOLDFINCH

WITHIN a churchyard, on a recent grave,  
I saw a little cage  
That jailed a goldfinch. All was silence save  
Its hops from stage to stage.

There was inquiry in its wistful eye,  
And once it tried to sing ;  
Of him or her who placed it there, and why,  
No one knew anything.

## AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S IN VICTORIAN YEARS

"THAT same first fiddler who leads the orchéstra to-night

Here fiddled four decades of years ago ;  
He bears the same babe-like smile of self-centred delight,  
Same trinket on watch-chain, same ring on the hand with the bow.

"But his face, if regarded, is woefully wanner, and drier,  
And his once dark beard has grown straggling and gray ;  
Yet a blissful existence he seems to have led with his lyre,  
In a trance of his own, where no wearing or tearing had sway.

"Mid these wax figures, who nothing can do, it may seem  
That to do but a little thing counts a great deal ;  
To be watched by kings, councillors, queens, may be flattering  
to him—  
With their glass eyes longing they too could wake notes that  
appeal."

Ah, but he played staunchly—that fiddler—whoever he was,  
With the innocent heart and the soul-touching string :  
May he find the Fair Haven ! For did he not smile with good  
cause ?  
Yes ; gamuts that graced forty years'-flight were not a small  
thing !

## THE BALLET

THEY crush together—a rustling heap of flesh—  
Of more than flesh, a heap of souls ; and then  
They part, enmesh,  
And crush together again,  
Like the pink petals of a too sanguine rose  
Frightened shut just when it blows.

Though all alike in their tinsel livery,  
And indistinguishable at a sweeping glance,  
They muster, maybe,  
As lives wide in irrelevance ;

A world of her own has each one underneath,  
Detached as a sword from its sheath.

Daughters, wives, mistresses ; honest or false, sold, bought ;  
Hearts of all sizes ; gay, fond, gushing, or panned,  
Various in thought  
Of lover, rival, friend ;  
Links in a one-pulsed chain, all showing one smile,  
Yet severed so many a mile !

### THE FIVE STUDENTS

THE sparrow dips in his wheel-rut bath,  
The sun grows passionate-eyed,  
And boils the dew to smoke by the paddock-path ;  
As strenuously we stride,—  
Five of us ; dark He, fair He, dark She, fair She, I,  
All beating by.

The air is shaken, the high-road hot,  
Shadowless swoons the day,  
The greens are sobered and cattle at rest ; but not  
We on our urgent way,—  
Four of us ; fair She, dark She, fair He, I, are there,  
But one—elsewhere.

Autumn moulds the hard fruit mellow,  
And forward still we press  
Through moors, briar-meshed plantations, clay-pits yellow,  
As in the spring hours—yes,  
Three of us ; fair He, fair She, I, as heretofore,  
But—fallen one more.

The leaf drops : earthworms draw it in  
At night-time noiselessly,  
The fingers of birch and beech are skeleton-thin  
And yet on the beat are we,—  
Two of us ; fair She, I. But no more left to go  
The track we know.

Icicles tag the church-aisle leads,  
 The flag-rope gibbers hoarse,  
 The home-bound foot-folk wrap their snow-flaked heads,  
 Yet I still stalk the course—  
 One of us, . . . Dark and fair He, dark and fair She, gone :  
 The rest—anon.

### THE WIND'S PROPHECY

I TRAVEL on by barren farms,  
 And gulls glint out like silver flecks  
 Against a cloud that speaks of wrecks,  
 And bellies down with black alarms.  
 I say : " Thus from my lady's arms  
 I go ; those arms I love the best ! "  
 The wind replies from dip and rise,  
 " Nay ; toward her arms thou journeyest."

A distant verge morosely gray  
 Appears, while clots of flying foam  
 Break from its muddy monochrome,  
 And a light blinks up far away.  
 I sigh : " My eyes now as all day  
 Behold her ebony loops of hair ! "  
 Like bursting bonds the wind responds,  
 " Nay, wait for tresses flashing fair ! "

From tides the lofty coastlands screen  
 Come smittings like the slam of doors,  
 Or hammerings on hollow floors,  
 As the swell cleaves through caves unseen.  
 Say I : " Though broad this wild terrene  
 Her city home is matched of none ! "  
 From the hoarse skies the wind replies :  
 " Thou shouldst have said her sea-board one.'

The all-prevailing clouds exclude  
 The one quick timorous transient star ;  
 The waves outside where breakers are  
 Huzza like a mad multitude.

"Where the sun ups it, mist-imbued,"  
 I cry, "there reigns the star for me!"  
 The wind outshrieks from points and peaks:  
 "Here, westward, where it downs, mean ye!"

Yonder the headland, vulturine,  
 Snores like old Skrymer in his sleep,  
 And every chasm and every steep  
 Blackens as wakes each pharos-shine  
 "I roam, but one is safely mine,"  
 I say. "God grant she stay my own!"  
 Low laughs the wind as if it grinned:  
 "Thy Love is one thou'st not yet known."

*Rewritten from an old copy.*

## DURING WIND AND RAIN

THEY sing their dearest songs—  
 He, she, all of them—yea,  
 Treble and tenor and bass,  
 And one to play;  
 With the candles mooning each face. .  
 Ah, no; the years O!  
 How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!

They clear the creeping moss—  
 Elders and juniors—aye,  
 Making the pathways neat  
 And the garden gay;  
 And they build a shady seat. . . .  
 Ah, no; the years, the years;  
 See, the white storm-birds wing act .

They are blithely breakfasting all—  
 Men and maidens—yea,  
 Under the summer tree,  
 With a glimpse of the bay,  
 While pet fowl come to the knee. . . .  
 Ah, no; the years O!  
 And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.

They change to a high new house,  
 He, she, all of them—aye,  
 Clocks and carpets and chairs  
 — On the lawn all day,  
 And brightest things that are theirs. . . .  
 Ah, no ; the years, the years ;  
 Down their carved names the rain-drop ploughs.

### HE PREFERS HER EARTHLY

THIS after-sunset is a sight for seeing,  
 Cliff-heads of craggy cloud surrounding it.  
 —And dwell you in that glory-show ?  
 You may ; for there are strange strange things in being,  
 Stranger than I know.

Yet if that chasm of splendour claim your presence  
 Which glows between the ash cloud and the dun,  
 How changed must be your mortal mould !  
 Changed to a firmament-riding earthless essence  
 From what you were of old :

All too unlike the fond and fragile creature  
 Then known to me. . . . Well, shall I say it plain ?  
 I would not have you thus and there,  
 But still would grieve on, missing you, still feature  
 You as the one you were.

### THE DOLLS

“WHENEVER you dress me dolls, mammy,  
 Why do you dress them so,  
 And make them gallant soldiers,  
 When never a one I know ;  
 And not as gentle ladies  
 With frills and frocks and curls,  
 As people dress the dollies  
 Of other little girls ?”

Ah—why did she not answer :—  
“ Because your mammy’s heed  
Is always gallant soldiers,  
As well may be, indeed.  
One of them was your daddy,  
His name I must not tell ;  
He’s not the dad who lives here,  
But one I love too well.”

## MOLLY GONE

No more summer for Molly and me ;  
There is snow on the tree,  
And the blackbirds plump large as the rooks are, almost,  
And the water is hard  
Where they used to dip bills at the dawn ere her figure was lost  
To these coasts, now my prison close-barred.

No more planting by Molly and me  
Where the beds used to be  
Of sweet-william ; no training the clambering rose  
By the framework of fir  
Now bowering the pathway, whereon it swings gaily and blows  
As if calling commendment from her,

No more jauntings by Molly and me  
To the town by the sea,  
Or along over Whitesheet to Wynyard’s green Gap,  
Catching Montacute Crest  
To the right against Sedgmoor, and Corton-Hill’s far-distant cap.  
And Pilsdon and Lewsdon to west.

No more singing by Molly to me  
In the evenings when she  
Was in mood and in voice, and the candles were lit,  
And past the porch-quoin  
The rays would spring out on the laurels ; and dumbledores hit  
On the pane, as if wishing to join.

Where, then, is Molly, who’s no more with me ?  
—As I stand on this lea,



Thinking thus, there's a many-flamed star in the air,  
That tosses a sign  
That her glance is regarding its face from her home, so that there  
Her eyes may have meetings with mine.

### A BACKWARD SPRING

THE trees are afraid to put forth buds,  
And there is timidity in the grass ;  
The plots lie gray where gouged by spuds,  
And whether next week will pass  
Free of sly sour winds is the fret of each bush  
Of barberry waiting to bloom.

Yet the snowdrop's face betrays no gloom,  
And the primrose pants in its heedless push,  
Though the myrtle asks if it's worth the fight  
This year with frost and rime  
To venture one more time  
On delicate leaves and buttons of white  
From the selfsame bough as at last year's prime,  
And never to ruminate on or remember  
What happened to it in mid-December.

*April 1917.*

### LOOKING ACROSS

#### I

It is dark in the sky,  
And silence is where  
Our laughs rang high ;  
And recall do I  
That One is out there.

#### II

The dawn is not nigh,  
And the trees are bare,

And the waterways sigh  
That a year has drawn by,  
And Two are out there

## III

The wind drops to die  
Like the phantom of Care  
Too frail for a cry,  
And heart brings to eye  
That Three are out there.

## IV

This Life runs dry  
That once ran rare  
And rosy in dye,  
And fleet the days fly,  
And Four are out there.

## V

Tired, tired am I  
Of this earthly air,  
And my wraith asks : Why  
Since these calm lie,  
Are not Five out there ?

*December 1915.*

## AT A SEASIDE TOWN IN 1869

*(Young Lover's Reverie)*

I WENT and stood outside myself,  
Spelled the dark sky  
And ship-lights nigh,  
And grumbling winds that passed thereby.

Then next inside myself I looked,  
And there, above  
All, shone my Love,  
That nothing matched the image of.

Beyond myself again I ranged ;  
And saw the free  
Life by the sea,  
And folk indifferent to me.

O 'twas a charm to draw within  
Thereafter, where  
But she was ; care  
For one thing only, her hid there ;

But so it chanced, without myself  
I had to look,  
And then I took  
More heed of what I had long forsook :

The boats, the sands, the esplanade,  
The laughing crowd ;  
Light-hearted, loud  
Greetings from some not ill-endowed ;

The evening sunlit cliffs, the talk,  
Hailings and halts,  
The keen sea-salts,  
The band, the Morgenblätter Waltz

Still, when at night I drew inside  
Forward she came,  
Sad, but the same  
As when I first had known her name

Then rose a time when, as by force.  
Outwardly wooed  
By contacts crude,  
Her image in abeyance stood. . . .

At last I said ; This outside life  
Shall not endure ;  
I'll seek the pure  
Thought-world, and bask in her allure.

Myself again I crept within,  
Scanned with keen care  
The temple where  
She'd shone, but could not find her there.

I sought and sought. But O her soul  
Has not since thrown  
Upon my own  
One beam ! Yea, she is gone, is gone.

*From an old note.*

## THE GLIMPSE

SHE sped through the door  
And, following in haste,  
And stirred to the core,  
I entered hot-faced ;  
But I could not find her,  
No sign was behind her.  
“Where is she ?” I said :  
—“Who ?” they asked that sat there ,  
“Not a soul’s come in sight.”  
—“A maid with red hair.”  
—“Ah.” They paled. “She is dead  
People see her at night,  
But you are the first  
On whom she has burst  
In the keen common light.”

It was ages ago,  
When I was quite strong :  
I have waited since,—O,  
I have waited so long !  
—Yea, I set me to own  
The house, where now lone  
I dwell in void rooms  
Booming hollow as tombs !  
But I never come near her,  
Though nightly I hear her.  
And my cheek has grown thin  
And my hair has grown gray  
With this waiting therein ;  
But she still keeps away !

## THE PEDESTRIAN

AN INCIDENT OF 1883

"SIR, will you let me give you a ride?  
*Nox venit*, and the heath is wide."

—My phaeton-lantern shone on one  
 Young, fair, even fresh,  
 But burdened with flesh :  
 A leathern satchel at his side,  
 His breathings short, his coat undone.

'Twas as if his corpulent figure slopped  
 With the shake of his walking when he stopped,  
 And, though the night's pinch grew acute,  
 He wore but a thin  
 Wind-thridded suit,  
 Yet well-shaped shoes for walking in,  
 Artistic beaver, cane gold-topped.

"Alas, my friend," he said with a smile,  
 "I am daily bound to foot ten mile—  
 Wet, dry, or dark—before I rest.  
 Six months to live  
 My doctors give  
 Me as my prospect here, at best,  
 Unless I vamp my sturdiest !"

His voice was that of a man refined,  
 A man, one well could feel, of mind,  
 Quite winning in its musical ease ;  
 But in mould maligned  
 By some disease ;  
 And I asked again. But he shook his head ;  
 Then, as if more were due, he said :—

"A student was I—of Schopenhauer,  
 Kant, Hegel,—and the fountained bower  
 Of the Muses, too, knew my regard :  
 But ah—I fear me  
 The grave gapes near me ! . . .

Would I could this gross sheath discard,  
And rise an ethereal shape, unmarred ! ”

How I remember him !—his short breath,  
His aspect, marked for early death,  
As he dropped into the night for ever ;

One caught in his prime  
Of high endeavour ;  
From all philosophies soon to sever  
Through an unconscieced trick of Time !

### “WHO’S IN THE NEXT ROOM ?”

“WHO’S in the next room ?—who ?

I seemed to see  
Somebody in the dawning passing through,  
Unknown to me.”

“Nay : you saw nought. He passed invisibly.”

“Who’s in the next room ?—who ?

I seem to hear  
Somebody muttering firm in a language new  
That chills the ear.”

“No : you catch not his tongue who has entered there.”

“Who’s in the next room ?—who ?

I seem to feel  
His breath like a clammy draught, as if it drew  
From the Polar Wheel.”

“No : none who breathes at all does the door conceal.”

“Who’s in the next room ?—who ?

A figure wan  
With a message to one in there of something due ?  
Shall I know him anon ?”

“Yea he ; and he brought such ; and you’ll know him anon.”

## AT A COUNTRY FAIR

At a bygone Western country fair  
 I saw a giant led by a dwarf  
 With a red string like a long thin scart;  
 How much he was the stronger there  
     The giant seemed unaware.

And then I saw that the giant was blind,  
 And the dwarf a shrewd-eyed little thing;  
 The giant, mild, timid, obeyed the string  
 As if he had no independent mind,  
     Or will of any kind.

Wherever the dwarf decided to go  
 At his heels the other trotted meekly,  
 (Perhaps—I know not—reproaching weakly)  
 Like one Fate bade that it must be so,  
     Whether he wished or no.

Various sights in various climes  
 I have seen, and more I may see yet,  
 But that sight never shall I forget,  
 And have thought it the sorriest of pantomimes,  
     If once, a hundred times!

## THE MEMORIAL BRASS: 186—

“WHY do you weep there, O sweet lady,  
 Why do you weep before that brass?—  
 (I’m a mere student sketching the mediaeval)  
 Is some late death lined there, alas?—  
 Your father’s? . . . Well, all pay the debt that paid he!”

“Young man, O must I tell!—My husband’s! And under  
 His name I set mine, and my *death*!—  
 Its date left vacant till my heirs should fill it,  
 Stating me faithful till my last breath.”  
 —“Madam, that you are a widow wakes my wonder!”

“O wait ! For last month I—remarried !  
 And now I fear ’twas a deed amiss.  
 We’ve just come home. And I am sick and saddened  
 At what the new one will say to this ;  
 And will he think—think that I should have tarried ?

“I may add, surely,—with no wish to harm him—  
 That he’s a temper—yes, I fear !  
 And when he comes to church next Sunday morning,  
 And sees that written . . . O dear, O dear !”  
 —“Madam, I swear your beauty will disarm him !”

### HER LOVE-BIRDS

WHEN I looked up at my love-birds  
 That Sunday afternoon,  
 There was in their tiny tune  
 A dying fetch like broken words,  
 When I looked up at my love-birds  
 That Sunday afternoon.

When he, too, scanned the love-birds  
 On entering there that day,  
 ’Twas as if he had nought to say  
 Of his long journey citywards,  
 When he, too, scanned the love-birds,  
 On entering there that day.

And billed and billed the love-birds,  
 As ’twere in fond despair  
 At the stress of silence where  
 Had once been tones in tenor thirds,  
 And billed and billed the love-birds  
 As ’twere in fond despair.

O, his speech that chilled the love-birds,  
 And smote like death on me,  
 As I learnt what was to be,  
 And knew my life was broke in sherds !  
 O, his speech that chilled the love-birds,  
 And smote like death on me !



## PAYING CALLS

I WENT by footpath and by stile  
Beyond where bustle ends,  
Strayed here a mile and there a mile  
And called upon some friends

On certain ones I had not seen  
For years past did I call,  
And then on others who had been  
The oldest friends of all.

It was the time of midsummer  
When they had used to roam ;  
But now, though tempting was the air,  
I found them all at home.

I spoke to one and other of them  
By mound and stone and tree  
Of things we had done ere days were dim,  
But they spoke not to me.

## THE UPPER BIRCH-LEAVES

WARM yellowy-green  
In the blue serene,  
How they skip and sway  
On this autumn day !  
They cannot know  
What has happened below,—  
That their boughs down there  
Are already quite bare,  
That their own will be  
When a week has passed,—  
For they jig as in glee  
To this very last.

But no ; there lies  
At times in their tune  
A note that cries  
What at first I fear

I did not hear :  
" O we remember  
At each wind's hollo—  
Though life holds yet—  
We go hence soon,  
For 'tis November ;  
—But that you follow  
You may forget ! "

### "IT NEVER LOOKS LIKE SUMMER"

" It never looks like summer here  
On Beeny by the sea."  
But though she saw its look as drear,  
Summer it seemed to me.

It never looks like summer now  
Whatever weather's there ;  
But ah, it cannot anyhow,  
On Beeny or elsewhere !

BOSCASTLE.

*March 8, 1913.*

### EVERYTHING COMES

" THE house is bleak and cold  
Built so new for me !  
All the winds upon the wold  
Search it through for me ;  
No screening trees abound,  
And the curious eyes around,  
Keep on view for me."

" My Love, I am planting trees  
As a screen for you  
Both from winds, and eyes that tease  
And peer in for you.

## MOMENTS OF VISION

Only wait till they have grown,  
 No such bower will be known  
 As I mean for you."

"Then I will bear it, Love,  
 And will wait," she said.  
 —So, with years, there grew a grove.  
 "Skill how great!" she said.  
 "As you wished, Dear?" — "Yes, I see!  
 But—I'm dying; and for me  
 'Tis too late," she said.

## THE MAN WITH A PAST

THERE was merry-making  
 When the first dart fell  
 As a heralding,—  
 Till grinned the fully bared thing,  
 And froze like a spell—  
 Like a spell.

Innocent was she,  
 Innocent was I,  
 Too simple we!  
 Before us we did not see,  
 Nearing, aught wry—  
 Aught wry!

I can tell it not now,  
 It was long ago;  
 And such things cow;  
 But that is why and how  
 Two lives were so—  
 Were so.

Yes, the years matured,  
 And the blows were three  
 That time ensured  
 On her, which she dumbly endured;  
 And one on me—  
 One on me.

## HE FEARS HIS GOOD FORTUNE

THERE was a glorious time  
At an epoch of my prime ;  
Mornings beryl-bespread,  
And evenings golden-red ;  
    Nothing gray :  
And in my heart I said,  
“ However this chanced to be,  
It is too full for me,  
Too rare, too rapturous, rash,  
Its spell must close with a crash  
    Some day ! ”

The radiance went on  
Anon and yet anon,  
And sweetness fell around  
Like manna on the ground.  
    “ I’ve no claim, ”  
Said I, “ to be thus crowned :  
I am not worthy this :—  
Must it not go amiss ?—  
Well . . . let the end foreseen  
Come duly !—I am serene.”  
    —And it came.

## HE WONDERS ABOUT HIMSELF

NO use hoping, or feeling vexed,  
Tugged by a force above or under  
Like some fantocine, much I wonder  
What I shall find me doing next !

Shall I be rushing where bright eyes be ?  
Shall I be suffering sorrows seven ?  
Shall I be watching the stars of heaven,  
Thinking one of them looks like thee ?

Part is mine of the general Will,  
 Cannot my share in the sum of sources  
 Bend a digit the poise of forces,  
 And a fair desire fulfil?

*Nov. 1893.*

## JUBILATE

"THE very last time I ever was here," he said,  
 "I saw much less of the quick than I saw of the dead."  
 —He was a man I had met with somewhere before,  
 But how or when I now could recall no more.

"The hazy mazy moonlight at one in the morning  
 Spread out as a sea across the frozen snow,  
 Glazed to live sparkles like the great breastplate adorning  
 The priest of the Temple, with Urim and Thummim aglow.

"The yew-tree arms, glued hard to the stiff stark air,  
 Hung still in the village sky as theatre-scenes  
 When I came by the churchyard wall, and halted there  
 At a shut-in sound of fiddles and tambourines.

"And as I stood hearkening, dulcimers, hautboys, and shawms,  
 And violoncellos, and a three-stringed double-bass,  
 Joined in, and were intermixed with a singing of psalms;  
 And I looked over at the dead men's dwelling-place.

"Through the shine of the slippery snow I now could see,  
 As it were through a crystal roof, a great company  
 Of the dead minueting in stately step underground  
 To the tune of the instruments I had before heard sound.

"It was 'Eden New,' and dancing they sang in a chore,  
 'We are out of it all!—yea, in Little-Ease cramped no more!'  
 And their shrouded figures pacing with joy I could see  
 As you see the stage from the gallery. And they had no heed of  
 me.

"And I lifted my head quite dazed from the churchyard wall  
 And I doubted not that it warned I should soon have my call.  
 But—" . . . 'Then in the ashes he emptied the cregs of his cup,  
 And onward he went, and the darkness swallowed him up.

## HE REVISITS HIS FIRST SCHOOL

I SHOULD not have shown in the flesh,  
I ought to have gone as a ghost ;  
It was awkward, unseemly almost,  
Standing solidly there as when fresh,  
    Pink, tiny, crisp-curled,  
    My pinions yet furled  
    From the winds of the world.

After waiting so many a year  
To wait longer, and go as a sprite  
From the tomb at the mid of some night  
Was the right, radiant way to appear ;  
    Not as one wanzing weak  
    From life's roar and reek,  
    His rest still to seek :

Yea, beglumped through the quaint quarried glass  
Of green moonlight, by me greener made,  
When they'd cry, perhaps, "There sits his shade  
In his olden haunt—just as he was  
    When in Walkingame he  
    Conned the grand Rule-of-Three  
    With the bent of a bee."

But to show in the afternoon sun,  
With an aspect of hollow-eyed care,  
When none wished to see me come there,  
Was a garish thing, better undone.  
    Yes ; wrong was the way ;  
    But yet, let me say,  
    I may right it—some day.

## "I THOUGHT, MY HEART"

I THOUGHT, my Heart, that you had healed  
Of those sore smartings of the past,  
And that the summers had oversealed  
    All mark of them at last.

But closely scanning in the night  
 I saw them standing crimson-bright  
     Just as she made them :  
     Nothing could fade them ;  
     Yea, I can swear  
     That there they were—  
     They still were there !

Then the Vision of her who cut them came,  
 And looking over my shoulder said,  
 " I am sure you deal me all the blame  
     For those sharp smarts and red ;  
 But meet me, dearest, to-morrow night,  
 In the churchyard at the moon's half-height,  
     And so strange a kiss  
     Shall be mine, I wis,  
     That you'll cease to know  
     If the wounds you show  
     Be there or no ! "

### FRAGMENT

AT last I entered a long dark gallery,  
 Catacomb-lined ; and ranged at the side  
 Were the bodies of men from far and wide  
 Who, motion past, were nevertheless not dead.

" The sense of waiting here strikes strong ;  
 Everyone's waiting, waiting, it seems to me ;  
 What are you waiting for so long ?—  
 What is to happen ? " I said.

" O we are waiting for one called God," said they,  
 " (Though by some the Will, or Force, or Laws ;  
 And, vaguely, by some, the Ultimate Cause ;)  
 Waiting for him to see us before we are clay.  
 Yes ; waiting, waiting, for God *to know it*." . . .

" To know what ? " questioned I.  
 " To know how things have been going on earth and below it :  
 It is clear he must know some day."  
 I thereon asked them why.

“ Since he made us humble pioneers  
Of himself in consciousness of Life’s tears,  
It needs no mighty prophecy  
To tell that what he could mindlessly show  
His creatures, he himself will know.

“ By some still close-cowled mystery  
We have reached feeling faster than he,  
But he will overtake us anon,  
If the world goes on.”

## MIDNIGHT ON THE GREAT WESTERN

IN the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,  
And the roof-lamp’s oily flame  
Played down on his listless form and face,  
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,  
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy  
Had a ticket stuck ; and a string  
Around his neck bore the key of his box,  
That twinkled gleams of the lamp’s sad beams  
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy  
Towards a world unknown,  
Who calmly, as if incurious quite  
On all at stake, can undertake  
This plunge alone ?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,  
Our rude realms far above,  
Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete  
This region of sin that you find you in,  
But are not of ?



## HONEYMOON TIME AT AN INN

AT the shiver of morning, a little before the false dawn,  
The moon was at the window-square,  
Deedily brooding in deformed decay—  
The curve hewn off her cheek as by an adze ;  
At the shiver of morning a little before the false dawn  
So the moon looked in there.

Her speechless eyeing reached across the chamber,  
Where lay two souls opprest,  
One a white lady sighing, " Why am I sad !"  
To him who sighed back, " Sad, my Love, am I !"  
And speechlessly the old moon conned the chamber,  
And these two reft of rest.

While their large-pupilled vision swept the scene there,  
Nought seeming imminent,  
Something fell sheer, and crashed, and from the floor  
Lay glittering at the pair with a shattered gaze,  
While their large-pupilled vision swept the scene there,  
And the many-eyed thing outleant.

With a start they saw that it was an old-time pier-glass  
Which had stood on the mantel near,  
Its silvering blemished,—yes, as if worn away  
By the eyes of the countless dead who had smirked at it  
Ere these two ever knew that old-time pier-glass  
And its vague and vacant leer.

As he looked, his bride like a moth skimmed forth, and kneeling  
Quick, with quivering sighs,  
Gathered the pieces under the moon's sly ray,  
Unwitting as an automaton what she did ;  
Till he entreated, hasting to where she was kneeling,  
" Let it stay where it lies !"

" Long years of sorrow this means !" breathed the lady  
As they retired. " Alas !"  
And she lifted one pale hand across her eyes.  
" Don't trouble, Love ; it's nothing," the bridegroom said.  
" Long years of sorrow for us !" murmured the lady,  
" Or ever this evil pass !"

And the Spirits Ironie laughed behind the wainscot,  
And the Spirits of Pity sighed.  
“It’s good,” said the Spirits Ironie, “to tickle their minds  
With a portent of their wedlock’s aftergrinds.”  
And the Spirits of Pity sighed behind the wainscot,  
“It’s a portent we cannot abide !  
“More, what shall happen to prove the truth of the portent ?”  
—“Oh ; in brief, they will fade till old,  
And their loves grow numbed ere death, by the cark of care.  
—“But nought see we that asks for portents there ?—  
Tis the lot of all.”—“Well, no less true is a portent  
That it fits all mortal mould.”

### THE ROBIN

WHEN up aloft  
I fly and fly,  
I see in pools  
The shining sky,  
And a happy bird  
Am I, am I !

When I descend  
Towards their brink  
I stand, and look,  
And stoop, and drink,  
And bathe my wings,  
And chink and prink.

When winter frost  
Makes earth as steel  
I search and search  
But find no meal,  
And most unhappy  
Then I feel.

But when it lasts,  
And snows still fall,  
I get to feel  
No grief at all,  
For I turn to a cold stiff  
Feathery ball !

## "I ROSE AND WENT TO ROU'TOR TOWN"

*(She, alone)*

I ROSE and went to Rou'tor Town  
With gaiety and good heart,  
And ardour for the start,  
That morning ere the moon was down  
That lit me off to Rou'tor Town  
With gaiety and good heart.

When sojourn soon at Rou'tor Town  
Wrote sorrows on my face,  
I strove that none should trace  
The pale and gray, once pink and brown,  
When sojourn soon at Rou'tor Town  
Wrote sorrows on my face.

The evil wrought at Rou'tor Town  
On him I'd loved so true  
I cannot tell anew :  
But nought can quench, but nought can drown  
The evil wrought at Rou'tor Town  
On him I'd loved so true !

## THE NETTLES

THIS, then, is the grave of my son,  
Whose heart she won ! And nettles grow  
Upon his mound ; and she lives just below.

How he upbraided me, and left,  
And our lives were cleft, because I said  
She was hard, unfeeling, caring but to wed.

Well, to see this sight I have fared these miles,  
And her firelight smiles from her window there,  
Whom he left his mother to cherish with tender care !

It is enough. I'll turn and go ;  
Yes, nettles grow where lone lies he,  
Who spurned me for seeing what he could not see.

## IN A WAITING-ROOM

ON a morning sick as the day of doom  
With the drizzling gray  
Of an English May,  
There were few in the railway waiting-room.  
About its walls were framed and varnished  
Pictures of liners, fly-blown, tarnished.  
The table bore a Testament  
For travellers' reading, if suchwise bent.

I read it on and on,  
And, thronging the Gospel of Saint John,  
Were figures—additions, multiplications—  
By some one scrawled, with sundry emendations ;  
Not scoffingly designed,  
But with an absent mind,—  
Plainly a bagman's counts of cost,  
What he had profited, what lost ;  
And whilst I wondered if there could have been  
Any particle of a soul  
In that poor man at all,  
To cypher rates of wage  
Upon that printed page,  
There joined in the charmless scene  
And stood over me and the scribbled book  
(To lend the hour's mean hue  
A smear of tragedy too)  
A soldier and wife, with haggard look  
Subdued to stone by strong endeavour ;  
And then I heard  
From a casual word  
They were parting as they believed for ever.

But next there came  
Like the eastern flame  
Of some high altar, children—a pair—  
Who laughed at the fly-blown pictures there.  
“Here are the lovely ships that we,  
Mother, are by and by going to see !  
When we get there it's 'most sure to be fine,  
And the band will play, and the sun will shine !”

It rained on the skylight with a din  
As we waited and still no train came in ;  
But the words of the child in the squalid room  
Had spread a glory through the gloom.

### THE CLOCK-WINDER

It is dark as a cave,  
Or a vault in the nave  
When the iron door  
Is closed, and the floor  
Of the church relaid  
With trowel and spade.

But the parish-clerk  
Cares not for the dark  
As he winds in the tower  
At a regular hour  
The rheumatic clock  
Whose dilatory knock  
You can hear when praying  
At the day's decaying,  
Or at any lone while  
From a pew in the aisle.

Up, up from the ground  
Around and around  
In the turret stair  
He clambers, to where  
The wheelwork is,  
With its tick, click, whizz.  
Reposefully measuring  
Each day to its end  
That mortal men spend  
In sorrowing and pleasuring.  
Nightly thus does he climb  
To the trackway of Time.

Him I followed one night  
To this place without light,  
And, ere I spoke, heard

Him say, word by word,  
At the end of his winding,  
The darkness unminding :—

“ So I wipe out one more,  
My Dear, of the sore  
Sad days that still be,  
Like a drying Dead Sea,  
Between you and me ! ”

Who she was no man knew :  
He had long borne him blind  
To all womankind ;  
And was ever one who  
Kept his past out of view.

## OLD EXCURSIONS

“ WHAT’S the good of going to Ridgeway  
Cerne, or Sydling Mill,  
Or to Yell’ham Hill,  
Blithely bearing Casterbridge-way  
As we used to do ?  
She will no more climb up there,  
Or be visible anywhere  
In those haunts we knew.”

But to-night, while walking weary,  
Near me seemed her shade,  
Come as ’twere to upbraid  
This my mood in deeming drear  
Scenes that used to please ;  
And, if she did come to me,  
Still solicitous, there may be  
Good in going to these.

So, I’ll care to roam to Ridgeway,  
Cerne, or Sydling Mill,  
Or to Yell’ham Hill,  
Blithely bearing Casterbridge-way  
As we used to do.

## MOMENTS OF VISION

Since her phasm may flit out there,  
And may greet me anywhere  
In those haunts we knew.

*April 1913.*

## THE MASKED FACE

I FOUND me in a great surging space.  
At either end a door,  
And I said : " What is this giddy place,  
With no firm-fixéd floor,  
That I knew not of before ? "  
" It is Life," said a mask-clad face.

I asked : " But how do I come here,  
Who never wished to come ;  
Can the light and air be made more clear,  
The floor more quiet some,  
And the doors set wide ? They numb  
Fast-locked, and fill with fear."

The mask put on a bleak smile then,  
And said, " O vassal-wight,  
There once complained a goosequill pen  
To the scribe of the Infinite  
Of the words it had to write  
Because they were past its ken."

## IN A WHISPERING GALLERY

THAT whisper takes the voice  
Of a Spirit's compassionings,  
Close, but invisible,  
And throws me under a spell  
At the kindling vision it brings ;  
And for a moment I rejoice,  
And believe in transcendent things  
That would mould from this muddy earth  
A spot for the splendid birth

Of everlasting lives,  
Whereto no night arrives ;  
And this gaunt gray gallery  
A tabernacle of worth  
On this drab-aired afternoon,  
When you can barely see  
Across its hazed lacune  
If opposite aught there be  
Of fleshed humanity  
Wherewith I may commune ;  
Or if the voice so near  
Be a soul's voice floating here.

## THE SOMETHING THAT SAVED HIM

It was when  
Whirls of thick waters laved me  
Again and again,  
That something arose and saved me ;  
Yea, it was then.

In that day  
Unseeing the azure went I  
On my way,  
And to white winter bent I,  
Knowing no May.

Reft of renown,  
Under the night clouds beating  
Up and down,  
In my needfulness greeting  
Cit and clown.

Long there had been  
Much of a murky colour  
In the scene,  
Dull prospects meeting duller ;  
Nought between.

Last, there loomed  
A closing-in blind alley,



## MOMENTS OF VISION

Though there boomed  
A feeble summons to rally  
Where it gloomed.

The clock rang ;  
The hour brought a hand to deliver ;  
I upsprang,  
And looked back at den, ditch and river,  
And sang.

## THE ENEMY'S PORTRAIT

HE saw the portrait of his enemy, offered  
At auction in a street he journeyed nigh,  
That enemy, now late dead, who in his lifetime  
Had injured deeply him the passer-by.  
"To get that picture, pleased be God, I'll try,  
And utterly destroy it ; and no more  
Shall be inflicted on man's mortal eye  
A countenance so sinister and sore !"

And so he bought the painting. Driving homeward,  
"The frame will come in useful," he declared,  
"The rest is fuel." On his arrival, weary,  
Asked what he bore with him, and how he fared,  
He said he had bid for a picture, though he cared  
For the frame only : on the morrow he  
Would burn the canvas, which could well be spared,  
Seeing that it portrayed his enemy.

Next day some other duty found him busy :  
The foe was laid his face against the wall ;  
But on the next he set himself to loosen  
The straining-strips. And then a casual call  
Prevented his proceeding therewithal ;  
And thus the picture waited, day by day,  
Its owner's pleasure, like a wretched thrall,  
Until a month and more had slipped away.

And then upon a morn he found it shifted,  
Hung in a corner by a servitor.

"Why did you take on you to hang that picture?  
You know it was the frame I bought it for."

"It stood in the way of every visitor,  
And I just hitched it there."—"Well, it must go:  
I don't commemorate men whom I abhor.  
Remind me 'tis to do. The frame I'll stow."

But things become forgotten. In the shadow  
Of the dark corner hung it by its string,  
And there it stayed—once noticed by its owner,  
Who said, "Ah me-- I must destroy that thing!"  
But when he died, there, none remembering,  
It hung, till moved to prominence, as one sees;  
And comers pause and say, examining,  
"I thought they were the bitterest enemies?"

## IMAGININGS

SHE saw herself a lady  
With fifty frocks in wear,  
And rolling wheels, and rooms the best,  
And faithful maidens' care,  
And open lawns and shady  
For weathers warm or drear.

She found herself a striver,  
All liberal gifts debarred,  
With days of gloom, and movements stressed  
And early visions marred,  
And got no man to wive her  
But one whose lot was hard.

Yet in the moony night-time  
She steals to stile and lea  
During his heavy slumberous rest  
When homecome wearily,  
And dreams of some blest bright-time  
She knows can never be.

## ON THE DOORSTEP

THE rain imprinted the step's wet shine  
 With target-circles that quivered and crossed  
 As I was leaving this porch of mine ;  
 When from within there swelled and paused  
     A song's sweet note ;  
 And back I turned, and thought,  
     " Here I'll abide."

The step shines wet beneath the rain,  
 Which prints its circles as heretofore .  
 I watch them from the porch again,  
 But no song-notes within the door  
     Now call to me  
 To shun the dripping lea ;  
 And forth I stride.

*Jan. 1914.*

## SIGNS AND TOKENS

SAID the red-cloaked crone  
 In a whispered moan :

" The dead man was limp  
 When laid in his chest ;  
 Yea, limp ; and why  
 But to signify  
 That the grave will crimp  
 Ere next year's sun  
 Yet another one  
 Of those in that house—  
 It may be the best—  
 For its endless drowse ! "

Said the brown-shawled dame  
 To confirm the same .

" And the slothful flies  
 On the rotting fruit

Have been seen to wear  
While crawling there  
Crape scarves, by eyes  
That were quick and acute ;  
As did those that had pitched  
On the cows by the pails,  
And with flaps of their tails  
Were far away switched."

Said the third in plaid,  
Each word being weighed :

" And trotting does  
In the park, in the lane,  
And just outside  
The shuttered pane,  
Have also been heard—  
Quick feet as light—  
As the feet of a sprite—  
And the wise mind knows  
What things may betide  
When such has occurred."

Cried the black-craped fourth,  
Cold faced as the north :

" O, though giving such  
Some head-room, I smile  
At your falterings  
When noting those things  
Round your domicile !  
For what, what can touch  
One whom, riven of all  
That makes life gay,  
No hints can appal  
Of more takings away !"

## PATHS OF FORMER TIME

NO ; no ;  
 It must not be so :  
 They are the ways we do not go.

Still chew  
 The kine, and moo  
 In the meadows we used to wander through ;

Still purl  
 The rivulets and curl  
 Towards the weirs with a musical swirl ;

Haymakers  
 As in former years  
 Rake rolls into heaps that the pitchfork rears ;

Wheels crack  
 On the turfy track  
 The waggon pursues with its toppling pack.

“ Why then shun—  
 Since summer’s not done—  
 All this because of the lack of one ? ”

Had you been  
 Sharer of that scene  
 You would not ask while it bites in keen

Why it is so  
 We can no more go  
 By the summer paths we used to know !

1913.

## THE CLOCK OF THE YEARS

‘ A spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up.

AND the Spirit said,  
 “ I can make the clock of the years go backward,  
 But am loth to stop it where you will.”  
 And I cried, “ Agreed

To that. Proceed :  
It's better than dead !”

He answered, “Peace” ;  
And called her up—as last before me ;  
Then younger, younger she freshed, to the year  
I first had known  
Her woman-grown,  
And I cried, “Cease !—

“Thus far is good—  
It is enough—let her stay thus always !”  
But alas for me—He shook his head :  
No stop was there ;  
And she waned child fair,  
And to babyhood.

Still less in mien  
To my great sorrow became she slowly,  
And smalled till she was nought at all  
In his checkless griff ;  
And it was as if  
She had never been.

“Better,” I plained,  
“She were dead as before ! The memory of her  
Had lived in me ; but it cannot now !”  
And coldly his voice :  
“It was your choice  
To mar the ordained.”

1916.

## AT THE PIANO

A WOMAN was playing,  
A man looking on ;  
And the mould of her face,  
And her neck, and her hair,  
Which the rays fell upon  
Of the two candles there,  
**Sent** him mentally straying  
In some fancy-place  
Where pain had no trace.

A cowed Apparition  
 Came pushing between ;  
 And her notes seemed to sigh ;  
 And the lights to burn pale,  
 As a spell numbed the scene.  
 But the maid saw no bale,  
 And the man no monition ;  
 And Time laughed awry,  
 And the Phantom hid nigh.

### THE SHADOW ON THE STONE

I WENT by the Druid stone  
 That broods in the garden white and lone,  
 And I stopped and looked at the shifting shadows  
 That at some moments fall thereon  
 From the tree hard by with a rhythmic swing,  
 And they shaped in my imagining  
 To the shade that a well-known head and shoulders  
 Threw there when she was gardening.

I thought her behind my back,  
 Yea, her I long had learned to lack,  
 And I said : " I am sure you are standing behind me,  
 Though how do you get into this old track ? "  
 And there was no sound but the fall of a leaf  
 As a sad response ; and to keep down grief  
 I would not turn my head to discover  
 That there was nothing in my belief.

Yet I wanted to look and see  
 That nobody stood at the back of me ;  
 But I thought once more : " Nay, I'll not unvision  
 A shape which, somehow, there may be."  
 So I went on softly from the glade,  
 And left her behind me throwing her shade,  
 As she were indeed an apparition—  
 My head unturned lest my dream should fade.

*Begun 1913 : finished 1916.*

## IN THE GARDEN

(M. H.)

WE waited for the sun  
To break its cloudy prison  
(For day was not yet done,  
And night still unbegun)  
Leaning by the dial.

After many a trial—  
We all silent there—  
It burst as new-arisen,  
Throwing a shade to where  
Time travelled at that minute.

Little saw we in it,  
But this much I know,  
Of lookers on that shade,  
Her towards whom it made  
Soonest had to go.

1915.

## THE TREE AND THE LADY

I HAVE done all I could  
For that lady I knew! Through the heats I have shaded her,  
Drawn to her songsters when summer has jaded her,  
Home from the heath or the wood.

At the mirth-time of May,  
When my shadow first lured her, I'd donned my new bravery  
Of greenth: 'twas my all. Now I shiver in slavery,  
Icicles grieving me gray.

Plumed to every twig's end  
I could tempt her chair under me. Much did I treasure her  
During those days she had nothing to pleasure her;  
Mutely she used me as friend.



I'm a skeleton now,  
And she's gone, craving warmth. The rime sticks like a skin  
to me ;  
Through me Arcturus peers ; Nor'lights shoot into me ;  
Gone is she, scorning my bough !

### AN UPBRAIDING

Now I am dead you sing to me  
The songs we used to know,  
But while I lived you had no wish  
Or care for doing so.

Now I am dead you come to me  
In the moonlight, comfortless ;  
Ah, what would I have given alive  
To win such tenderness !

When you are dead, and stand to me  
Not differenced, as now,  
But like again, will you be cold  
As when we lived, or how ?

### THE YOUNG GLASS-STAINER

'THESE Gothic windows, how they wear me out  
With cusp and foil, and nothing straight or square,  
Crude colours, leaden borders roundabout,  
And fitting in Peter here, and Matthew there !

"What a vocation ! Here do I draw now  
The abnormal, loving the Hellenic norm ;  
Martha I paint, and dream of Hera's brow,  
Mary, and think of Aphrodite's form."

# LOOKING AT A PICTURE ON AN ANNIVERSARY

BUT don't you know it, my dear,  
 Don't you know it,  
 That this day of the year  
 (What rainbow-rays embow it !)  
 We met, strangers confessed,  
 But parted—blest ?

Though at this query, my dear,  
 There in your frame  
 Unmoved you still appear,  
 You must be thinking the same,  
 But keep that look demure  
 Just to allure.

And now at length a trace  
 I surely vision  
 Upon that wistful face  
 Of old-time recognition,  
 Smiling forth, " Yes, as you say,  
 It is the day. "

For this one phase of you  
 Now left on earth  
 This great date must endue  
 With pulsings of rebirth ?—  
 I see them vitalize  
 Those two deep eyes !

But if this face I con  
 Does not declare  
 Consciousness living on  
 Still in it, little I care  
 To live myself, my dear,  
 Lone-labouring here !

*Spring 1913.*

## THE CHOIRMASTER'S BURIAL

HE often would ask us  
That, when he died,  
After playing so many  
To their last rest,  
If out of us any  
Should here abide,  
And it would not task us,  
We would with our lutes  
Play over him  
By his grave-brim  
The psalm he liked best—  
The one whose sense suits  
"Mount Ephraim"—  
And perhaps we should seem  
To him, in Death's dream,  
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew  
That his spirit was gone  
I thought this his due,  
And spoke thereupon.  
"I think," said the vicar,  
"A read service quicker  
Than viols out-of-doors  
In these frosts and hoars.  
That old-fashioned way  
Requires a fine day,  
And it seems to me  
It had better not be."

Hence, that afternoon,  
Though never knew he  
That his wish could not be,  
To get through it faster  
They buried the master  
Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when  
At the dead of next night

The vicar looked out,  
There struck on his ken  
Thronged roundabout,  
Where the frost was graying  
The headstoned grass,  
A band all in white  
Like the saints in church-glass,  
Singing and playing  
The ancient stave  
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told  
When he had grown old.

## THE MAN WHO FORGOT

AT a lonely cross where bye-roads met  
I sat upon a gate ;  
I saw the sun decline and set,  
And still was fain to wait.

A trotting boy passed up the way  
And roused me from my thought ;  
I called to him, and showed where lay  
A spot I shyly sought.

"A summer-house fair stands hidden where  
You see the moonlight thrown ;  
Go, tell me if within it there  
A lady sits alone.'

He half demurred, but took the track,  
And silence held the scene ;  
I saw his figure rambling back ;  
I asked him if he had been.

"I went just where you said, but found  
No summer-house was there :  
Beyond the slope 'tis all bare ground ;  
Nothing stands anywhere.

"A man asked what my brains were worth ;  
The house, he said, grew rotten,  
And was pulled down before my birth,  
And is almost forgotten !"

My right mind woke, and I stood dumb ;  
Forty years' frost and flower  
Had fled since I'd used to come  
To meet her in that bower.

### WHILE DRAWING IN A CHURCHYARD

"It is sad that so many of worth,  
Still in the flesh," soughed the yew,  
"Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth  
Secludes from view.

"They ride their diurnal round  
Each day-span's sum of hours  
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound  
Or ache like ours.

"If the living could but hear  
What is heard by my roots as they creep  
Round the restful flock, and the things said there  
No one would weep."

" 'Now set among the wise,'  
They say : 'Enlarged in scope,  
That no God trumpet us to rise  
We truly hope ' "

I listened to his strange tale  
In the mood that stillness brings,  
And I grew to accept as the day wore pale  
That show of things.

"FOR LIFE I HAD NEVER CARED GREATLY"

FOR Life I had never cared greatly,  
As wouth a man's while ;  
Peradventures unsought,  
Peradventures that finished in nought,  
Had kept me from youth and through manhood till lately  
Unwon by its style.

In earliest years—why I know not—  
I viewed it askance ;  
Conditions of doubt,  
Conditions that leaked slowly out,  
May haply have bent me to stand and to show not  
Much zest for its dance.

With symphonies soft and sweet colour  
It courted me then,  
Till evasions seemed wrong,  
Till evasions gave in to its song,  
And I warned, until living aloofly loomed duller  
Than life among men.

Anew I found nought to set eyes on,  
When, lifting its hand,  
It uncloaked a star,  
Uncloaked it from fog-damps afar,  
And showed its beams burning from pole to horizon  
As bright as a brand.

And so, the rough highway forgetting,  
I pace hill and dale  
Regarding the sky,  
Regarding the vision on high,  
And thus re-illumed have no humour for letting  
My pilgrimage fail.

## POEMS OF WAR AND PATRIOTISM

### "MEN WHO MARCH AWAY"

(SONG OF THE SOLDIERS)

WHAT of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing gray,  
Leaving all that here can win us ;  
What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away ?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,  
Friend with the musing eye,  
Who watch us stepping by  
With doubt and dolorous sigh ?  
Can much pondering so hoodwink you !  
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,  
Friend with the musing eye ?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,  
Though some may not see—  
Dalliers as they be—  
England's need are we ;  
Her distress would leave us rueing :  
Nay. We well see what we are doing,  
Though some may not see !

In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just,  
And that braggarts must  
Surely bite the dust,

Press we to the field ungrieving,  
In our heart of hearts believing  
    Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us  
    Men who march away  
    Ere the barn-cocks say  
    Night is growing gray,  
Leaving all that here can win us ;  
Hence the faith and fire within us  
    Men who march away.

*September 5, 1914.*

## HIS COUNTRY

I JOURNEYED from my native spot  
    Across the south sea shine,  
And found that people in hall and cot  
Laboured and suffered each his lot  
    Even as I did mine.

He travels  
southward,  
and looks  
around ;

Thus noting them in meads and marts  
    It did not seem to me  
That my dear country with its hearts,  
Minds, yearnings, worse and better parts  
    Had ended with the sea.

and cannot  
discover the  
boundary

I further and further went anon,  
    As such I still surveyed,  
And further yet—yea, on and on,  
And all the men I looked upon  
    Had heart-strings fellow-made.

of his native  
country ;

I traced the whole terrestrial round,  
    Homing the other side ;  
Then said I, "What is there to bound  
My denizenship ? It seems I have found  
    Its scope to be world-wide."

or where  
his duties to  
his fellow-  
creatures end ;



no: who are  
his enemies.

I asked me : " Whom have I to fight,  
And whom have I to dare,  
And whom to weaken, crush, and blight ?  
My country seems to have kept in sight  
On my way everywhere."

1913.

## ENGLAND TO GERMANY IN 1914

" O ENGLAND, may God punish thee !"  
—Is it that Teuton genius flowers  
Only to breathe malignity  
Upon its friend of earlier hours ?  
—We have eaten your bread, you have eaten ours,  
We have loved your burgs, your pines' green moan,  
Fair Rhine-stream, and its storied towers ;  
Your shining souls of deathless dowers  
Have won us as they were our own :

We have nursed no dreams to shed your blood,  
We have matched your might not rancorously  
Save a flushed few whose blatant mood  
You heard and marked as well as we  
To tongue not in their country's key ;  
But yet you cry with face aflame,  
" O England, may God punish thee !"  
And foul in onward history,  
And present sight, your ancient name.

*Autumn 1914.*

## ON THE BELGIAN EXPATRIATION

I DREAMT that people from the Land of Chimes  
Arrived one autumn morning with their bells,  
To hoist them on the towers and citadels  
Of my own country, that the musical rhymes

Rung by them into space at meted times  
Amid the market's daily stir and stress,

And the night's empty star-lit silentness,  
Might solace souls of this and kindred climes.

Then I awoke ; and lo, before me stood  
The visioned ones, but pale and full of fear ;  
From Bruges they came, and Antwerp, and Ostend.

No carillons in their train. Foes of mad mood  
Had shattered these to shards amid the gear  
Of ravaged roof, and smouldering gable-end.

*October 18, 1914.*

## AN APPEAL TO AMERICA ON BEHALF OF THE BELGIAN DESTITUTE

SEVEN millions stand  
Emaciate, in that ancient Delta-land :—  
We here, full-charged with our own maimed and dead  
And coiled in throbbing conflicts slow and sore,  
Can poorly soothe these ails unmerited  
Of souls forlorn upon the facing shore !—  
Where naked, gaunt, in endless band on band  
Seven millions stand.

No man can say  
To your great country that, with scant delay,  
You must, perforce, ease them in their loud need :  
We know that nearer first your duty lies ;  
But—is it much to ask that you let plead  
Your lovingkindness with you—wooing-wise—  
Albeit that aught you owe, and must repay,  
No man can say ?

*December 1914*

## THE PITY OF IT

I WALKED in loamy Wessex lanes, afar  
From rail-track and from highway, and I heard  
In field and farmstead many an ancient word  
Of local lineage like "Thu bist," "Er war,"

"Ich woll," "Er sholl," and by-talk similar,  
 Nigh as they speak who in this month's moon gird  
 At England's very loins, thereunto spurred  
 By gangs whose glory threats and slaughters are.

Then seemed a Heart crying : " Whosoever they be  
 At root and bottom of this, who flung this flame  
 Between kin folk kin tongued even as are we,

" Sinister, ugly, lurid, be their fame ;  
 May their familiars grow to shun their name,  
 And their brood perish everlastingly."

*April 1915.*

## IN TIME OF WARS AND TUMULTS

" WOULD that I'd not drawn breath here !" some one said,  
 " To stalk upon this stage of evil deeds,  
 Where purposelessly month by month proceeds  
 A play so sorely shaped and blood-bespread."

Yet had his spark not quickened, but lain dead  
 To the gross spectacles of this our day,  
 And never put on the proffered cloak of clay,  
 He had but known not things now manifested ;

Life would have swirled the same. Morns would have dawned  
 On the uprooting by the night-gun's stroke  
 Of what the yester noonshine brought to flower ;

Brown martial brows in dying throes have waned  
 Despite his absence ; hearts no fewer been broke  
 By Empery's insatiate lust of power.

1915.

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"<sup>1</sup>

I

ONLY a man harrowing clods  
In a slow silent walk  
With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame  
From the heaps of couch-grass ;  
Yet this will go onward the same  
Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come whispering by :  
War's annals will cloud into night  
Ere their story die.

1915.

CRY OF THE HOMELESS

AFTER THE PRUSSIAN INVASION OF BELGIUM

"INSTIGATOR of the ruin—  
Whichsoever thou mayst be  
Of the masterful of Europe  
That contrived our misery—  
Hear the wormwood-worded greeting  
From each city, shore, and lea  
Of thy victims :  
"Conqueror, all hail to thee !"

<sup>1</sup> Jer. li. 20.

“Yea : ‘All hail !’ we grimly shout thee  
 That wast author, fount, and head  
 Of these wounds, whoever proven  
 When our times are throughly read.  
 ‘May thy loved be slighted, blighted.  
 And forsaken,’ he it said  
 By thy victims,  
 ‘And thy children beg their bread !’

“Nay : a richer malediction !—  
 Rather let this thing befall  
 In time’s hurling and unfurling  
 On the night when comes thy call.  
 That compassion dew thy pillow  
 And bedrench thy senses all  
 For thy victims,  
 Till death dark thee with his pall.

*August 1915.*

## BEFORE MARCHING AND AFTER

*(In Memoriam F. W. G.)*

ORION swung southward aslant  
 Where the starved Egdon pine-trees had thinned,  
 The Pleiads aloft seemed to pant  
 With the heather that twitched in the wind ;  
 But he looked on indifferent to sights such as these,  
 Unswayed by love, friendship, home joy or home sorrow,  
 And wondered to what he would march on the morrow

The crazed household-clock with its whirr  
 Rang midnight within as he stood,  
 He heard the low sighing of her  
 Who had striven from his birth for his good ;  
 But he still only asked the spring starlight, the breeze,  
 What great thing or small thing his history would borrow  
 From that Game with Death he would play on the morrow.

When the heath wore the robe of late summer,  
 And the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,

Hung red by the door, a quick comer  
 Brought tidings that marching was done  
 For him who had joined in that game over-seas  
 Where Death stood to win, though his name was to borrow  
 A brightness therefrom not to fade on the morrow.

*September 1915.*

### "OFTEN WHEN WARRING"

OFTEN when warring for he wist not what,  
 An enemy-soldier, passing by one weak,  
 Has tendered water, wiped the burning cheek,  
 And cooled the lips so black and clammed and hot,

Then gone his way, and maybe quite forgot  
 The deed of grace amid the roar and reek;  
 Yet larger vision than loud arms bespeak  
 He there has reached, although he has known it not.

For natural mindsight, triumphing in the act  
 Over the throes of artificial rage,  
 Has thuswise muffled victory's peal of pride,  
 Rended to ribands policy's specious page  
 That deals but with evasion, code, and pact,  
 And war's apology wholly stultified.

1915.

### THEN AND NOW

WHEN battles were fought  
 With a chivalrous sense of Should and Ought,  
     In spirit men said,  
     "End we quick or dead,  
     Honour is some reward!  
 Let us fight fair—for our own best or worst;  
     So, Gentlemen of the Guard,  
     Fire first!"

In the open they stood,  
 Man to man in his knightlihood:

## MOMENTS OF VISION

They would not deign  
 To profit by a stain  
 On the honourable rules,  
 Knowing that practise perfidy no man durst  
 Who in the heroic schools  
 Was nurst.

But now, behold, what  
 Is warfare wherein honour is not !  
 Rama laments  
 Its dead innocents :  
 Herod breathes : " Sly slaughter  
 Shall rule ! Let us, by modes once called accurst,  
 Overhead, under water,  
 Stab first."

1915.

## A CALL TO NATIONAL SERVICE

UP and be doing, all who have a hand  
 To lift, a back to bend. It must not be  
 In times like these that vaguely linger we  
 To air our vaunts and hopes ; and leave our land

Untended as a wild of weeds and sand.  
 —Say, then, " I come ! " and go, O women and men  
 Of palace, ploughshare, easel, counter, pen ;  
 That scareless, scathless, England still may stand.

Would years but let me stir as once I stirred  
 At many a dawn to take the forward track,  
 And with a stride plunged on to enterprize,

I now would speed like yester wind that whirred  
 Through yielding pines ; and serve with never a slack,  
 So loud for promptness all around outcries !

*March 1917.*

## THE DEAD AND THE LIVING ONE

THE dead woman lay in her first night's grave,  
And twilight fell from the clouds' concave,  
And those she had asked to forgive forgave.

The woman passing came to a pause  
By the heaped white shapes of wreath and cross,  
And looked upon where the other was.

And as she mused there thus spoke she :  
"Never your countenance did I see,  
But you've been a good good friend to me !"

Rose a plaintive voice from the sod below .  
"O woman whose accents I do not know,  
What is it that makes you approve me so ?"

"O dead one, ere my soldier went,  
I heard him saying, with warm intent,  
To his friend, when won by your blandishment :

" ' I would change for that lass here and now !  
And if I return I may break my vow  
To my present Love, and contrive somehow

" ' To call my own this new-found pearl,  
Whose eyes have the light, whose lips the curl  
I always have looked for in a girl !'

"—And this is why that by ceasing to be—  
Though never your countenance did I see—  
You prove you a good good friend to me ;

"And I pray each hour for your soul's repose  
In gratitude for your joining those  
No lover will clasp when his campaigns close."

Away she turned, when arose to her eye  
A martial phantom of gory dye,  
That said, with a thin and far-off sigh :



"O sweetheart, neither shall I clasp you !  
For the foe this day has pierced me through,  
And sent me to where she is. Adieu !—

"And forget not when the night-wind's whine  
Calls over this turf where her limbs recline,  
That it travels on to lament by mine."

There was a cry by the white-flowered mound,  
There was a laugh from underground,  
There was a deeper gloom around.

1915.

## A NEW YEAR'S EVE IN WAR TIME

### I

PHANTASMAL fears,  
And the flap of the flame,  
And the throb of the clock,  
And a loosened slate,  
And the blind night's drone,  
Which tiredly the spectral pines intone .

### II

And the blood in my ears  
Strumming always the same.  
And the gable-cock  
With its fitful grate,  
And myself, alone.

### III

The twelfth hour nears  
Hand-hid, as in shame ;  
I undo the lock,  
And listen, and wait  
For the Young Unknown

## IV

In the dark there careers—  
As if Death astride came  
To numb all with his knock—  
A horse at mad rate  
Over rut and stone.

## V

No figure appears,  
No call of my name,  
No sound but "Tic-toc"  
Without check. Past the gate  
It clatters—is gone.

## VI

What rider it bears  
There is none to proclaim ;  
And the Old Year has struck,  
And, scarce animate.  
The New makes moan.

## VII

Maybe that "More Tears :—  
More Famine and Flame—  
More Severance and Shock !"  
Is the order from Fate  
That the Rider speeds on  
To pale Europe ; and tiredly the pines intone.

1915-1916

"I MET A MAN"

I MET a man when night was nigh,  
Who said, with shining face and eye  
Like Moses' after Sinai :—

"I have seen the Moulder of Monarchies,  
Realms, peoples, plains and hills,

Sitting upon the sunlit seas !—  
 And, as He sat, soliloquies  
 Fell from Him like an antiphonic breeze  
 That pricks the waves to thrills.

“ Meseemed that of the maimed and dead  
 Mown down upon the globe,—  
 Their plenteous blooms of promise shed  
 Ere fruiting-time—His words were said,  
 Sitting against the western web of red  
 Wrapt in His crimson robe.

“ And I could catch them now and then .  
 —‘ Why let these gambling clans  
 Of human Cockers, pit liege men  
 From mart and city, dale and glen,  
 In death-mains, but to swell and swell again  
 Their swollen All-Empery plans,

“ ‘ When a mere nod (if my malign  
 Compeer but passive keep)  
 Would mend that old mistake of mine  
 I made with Saul, and ever consign  
 All Lords of War whose sanctuaries enshrine  
 Liberticide, to sleep?

“ ‘ With violence the lands are spread  
 Even as in Israel’s day,  
 And it repenteth me I bred  
 Chartered armipotents lust-led  
 To feuds. . . . Yea, grieves my heart, as then I said  
 To see their evil way !’

—“ The utterance grew, and flapped like flame,  
 And further speech I feared ;  
 But no Celestial tongued acclaim,  
 And no huzzas from earthlings came,  
 And the heavens mutely masked as ‘twere in shame  
 Till daylight disappeared.”

Thus ended he as night rode high—  
 The man of shining face and eye,  
 Like Moses’ after Sinai.

"I LOOKED UP FROM MY WRITING"

I LOOKED up from my writing,  
And gave a start to see,  
As if rapt in my inditing,  
The moon's full gaze on me.

Her meditative misty head  
Was spectral in its air,  
And I involuntarily said,  
"What are you doing there?"

"Oh, I've been scanning pond and hole  
And waterway hereabout  
For the body of one with a sunken soul  
Who has put his life-light out.

"Did you hear his frenzied tattle?  
It was sorrow for his son  
Who is slain in brutish battle,  
Though he has injured none.

"And now I am curious to look  
Into the blinkered mind  
Of one who wants to write a book  
In a world of such a kind."

Her temper overwrought me,  
And I edged to shun her view,  
For I felt assured she thought me  
One who should drown him too.

## FINALE

### THE COMING OF THE END

How it came to an end !  
The meeting afar from the crowd,  
And the love-looks and laughters unpenned.  
The parting when much was avowed,  
How it came to an end !

It came to an end ;  
Yes, the outgazing over the stream,  
With the sun on each serpentine bend.  
Or, later, the luring moon-gleam ;  
It came to an end.

It came to an end,  
The housebuilding, furnishing, planting,  
As if there were ages to spend  
In welcoming, feasting, and jaunting ,  
It came to an end.

It came to an end,  
That journey of one day a week :  
(" It always goes on," said a friend,  
" Just the same in bright weathers or bleak . ")  
But it came to an end.

" *How* will come to an end  
This orbit so smoothly begun,  
Unless some convulsion attend ? "  
I often said. " What will be done  
When it comes to an end ? "

Well, it came to an end  
Quite silently—stopped without jerk ;  
Better close no prevision could lend ;  
Working out as One planned it should work  
Ere it came to an end.

## AFTERWARDS

WHEN the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous  
stay,

And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,  
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbours say,  
“He was a man who used to notice such things”?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid’s soundless blink,  
The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight  
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,  
“To him this must have been a familiar sigh.”

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,  
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,  
One may say, “He strove that such innocent creatures should  
come to no harm,  
But he could do little for them ; and now he is gone.”

if, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at  
the door,  
Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,  
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,  
“He was one who had an eye for such mysteries”?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,  
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,  
Till they rise again, as they were a new bell’s boom,  
“He hears it not now, but used to notice such things”?



## LATE LYRICS AND EARLIER





## APOLOGY

ABOUT half the verses that follow were written quite lately. The rest are older, having been held over in MS. when past volumes were published, on considering that these would contain a sufficient number of pages to offer readers at one time, more especially during the distractions of the war. The unusually far back poems to be found here are, however, but some that were overlooked in gathering previous collections. A freshness in them, now unattainable, seemed to make up for their inexperience and to justify their inclusion. A few are dated; the dates of others are not discoverable.

The launching of a volume of this kind in neo-Georgian days by one who began writing in mid-Victorian, and has published nothing to speak of for some years, may seem to call for a few words of excuse or explanation. Whether or no, readers may feel assured that a new book is submitted to them with great hesitation at so belated a date. Insistent practical reasons, however, among which were requests from some illustrious men of letters who are in sympathy with my productions, the accident that several of the poems have already seen the light, and that dozens of them have been lying about for years, compelled the course adopted, in spite of the natural disinclination of a writer whose works have been so frequently regarded askance by a pragmatic section here and there, to draw attention to them once more.

I do not know that it is necessary to say much on the contents of the book, even in deference to suggestions that will be mentioned presently. I believe that those readers who

care for my poems at all—readers to whom no passport is required—will care for this new instalment of them, perhaps the last, as much as for any that have preceded them. Moreover, in the eyes of a less friendly class the pieces, though a very mixed collection indeed, contain, so far as I am able to see, little or nothing in technic or teaching that can be considered a Star-Chamber matter, or so much as agitating to a ladies' school; even though, to use Wordsworth's observation in his Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, such readers may suppose "that by the act of writing in verse an author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association: that he not only thus apprises the reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded."

It is true, nevertheless, that some grave, positive, stark, delineations are interspersed among those of the passive, lighter, and traditional sort presumably nearer to stereotyped tastes. For—while I am quite aware that a thinker is not expected, and, indeed, is scarcely allowed, now more than heretofore, to state all that crosses his mind concerning existence in this universe, in his attempts to explain or excuse the presence of evil and the incongruity of penalizing the irresponsible—it must be obvious to open intelligences that, without denying the beauty and faithful service of certain venerable cults, such disallowance of "obstinate questionings" and "blank misgivings" tends to a paralysed intellectual stalemate. Heine observed nearly a hundred years ago that the soul has her eternal rights; that she will not be darkened by statutes, nor lullabied by the music of bells. And what is to-day, in allusions to the present author's pages, alleged to be "pessimism" is, in truth, only such "questionings" in the exploration of reality, and is the first step towards the soul's betterment, and the body's also.

If I may be forgiven for quoting my own old words, let me repeat what I printed in this relation more than twenty years ago, and wrote much earlier, in a poem entitled "In Tenebris":

If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst:

that is to say, by the exploration of reality, and its frank recognition stage by stage along the survey, with an eye to the best

consummation possible: briefly, evolutionary meliorism. But it is called pessimism nevertheless; under which word, expressed with condemnatory emphasis, it is regarded by many as some pernicious new thing (though so old as to underlie the Gospel scheme, and even to permeate the Greek drama); and the subject is charitably left to decent silence, as if further comment were needless.

Happily there are some who feel such Levitical passing-by to be, alas, by no means a permanent dismissal of the matter; that comment on where the world stands is very much the reverse of needless in these disordered years of our prematurely afflicted century: that amendment and not madness lies that way. And looking down the future these few hold fast to the same: that whether the human and kindred animal races survive till the exhaustion or destruction of the globe, or whether these races perish and are succeeded by others before that conclusion comes, pain to all upon it, tongued or dumb, shall be kept down to a minimum by loving-kindness, operating through scientific knowledge, and actuated by the modicum of free will conjecturally possessed by organic life when the mighty necessitating forces—unconscious or other—that have “the balancings of the clouds,” happen to be in equilibrium, which may or may not be often.

To conclude this question I may add that the argument of the so-called optimists is neatly summarized in a stern pronouncement against me by my friend Mr. Frederic Harrison in a late essay of his, in the words: “This view of life is not mine.” The solemn declaration does not seem to me to be so annihilating to the said “view” (really a series of fugitive impressions which I have never tried to co-ordinate) as is complacently assumed. Surely it embodies a too human fallacy quite familiar in logic. Next, a knowing reviewer, apparently a Roman Catholic young man, speaks, with some rather gross instances of the *suggestio falsi* in his whole article, of “Mr. Hardy refusing consolation,” the “dark gravity of his ideas,” and so on. When a Positivist and a Romanist agree there must be something wonderful in it, which should make a poet sit up. But . . . O that ’twere possible!

I would not have alluded in this place or anywhere else to such casual personal criticisms—for casual and unreflecting they must be—but for the satisfaction of two or three friends in whose opinion a short answer was deemed desirable, on account of the continual repetition of these criticisms, or more precisely, quizzings. After all, the serious and truly literary inquiry in this connection is: Should a shaper of such stuff as dreams are made on disregard considerations of what is customary and expected, and apply himself to the real function of poetry, the application of ideas to life (in Matthew Arnold's familiar phrase)? This bears more particularly on what has been called the "philosophy" of these poems—usually reproved as "queer." Whoever the author may be that undertakes such application of ideas in this "philosophic" direction—where it is specially required—glacial judgments must inevitably fall upon him amid opinion whose arbiters largely decry individuality, to whom *ideas* are oddities to smile at, who are moved by a yearning the reverse of that of the Athenian inquirers on Mars Hill; and stiffen their features not only at sound of a new thing, but at a restatement of old things in new terms. Hence should anything of this sort in the following adumbrations seem "queer"—should any of them seem to good Panglossians to embody strange and disrespectful conceptions of this best of all possible worlds, I apologize; but cannot help it.

Such divergences, which, though piquant for the nonce, it would be affectation to say are not saddening and discouraging likewise, may, to be sure, arise sometimes from superficial aspect only, writer and reader seeing the same thing at different angles. But in palpable cases of divergence they arise, as already said, whenever a serious effort is made towards that which the authority I have cited—who would now be called old-fashioned, possibly even parochial—affirmed to be what no good critic could deny as the poet's province, the application of ideas to life. One might shrewdly guess, by the by, that in such recommendation the famous writer may have overlooked the cold-shouldering results upon an enthusiastic disciple that would be pretty certain to follow his putting the high aim in

practice, and have forgotten the disconcerting experience of Gil Blas with the Archbishop.

To add a few more words to what has already taken up too many, there is a contingency liable to miscellanies of verse that I have never seen mentioned, so far as I can remember ; I mean the chance little shocks that may be caused over a book of various character like the present and its predecessors by the juxtaposition of unrelated, even discordant, effusions ; poems perhaps years apart in the making, yet facing each other. An odd result of this has been that dramatic anecdotes of a satirical and humorous intention following verse in graver voice, have been read as misfires because they raise the smile that they were intended to raise, the journalist, deaf to the sudden change of key, being unconscious that he is laughing with the author and not at him. I admit that I did not foresee such contingencies as I ought to have done, and that people might not perceive when the tone altered. But the difficulties of arranging the themes in a graduated kinship of moods would have been so great that irrelation was almost unavoidable with efforts so diverse. I must trust for right note-catching to those finely-touched spirits who can divine without half a whisper, whose intuitiveness is proof against all the accidents of inconsequence. In respect of the less alert, however, should any one's train of thought be thrown out of gear by a consecutive piping of vocal reeds in jarring tonics, without a semiquaver's rest between, and be led thereby to miss the writer's aim and meaning in one out of two contiguous compositions, I shall deeply regret it.

Having at last, I think, finished with the personal points that I was recommended to notice, I will forsake the immediate object of this Preface ; and, leaving *Late Lyrics* to whatever fate it deserves, digress for a few moments to more general considerations. The thoughts of any man of letters concerned to keep poetry alive cannot but run uncomfortably on the precarious prospects of English verse at the present day. Verily the hazards and casualties surrounding the birth and setting forth of almost every modern creation in numbers are

ominously like those of one of Shelley's paper-boats on a windy lake. And a forward conjecture scarcely permits the hope of a better time, unless men's tendencies should change. So indeed of all art, literature, and "high thinking" nowadays. Whether owing to the barbarizing of taste in the younger minds by the dark madness of the late war, the unabashed cultivation of selfishness in all classes, the plethoric growth of knowledge simultaneously with the stunting of wisdom, "a degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation" (to quote Wordsworth again), or from any other cause, we seem threatened with a new Dark Age.

I formerly thought, like other much exercised writers, that so far as literature was concerned a partial cause might be impotent or mischievous criticism; the satirizing of individuality, the lack of whole-seeing in contemporary estimates of poetry and kindred work, the knowingness affected by junior reviewers, the overgrowth of meticulousness in their peerings for an opinion, as if it were a cultivated habit in them to scrutinize the tool-marks and be blind to the building, to hearken for the key-creaks and be deaf to the diapason, to judge the landscape by a nocturnal exploration with a flash-lantern. In other words, to carry on the old game of sampling the poem or drama by quoting the worst line or worst passage only, in ignorance or not of Coleridge's proof that a versification of any length neither can be nor ought to be all poetry; of reading meanings into a book that its author never dreamt of writing there. I might go on interminably.

But I do not now think any such temporary obstructions to be the cause of the hazard, for these negligences and ignorances, though they may have stifled a few true poets in the run of generations, disperse like stricken leaves before the wind of next week, and are no more heard of again in the region of letters than their writers themselves. No: we may be convinced that something of the deeper sort mentioned must be the cause.

In any event poetry, pure literature in general, religion—I include religion, in its essential and undogmatic sense, because poetry and religion touch each other, or rather modulate into each other; are, indeed, often but different names for the same

thing—these, I say, the visible signs of mental and emotional life, must like all other things keep moving, becoming; even though at present, when belief in witches of Endor is displacing the Darwinian theory and “the truth that shall make you free,” men’s minds appear, as above noted, to be moving backwards rather than on. I speak somewhat sweepingly, and should except many thoughtful writers in verse and prose; also men in certain worthy but small bodies of various denominations, and perhaps in the homely quarter where advance might have been the very least expected a few years back—the English Church—if one reads it rightly as showing evidence of “removing those things that are shaken,” in accordance with the wise Epistolary recommendation to the Hebrews. For since the historic and once august hierarchy of Rome some generation ago lost its chance of being the religion of the future by doing otherwise, and throwing over the little band of New Catholics who were making a struggle for continuity by applying the principle of evolution to their own faith, joining hands with modern science, and outflanking the hesitating English instinct towards liturgical restatement (a flank march which I at the time quite expected to witness, with the gathering of many millions of waiting agnostics into its fold); since then, one may ask, what other purely English establishment than the Church, of sufficient dignity and footing, with such strength of old association, such scope for transmutability, such architectural spell, is left in this country to keep the shreds of morality together? \*

It may indeed be a forlorn hope, a mere dream, that of an alliance between religion, which must be retained unless the world is to perish, and complete rationality, which must come, unless also the world is to perish, by means of the interfusing effect of poetry—“the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; the impassioned expression of science,” as it was defined by an English poet who was quite orthodox in his ideas. But if it be true, as Comte argued, that advance is never in a straight line, but in a looped orbit, we may, in the aforesaid ominous moving

\* However, one must not be too sanguine in reading signs, and since the above was written evidence that the Church will go far in the removal of “things that are shaken” has not been encouraging.



backward, be doing it *pour mieux sauter*, drawing back for a spring. I repeat that I forlornly hope so, notwithstanding the supercilious regard of hope by Schopenhauer, von Hartmann, and other philosophers down to Einstein who have my respect. But one dares not prophesy. Physical, chronological, and other contingencies keep me in these days from critical studies and literary circles

Where once we held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art

(if one may quote Tennyson in this century). Hence I cannot know how things are going so well as I used to know them, and the aforesaid limitations must quite prevent my knowing henceforward.

I have to thank the editors and owners of *The Times*, *Fortnightly*, *Mercury*, and other periodicals in which a few of the poems have appeared for kindly assenting to their being reclaimed for collected publication.

T. H.

*February 1922.*

## WEATHERS

### I

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,  
And so do I ;  
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,  
And nestlings fly :  
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,  
And they sit outside at "The Travellers' Rest,"  
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,  
And citizens dream of the south and west,  
And so do I.

### II

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,  
And so do I ;  
When beeches drip in browns and duns,  
And thresh, and ply ;  
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,  
And meadow rivulets overflow,  
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,  
And rooks in families homeward go,  
And so do I.

## THE MAID OF KEINTON MANDEVILLE

(A TRIBUTE TO SIR H. BISHOP)

I HEAR that maiden still  
Of Keinton Mandeville  
Singing, in flights that played

## LATE LYRICS AND EARLIER

As wind-wafts through us ail,  
 Till they made our mood a thrall  
 To their aery rise and fall,  
 "Should he upbraid !"

Rose-necked, in sky-gray gown,  
 From a stage in Stower Town  
 Did she sing, and singing smile  
 As she blent that dexterous voice  
 With the ditty of her choice,  
 And banished our annoys  
 Thereawhile.

One with such song had power  
 To wing the heaviest hour  
 Of him who housed with her.  
 Who did I never knew  
 When her spoused estate ondrewe,  
 And her warble flung its woo  
 In his ear.

Ah, she's a beldame now,  
 Time-trenched on cheek and brow,  
 Whom I once heard as a maid  
 From Keinton Mandeville  
 Of matchless scope and skill  
 Sing, with smile and swell and trill,  
 "Should he upbraid !"

1915 or 1916.

## SUMMER SCHEMES

WHEN friendly summer calls again,  
 Calls again  
 Her little fifers to these hills,  
 We'll go—we two—to that arched fane  
 Of leafage where they prime their bills  
 Before they start to flood the plain  
 With quavers, minims, shakes, and trills.  
 "—We'll go," I sing ; but who shall say  
 What may not chance before that day !

And we shall see the waters spring,  
    Waters spring  
From chinks the scrubby copses crown ;  
And we shall trace their oncreeping  
To where the cascade tumbles down  
And sends the bobbing growths aswing,  
And ferns not quite but almost down.  
    “ ---We shall,” I say ; but who may sing  
Of what another moon will bring !

## EPEISODIA

## I

PAST the hills that peep  
Where the leaze is smiling,  
On and on beguiling  
Crisply-cropping sheep ;  
Under boughs of brushwood  
Linking tree and tree  
In a shade of lushwood,  
    There caressed we !

## II

Hemmed by city walls  
That outshut the sunlight,  
In a foggy dun light,  
Where the footstep falls  
With a pit-pat wearisome  
In its cadency  
On the flagstones drearisome  
    There pressed we !

## III

Where in wild-winged crowds  
Blown birds show their whiteness  
Up against the lightness  
Of the clammy clouds ;  
By the random river  
Pushing to the sea,  
Under bents that quiver  
    There shall rest we.

## FAINTHEART IN A RAILWAY TRAIN

AT nine in the morning there passed a church,  
 At ten there passed me by the sea,  
 At twelve a town of smoke and smirch,  
 At two a forest of oak and birch,  
     And then, on a platform, she :

A radiant stranger, who saw not me.  
 I said, "Get out to her do I dare?"  
 But I kept my seat in my search for a plea,  
 And the wheels moved on. O could it but be  
     That I had alighted there !

## AT MOONRISE AND ONWARDS

I THOUGHT you a fire  
 On Heath-Plantation Hill,  
 Dealing out mischief the most dire  
 To the chattels of men of hire  
     There in their vill.

But by and by  
 You turned a yellow-green,  
 Like a large glow-worm in the sky ;  
 And then I could descry  
     Your mood and mien.

How well I know  
 Your furtive feminine shape !  
 As if reluctantly you show  
 You nude of cloud, and but by favour throw  
     Aside its drape. . . .

—How many a year  
 Have you kept pace with me.  
 Wan Woman of the waste up there  
 Behind a hedge, or the bare  
     Bough of a tree !

No novelty are you,  
O Lady of all my time,  
Veering unbid into my view  
Whether I near Death's mew,  
Or Life's top cyme !

### THE GARDEN SEAT

ITS former green is blue and thin,  
And its once firm legs sink in and in ;  
Soon it will break down unaware,  
Soon it will break down unaware.

At night when reddest flowers are black  
Those who once sat thereon come back ;  
Quite a row of them sitting there,  
Quite a row of them sitting there.

With them the seat does not break down,  
Nor winter freeze them, nor floods drown,  
For they are as light as upper air,  
They are as light as upper air !

### BARTHÉLÉMON AT VAUXHALL

François Hippolite Barthélémon, first-fiddler at Vauxhall Gardens, composed what was probably the most popular morning hymn-tune ever written. It was formerly sung, full-voiced, every Sunday in most churches, to Bishop Ken's words, but is now seldom heard.

HE said : "Awake my soul, and with the sun," . . .  
And paused upon the bridge, his eyes due east,  
Where was emerging like a full-robed priest  
The irradiate globe that vouched the dark as done.

It lit his face—the weary face of one  
Who in the adjacent gardens charged his string,  
Nightly, with many a tuneful tender thing,  
Till stars were weak, and dancing hours outrun.

And then were threads of matin music spun  
 In trial tones as he pursued his way :  
 " This is a morn," he murmured, " well begun :  
 This strain to Ken will count when I am clay ! "

And count it did ; till, caught by echoing lyres,  
 It spread to galleried naves and mighty quires.

### " I SOMETIMES THINK "

(FOR F. E. H.)

I SOMETIMES think as here I sit  
 Of things I have done,  
 Which seemed in doing not unfit  
 To face the sun :  
 Yet never a soul has paused a whit  
 On such—not one.

There was that eager strenuous press  
 To sow good seed ;  
 There was that saving from distress  
 In the nick of need ;  
 There were those words in the wilderness :  
 Who cared to heed ?

Yet can this be full true, or no ?  
 For one did care,  
 And, spiriting into my house, to, fro,  
 Like wind on the stair,  
 Cares still, heeds all, and will, even though  
 I may despair.

### JEZREEL

ON ITS SEIZURE BY THE ENGLISH UNDER ALLENBY,  
 SEPTEMBER 1918

DID they catch as it were in a Vision at shut of the day—  
 When their cavalry smote through the ancient Esdraelon Plain,  
 And they crossed where the Tishbite stood forth in his enemy's  
 way—  
 His gaunt mournful Shade as he bade the King haste off amain ?

On war-men at this end of time—even on Englishmen's eyes—  
 Who slay with their arms of new might in that long-ago place,  
 Flashed he who drove furiously? . . . Ah, did the phantom arise  
 Of that queen, of that proud Tyrian woman who painted her  
 face?

Faintly marked they the words "Throw her down!" from the  
 Night eerily,  
 Spectre-spots of the blood of her body on some rotten wall?  
 And the thin note of pity that came: "A King's daughter is she,"  
 As they passed where she trodden was once by the chargers'  
 footfall?

Could such be the hauntings of men of to-day, at the cease  
 Of pursuit, at the dusk-hour, ere slumber their senses could seal?  
 Enghosted seers, kings—one on horseback who asked "Is it  
 peace?" . . .  
 Yea, strange things and spectral may men have beheld in Jezreel!

*September 24, 1918.*

## A JOG-TROT PAIR

WHO were the twain that trod this track  
 So many times together  
 Hither and back,  
 In spells of certain and uncertain weather?

Commonplace in conduct they  
 Who wandered to and fro here  
 Day by day:  
 Two that few dwellers troubled themselves to know here.

The very gravel-path was prim  
 That daily they would follow:  
 Borders trim:  
 Never a wayward sprout, or hump, or hollow.

Trite usages in tamest style  
 Had tended to their plighting.  
 "It's just worth while,  
 Perhaps," they had said. "And saves much sad good-nighting."



And petty seemed the happenings  
 That ministered to their joyance :  
 Simple things,  
 Onerous to satiate souls, increased their buoyance

Who could those common people be,  
 Of days the plainest, barest ?  
 They were we ;  
 Yes ; happier than the cleverest, smartest, rarest

### “THE CURTAINS NOW ARE DRAWN ”

(SONG)

#### I

THE curtains now are drawn,  
 And the spindrift strikes the glass,  
 Blown up the jagged pass  
 By the surly salt sou'-west,  
 And the sneering glare is gone  
 Behind the yonder crest,  
 While she sings to me :  
 “ O the dream that thou art my Love, be it thine  
 And the dream that I am thy Love, be it mine  
 And death may come, but loving is divine.”

#### II

I stand here in the rain,  
 With its smite upon her stone,  
 And the grasses that have grown  
 Over women, children, men,  
 And their texts that “ Life is vain ; ”  
 But I hear the notes as when  
 Once she sang to me :  
 “ O the dream that thou art my Love, be it thine,  
 And the dream that I am thy Love, be it mine,  
 And death may come, but loving is divine.”

"ACCORDING TO THE MIGHTY WORKING"

I

WHEN moiling seems at cease  
In the vague void of night-time,  
And heaven's wide roomage stormless  
Between the dusk and light-time,  
And fear at last is formless,  
We call the allurements Peace.

II

Peace, this hid riot, Change,  
This revel of quick-cued mumming,  
This never truly being,  
This evermore becoming,  
This spinner's wheel onfleeing  
Outside perception's range.

1917.

I WAS NOT HE"

(SONG)

I WAS not he—the man  
Who used to pilgrim to your gate,  
At whose smart step you grew elate,  
And rosed, as maidens can,  
For a brief span.

It was not I who sang  
Beside the keys you touched so true  
With note-bent eyes, as if with you  
It counted not whence sprang  
The voice that rang. . . .

Yet though my destiny  
It was to miss your early sweet,  
You still, when turned to you my feet,  
Had sweet enough to be  
A prize for me!

## THE WEST-OF-WESSEX GIRL

A VERY West-of-Wessex girl,  
As blithe as blithe could be,  
Was once well-known to me,  
And she would laud her native town,  
And hope and hope that we  
Might sometime study up and down  
Its charms in company.

But never I squired my Wessex girl  
In jaunts to Hoe or street  
When hearts were high in heat,  
Nor saw her in the marbled ways  
Where market-people meet  
That in her bounding early days  
Were friendly with her feet.

Yet now my West-of-Wessex girl,  
When midnight hammers slow  
From Andrew's, blow by blow,  
As phantom draws me by the hand  
To the place—Plymouth Hoe—  
Where side by side in life, as planned,  
We never were to go!

Begun in Plymouth, *March* 1913.

## WELCOME HOME

BACK to my native place  
Bent upon returning,  
Bosom all day burning  
To be where my race  
Well were known, 'twas keen with me  
There to dwell in amity.

Folk had sought their beds,  
But I hailed : to view me  
Under the moon, out to me  
Several pushed their heads,  
And to each I told my name,  
Plans, and that therefrom I came.

"Did you? . . . Ah, 'tis true,"  
Said they, "back a long time,  
Here had spent his young time,  
Some such man as you . . .  
Good-night." The casement closed again,  
And I was left in the frosty lane.

## GOING AND STAYING

## I

'THE moving sun-shapes on the spray,  
The sparkles where the brook was flowing,  
Pink faces, plightings, moonlit May,  
These were the things we wished would stay ;  
But they were going.

## II

Seasons of blankness as of snow,  
'The silent bleed of a world decaying,  
The moan of multitudes in woe,  
These were the things we wished would go  
But they were staying.

## III

Then we looked closelier at Time,  
And saw his ghostly arms revolving  
To sweep off woeful things with prime,  
Things sinister with things sublime  
Alike dissolving.

## READ BY MOONLIGHT

I PAUSED to read a letter of hers  
By the moon's cold shine,  
Eyeing it in the tenderest way,  
And edging it up to catch each ray  
Upon her light-penned line.

## LATE LYRICS AND EARLIER

I did not know what years would flow  
 Of her life's span and mine  
 Ere I read another letter of hers  
 By the moon's cold shine !

I chance now on the last of hers,  
 By the moon's cold shine ;  
 It is the one remaining page  
 Out of the many shallow and sage  
 Whereto she set her sign.  
 Who could foresee there were to be  
 Such missives of pain and pine  
 Ere I should read this last of hers  
 By the moon's cold shine !

## AT A HOUSE IN HAMPSTEAD

SOMETIME THE DWELLING OF JOHN KEATS

O POET, come you haunting here  
 Where streets have stolen up all around,  
 And never a nightingale pours one  
 Full-throated sound ?

Drawn from your drowse by the Seven famed Hills  
 Thought you to find all just the same  
 Here shining, as in hours of old,  
 If you but came ?

What will you do in your surprise  
 At seeing that changes wrought in Rome  
 Are wrought yet more on the misty slope  
 One time your home ?

Will you wake wind-wafts on these stairs ?  
 Swing the doors open noisily ?  
 Show as an umbraged ghost beside  
 Your ancient tree ?

Or will you, softening, the while  
 You further and yet further look,  
 Learn that a laggard few would fain  
 Preserve your nook ? . . .

—Where the Piazza steps incline,  
And catch late light at eventide,  
I once stood, in that Rome, and thought,  
    “’Twas here he died.”

I drew to a violet-sprinkled spot,  
Where day and night a pyramid keeps  
Uplifted its white hand, and said,  
    “’Tis there he sleeps.”

Pleasanter now it is to hold  
That here, where sang he, more of him  
Remains than where he, tuneless, cold,  
    Passed to the dim.

*July 1920.*

### A WOMAN'S FANCY

“AH, Madam ; you’ve indeed come back here ?  
’Twas sad—your husband’s so swift death,  
And you away ! You shouldn’t have left him :  
    It hastened his last breath.”

“ Dame, I am not the lady you think me ;  
I know not her, nor know her name ;  
I’ve come to lodge here—a friendless woman ;  
    My health my only aim.”

She came ; she lodged. Wherever she rambled  
They held her as no other than  
The lady named ; and told how her husband  
    Had died a forsaken man.

So often did they call her thuswise  
Mistakenly, by that man’s name,  
So much did they declare about him,  
    That his past form and fame

Grew on her, till she pitied his sorrow  
As if she truly had been the cause—  
Yea, his deserter ; and came to wonder  
    What mould of man he was.

"Tell me my history!" would exclaim she;  
 "Our history," she said mournfully.  
 "But *you* know, surely, Ma'am?" they would answer  
 Much in perplexity.

Curious, she crept to his grave one evening,  
 And a second time in the dusk of the morrow;  
 Then a third time, with crescent emotion  
 Like a bereaved wife's sorrow.

No gravestone rose by the rounded hillock;  
 —"I marvel why this is?" she said.  
 —"He had no kindred, Ma'am, but you near."  
 —She set a stone at his head.

She learnt to dream of him, and told them:  
 "In slumber often uprises he,  
 And says: 'I am joyed that, after all, Dear,  
 You've not deserted me!'"

At length died too this kinless woman,  
 As he had died she had grown to crave;  
 And at her dying she besought them  
 To bury her in his grave.

Such said, she had paused; until she added:  
 "Call me by his name on the stone,  
 As I were, first to last, his dearest,  
 Not she who left him lone!"

And this they did. And so it became there  
 That, by the strength of a tender whim,  
 The stranger was she who bore his name there,  
 Not she who wedded him.

## HER SONG

I SANG that song on Sunday,  
 To witch an idle while,  
 I sang that song on Monday,  
 As fittest to beguile:

I sang it as the year outwore,  
    And the new slid in ;  
I thought not what might shape before  
    Another would begin.

I sang that song in summer,  
    All unforeknowingly,  
To him as a new-comer  
    From regions strange to me :  
I sang it when in afteryears  
    The shades stretched out,  
And paths were faint ; and flocking fears  
    Brought cup-eyed care and doubt.

Sings he that song on Sundays  
    In some dim land afar,  
On Saturdays, or Mondays,  
    As when the evening star  
Glimpsed in upon his bending face,  
    And my hanging hair,  
And time untouched me with a trace  
    Of soul-smart or despair ?

### A WET AUGUST

NINE drops of water bead the jessamine,  
And nine-and-ninety smear the stones and tiles :  
—'Twas not so in that August—full-rayed, fine—  
When we lived out-of-doors, sang songs, strode miles.

Or was there then no noted radiancy  
Of summer ? Were dun clouds, a dribbling bough,  
Gilt over by the light I bore in me,  
And was the waste world just the same as now ?

It can have been so : yea, that threatenings  
Of coming down-drip on the sunless gray,  
By the then golden chances seen in things  
Were wrought more bright than brightest skies to-day.



## THE DISSEMBLERS

"It was not you I came to please,  
Only myself," flipped she ;  
"I like this spot of phantasies,  
And thought you far from me."  
But O, he was the secret spell  
That led her to the lea !

"It was not she who shaped my ways,  
Or works, or thoughts," he said.  
"I scarcely marked her living days,  
Or missed her much when dead."  
But O, his joyance knew its knell  
When daisies hid her head !

TO A LADY PLAYING AND SINGING IN  
THE MORNING

JOYFUL lady, sing !  
And I will lurk here listening,  
Though nought be done, and nought begun,  
And work-hours swift are scurrying.

Sing, O lady, still !  
Aye, I will wait each note you trill,  
Though duties due that press to do  
This whole day long I unfulfil.

"—It is an evening tune ;  
One not designed to waste the noon,"  
You say. I know : time bids me go—  
For daytide passes too, too soon !

But let indulgence be,  
This once, to my rash ecstasy :  
When sounds nowhere that carolled air  
My idled morn may comfort me !

'A MAN WAS DRAWING NEAR TO ME'

ON that gray night of mournful drone,  
 Apart from aught to hear, to see,  
 I dreamt not that from shires unknown  
     In gloom, alone,  
     By Halworthy,  
 A man was drawing near to me.

I'd no concern at anything,  
 No sense of coming pull-heart play;  
 Yet, under the silent outspreading  
     Of even's wing  
     Where Otterham lay,  
 A man was riding up my way.

I thought of nobody—not of one,  
 But only of trifles—legends, ghosts—  
 Though, on the moorland dim and dun  
     That travellers shun  
     About these coasts,  
 The man had passed Tresparret Posts.

There was no light at all inland,  
 Only the seaward pharos-fire,  
 Nothing to let me understand  
     That hard at hand  
     By Hennett Byre  
 The man was getting nigh and nigher.

There was a rumble at the door,  
 A draught disturbed the drapery,  
 And but a minute passed before,  
     With gaze that bore  
     My destiny,  
 The man revealed himself to me.

THE STRANGE HOUSE

(MAX GATE, A.D. 2000)

"I HEAR the piano playing—  
     Just as a ghost might play."  
 "—O, but what are you saying?  
     There's no piano to-day;

Their old one was sold and broken :

Years past it went amiss."

"—I heard it, or shouldn't have spoken :

A strange house, this !

" I catch some undertone here,  
From some one out of sight."

"—Impossible ; we are alone here,  
And shall be through the night."

"—The parlour-door—what stirred it ?"

"—No one : no soul's in range."

"—But, anyhow, I heard it,  
And it seems strange !

"Seek my own room I cannot—  
A figure is on the stair !"

"—What figure ? Nay, I scan not  
Any one lingering there.

A bough outside is waving,

And that's its shade by the moon."

"—Well, all is strange ! I am craving  
Strength to leave soon."

"—Ah, maybe you've some vision  
Of showings beyond our sphere ;  
Some sight, sense, intuition

Of what once happened here ?

The house is old ; they've hinted

It once held two love-thralls,

And they may have imprinted

Their dreams on its walls ?

"They were—I think 'twas told me—

Queer in their works and ways ;

The teller would often hold me

With weird tales of those days.

Some folk can not abide here,

But we—we do not care

Who loved, laughed, wept, or died here,

Knew joy, or despair."

"AS 'TWERE TO-NIGHT"

(SONG)

As 'twere to-night, in the brief space  
 Of a far eventime,  
 My spirit rang achime  
 At vision of a girl of grace ;  
 As 'twere to-night, in the brief space  
 Of a far eventime.

As 'twere at noontide of to-morrow  
 I airily walked and talked,  
 And wondered as I walked  
 What it could mean, this soar from sorrow ;  
 As 'twere at noontide of to-morrow  
 I airily walked and talked.

As 'twere at waning of this week  
 Broke a new life on me ;  
 Trancings of bliss to be  
 In some dim dear land soon to seek ;  
 As 'twere at waning of this week  
 Broke a new life on me !

THE CONTRETEMPS

A FORWARD rush by the lamp in the gloom,  
 And we clasped, and almost kissed ;  
 But she was not the woman whom  
 I had promised to meet in the thawing brume  
 On that harbour-bridge ; nor was I he of her tryst.

So loosening from me swift she said :  
 "O why, why feign to be  
 The one I had meant !—to whom I have sped  
 To fly with, being so sorrily wed !"  
 —'Twas thus and thus that she upbraided me.

My assignation had struck upon  
Some others' like it, I found.  
And her lover rose on the night anon ;  
And then her husband entered on  
The lamplit, snowflaked, sloppiness around.

"Take her and welcome, man !" he cried  
"I wash my hands of her.  
I'll find me twice as good a bride !"  
—All this to me, whom he had eyed,  
Plainly, as his wife's planned deliverer.

And next the lover : "Little I knew,  
Madam, you had a third !  
Kissing here in my very view !"  
—Husband and lover then withdrew.  
I let them ; and I told them not they erred.

Why not ? Well, there faced she and I—  
Two strangers who'd kissed, or near,  
Chancewise. To see stand weeping by  
A woman once embraced, will try  
The tension of a man the most austere.

So it began ; and I was young,  
She pretty, by the lamp,  
As flakes came waltzing down among  
The waves of her clinging hair, that hung  
Heavily on her temples, dark and damp.

And there alone still stood we two ;  
She one cast off for me,  
Or so it seemed : while night on drew,  
Forcing a parley what should do  
We twain hearts caught in one catastrophe.

In stranded souls a common strait  
Wakes latencies unknown,  
Whose impulse may precipitate  
A life-long leap. The hour was late,  
And there was the Jersey boat with its funnel agroan

"Is wary walking worth much pother?"  
 It grunted, as still it stayed.  
 "One pairing is as good as another  
 Where all is venture! Take each other,  
 And scrap the oaths that you have aforetime made."

—Of the four involved there walks but one  
 On earth at this late day.  
 And what of the chapter so begun?  
 In that odd complex what was done?  
 Well; happiness comes in full to none:  
 Let peace lie on lulled lips: I will not say.

WEYMOUTH.

# A GENTLEMAN'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF AND A LADY, WHO WERE BURIED TOGETHER

I DWELT in the shade of a city,  
 She far by the sea,  
 With folk perhaps good, gracious, witty;  
 But never with me.

Her form on the ballroom's smooth flooring  
 I never once met,  
 To guide her with accents adoring  
 Through Weippert's "First Set."<sup>1</sup>

I spent my life's seasons with pale ones  
 In Vanity Fair,  
 And she enjoyed hers among hale ones  
 In salt-smelling air.

Maybe she had eyes of deep colour,  
 Maybe they were blue,  
 Maybe as she aged they got duller;  
 That never I knew.

<sup>1</sup> Quadrilles danced early in the nineteenth century.

She may have had lips like the coral,  
But I never kissed them,  
Saw pouting, nor curling in quarrel,  
Nor sought for, nor missed them.

Not a word passed of love all our lifetime,  
Between us, nor thrill ;  
We'd never a husband-and-wife time,  
For good or for ill.

Yet as one dust, through bleak days and vernal  
Lie I and lies she,  
This never-known lady, eternal  
Companion to me !

### THE OLD GOWN

(SONG)

I HAVE seen her in gowns the brightest,  
Of azure, green, and red,  
And in the simplest, whitest,  
Muslined from heel to head ;  
I have watched her walking, riding,  
Shade-flecked by a leafy tree,  
Or in fixed thought abiding  
By the foam-fingered sea.

In woodlands I have known her,  
When boughs were mourning loud,  
In the rain-reek she has shown her  
Wild-haired and watery-browed.  
And once or twice she has cast me  
As she pumped along the street  
Court-clad, ere quite she had passed me,  
A glance from her chariot-seat.

But in my memoried passion  
For evermore stands she  
In the gown of fading fashion  
She wore that night when we,

Doomed long to part, assembled  
 In the snug small room ; yea, when  
 She sang with lips that trembled,  
 " Shall I see his face again ? "

## A NIGHT IN NOVEMBER ~

I MARKED when the weather changed,  
 And the panes began to quake,  
 And the winds rose up and ranged,  
 That night, lying half-awake.

Dead leaves blew into my room,  
 And alighted upon my bed,  
 And a tree declared to the gloom  
 Its sorrow that they were shed.

One leaf of them touched my hand,  
 And I thought that it was you  
 There stood as you used to stand,  
 And saying at last you knew !

(?) 1913.

## A DUETTIST TO HER PIANOFORTE

## SONG OF SILENCE

(E. L. H.—H. C. H.)

SINCE every sound moves memories,  
 How can I play you  
 Just as I might if you raised no scene,  
 By your ivory rows, of a form between  
 My vision and your time-worn sheen,  
 As when each day you  
 Answered our fingers with ecstasy ?  
 So it's hushed, ~~hushed~~, hushed, you are for me !



And as I am doomed to counterchord  
     Her notes no more  
 In those old things I used to know,  
 In a fashion, when we practised so,  
 "Good-night!—Good-bye!" to your pleated show  
     Of silk, now hoar,  
 Each nodding hammer, and pedal and key,  
 For dead, dead, dead, you are to me!

I fain would second her, strike to her stroke,  
     As when she was by,  
 Aye, even from the ancient clamorous "Fall  
 Of Paris," or "Battle of Prague" withal,  
 To the "Roving Minstrels," or "Elfin Call"  
     Sung soft as a sigh:  
 But upping ghosts press achefully,  
 And mute, mute, mute, you are for me!

Should I fling your polyphones, plaints, and quavers  
     Afresh on the air,  
 Too quick would the small white shapes be here  
 Of the fellow twain of hands so dear;  
 And a black-tressed profile, and pale smooth ear;  
     —Then how shall I bear  
 Such heavily-haunted harmony?  
 Nay: hushed, hushed, hushed, you are for me!

### "WHERE THREE ROADS JOINED"

WHERE three roads joined it was green and fair,  
 And over a gate was the sun-glazed sea,  
 And life laughed sweet when I halted there;  
 Yet there I never again would be.

I am sure those branchways are brooding now,  
 With a wistful blankness upon their face,  
 While the few mute passengers notice how  
 Spectre-beridden is the place;

Which nightly sighs like a laden soul,  
And grieves that a pair, in bliss for a spell  
Not far from thence, should have let it roll  
Away from them down a plumbless well

While the phasm of him who fared starts up,  
And of her who was waiting him sobs from near  
As they haunt there and drink the wormwood cup  
They filled for themselves when their sky was clear.

Yes, I see those roads—now rutted and bare,  
While over the gate is no sun-glazed sea ;  
And though life laughed when I halted there,  
It is where I never again would be.

## "AND THERE WAS A GREAT CALM"

(ON THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE, NOV. 11, 1918)

### I

THERE had been years of Passion—scorching, cold,  
And much Despair, and Anger heaving high,  
Care whitely watching, Sorrows manifold,  
Among the young, among the weak and old,  
And the pensive Spirit of Pity whispered, "Why?"

### II

Men had not paused to answer. Foes distraught  
Pierced the thinned peoples in a brute-like blindness,  
Philosophies that sages long had taught,  
And Selflessness, were as an unknown thought,  
And "Hell!" and "Shell!" were yapped at Lovingkindness.

### III

The feeble folk at home had grown full-used  
To "dug-outs," "snipers," "Huns," from the war-adept  
In the mornings heard, and at evetides perused ;  
To day-dreamt men in millions, when they mused—  
To nightmare-men in millions when they slept.

## IV

Waking to wish existence timeless, null,  
Sirius they watched above where armies fell ;  
He seemed to check his flapping when, in the lull  
Of night a boom came thencewise, like the dull  
Plunge of a stone dropped into some deep well.

## V

So, when old hopes that earth was bettering slowly  
Were dead and damned, there sounded " War is done ! "  
One morrow. Said the bereft, and meek, and lowly,  
" Will men some day be given to grace ? yea, wholly,  
And in good sooth, as our dreams used to run ? "

## VI

Breathless they paused. Out there men raised their glance  
To where had stood those poplars lank and lopped,  
As they had raised it through the four years' dance  
Of Death in the now familiar flats of France ;  
And murmured, " Strange, this ! How ? All firing stopped ? "

## VII

Aye ; all was hushed. The about-to-fire fired not,  
The aimed-at moved away in trance-lipped song.  
One checkless regiment slung a clinching shot  
And turned. The Spirit of Irony smirked out, " What ?  
Spoil peradventures woven of Rage and Wrong ? "

## VIII

Thenceforth no flying fires inflamed the gray,  
No hurtlings shook the dewdrop from the thorn,  
No moan perplexed the mute bird on the spray ;  
Worn horses mused : " We are not whipped to-day " ;  
No weft-winged engines blurred the moon's thin horn.

## IX

Calm fell. From Heaven distilled a clemency ;  
There was peace on earth, and silence in the sky ;  
Some could, some could not, shake off misery :  
The Sinister Spirit sneered : " It had to be ! "  
And again the Spirit of Pity whispered, " Why ? "

## HAUNTING FINGERS

## A PHANTASY IN A MUSEUM OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

"ARE you awake,  
Comrades, this silent night?  
Well 'twere if all of our glossy gluey make  
Lay in the damp without, and fell to fragments quite!"

"O viol, my friend,  
I watch, though Phosphor nears,  
And I fain would drowse away to its utter end  
This dumb dark stowage after our loud melodious years!"

And they felt past handlers clutch them,  
Though none was in the room,  
Old players' dead fingers touch them,  
Shrunk in the tomb.

"'Cello, good mate,  
You speak my mind as yours:  
Doomed to this voiceless, crippled, corpselike state,  
Who, dear to famed Amphion, trapped here, long endures?"

"Once I could thrill  
The populace through and through,  
Wake them to passioned pulsings past their will." . . .  
(A contra-basso spake so, and the rest sighed anew.)

And they felt old muscles travel  
Over their tense contours,  
And with long skill unravel  
Cunningest scores.

"The tender pat  
Of her aery finger-tips  
Upon me daily—I rejoiced thereat!"  
(Thuswise a harpsicord, as 'twere from dampered lips.)

"My keys' white shine,  
Now fallow, met a hand  
Even whiter. . . . Tones of hers fell forth with mine  
In sowings of sound so sweet no lover could withstand!"

And its clavier was filmed with fingers  
Like tapering flames—wan, cold---  
Or the nebulous light that lingers  
In charnel mould.

“Gayer than most  
Was I,” reverbed a drum ;  
“The regiments, marchings, throngs, hurrahs! What a host  
I stirred—even when crape muffings gagged me well-nigh dumb’

Trilled an aged viol :  
“Much tune have I set free  
To spur the dance, since my first timid trial  
Where I had birth – far hence, in sun-swept Italy !”

And he feels apt touches on him  
From those that pressed him then ;  
Who seem with their glance to con him,  
Saying, “Not again !”

“A holy calm,”  
Mourned a shawm’s voice subdued,  
“Steeped my Cecilian rhythms when hymn and psalm  
Poured from devout souls met in Sabbath sanctitude.”

“I faced the sock  
Nightly,” twanged a sick lyre,  
“Over ranked lights ! O charm of life in mock,  
O scenes that fed love, hope, wit, rapture, mirth, desire !”

Thus they, till each past player  
Stroked thinner and more thin,  
And the morning sky grew grayer  
And day crawled in.

## THE WOMAN I MET

A STRANGER, I threaded sunken-hearted  
A lamp lit crowd ;  
And anon there passed me a soul departed  
Who mutely bowed.

In my far-off youthful years I had met her,  
Full-pulsed ; but now, no more life's debtor,  
    Onward she slid  
In a shroud that furs half-hid.

“ Why do you trouble me, dead woman,  
    Trouble me ;  
You whom I knew when warm and human ?  
    —How it be  
That you quitted earth and are yet upon it  
Is, to any who ponder on it,  
    Past being read ! ”  
“ Still, it is so,” she said.

“ These were my haunts in my olden sprightly  
    Hours of breath ;  
Here I went tempting frail youth nightly  
    To their death ;  
But you deemed me chaste—me, a tinselled sinner !  
How thought you one with pureness in her  
    Could pace this street  
    Eyeing some man to greet ?

“ Well ; your very simplicity made me love you  
    Mid such town dross,  
Till I set not Heaven itself above you,  
    Who grew my Cross ;  
For you'd only nod, despite how I sighed for you ;  
So you tortured me, who fain would have died for you !  
    —What I suffered then  
    Would have paid for the sins of ten !

“ Thus went the days. I feared you despised me  
    To fling me a nod  
Each time, no more : till love chastised me  
    As with a rod  
That a fresh bland boy of no assurance  
Should fire me with passion beyond endurance,  
    While others all  
I hated, and loathed their call.

“ I said : ‘ It is his mother's spirit  
    Hovering around

To shield him, maybe !' I used to fear it,  
As still I found  
My beauty left no least impression,  
And remnants of pride withheld confession  
Of my true trade  
By speaking ; so I delayed.

" I said : ' Perhaps with a costly flower  
He'll be beguiled.'  
I held it, in passing you one late hour,  
To your face : you smiled,  
Keeping step with the throng ; though you did not see there  
A single one that rivalled me there ! . . .  
Well : it's all past.  
I died in the Lock at last."

So walked the dead and I together  
The quick among,  
Elbowing our kind of every feather  
Slowly and long ;  
Yea, long and slowly. That a phantom should stalk there  
With me seemed nothing strange, and talk there  
That winter night  
By flaming jets of light.

She showed me Juans who feared their call-time,  
Guessing their lot ;  
She showed me her sort that cursed their fall-time,  
And that did not.  
Till suddenly murmured she : " Now, tell me,  
Why asked you never, ere death befell me,  
To have my love,  
Much as I dreamt thereof?"

I could not answer. And she, well weeting  
All in my heart,  
Said : " God your guardian kept our fleeting  
Forms apart ! "  
Sighing and drawing her furs around her  
Over the shroud that tightly bound her,  
With wafts as from clay  
She turned and thinned away.

"IF IT'S EVER SPRING AGAIN"

(SONG)

If it's ever spring again,  
     Spring again,  
 I shall go where went I when  
 Down the moor-cock splashed, and hen,  
 Seeing me not, amid their flounder,  
 Standing with my arm around her;  
 If it's ever spring again,  
     Spring again,  
 I shall go where went I then.

If it's ever summer-time,  
     Summer-time,  
 With the hay crop at the prime,  
 And the cuckoos—two—in rhyme,  
 As they used to be, or seemed to,  
 We shall do as long we've dreamed to,  
 If it's ever summer-time,  
     Summer-time,  
 With the hay, and bees achime.

THE TWO HOUSES

IN the heart of night,  
 When farers were not near,  
 The left house said to the house on the right,  
 "I have marked your rise, O smart newcomer here."

Said the right, cold-eyed:  
 "Newcomer here I am,  
 Hence haler than you with your cracked old hide,  
 Loose casements, wormy beams, and doors that jam.

"Modern my wood,  
 My hangings fair of hue;  
 While my windows open as they should,  
 And water-pipes thread all my chambers through.



“Your gear is gray,  
Your face wears furrows untold.”  
“—Yours might,” mourned the other, “if you held, brother,  
The Presences from aforetime that I hold.

“You have not known  
Men’s lives, deaths, toils, and teens ;  
You are but a heap of stick and stone :  
A new house has no sense of the have-beens.

“Void as a drum  
You stand : I am packed with these,  
Though, strangely, living dwellers who come  
See not the phantoms all my substance sees !

“Visible in the morning  
Stand they, when dawn drags in ;  
Visible at night ; yet hint or warning  
Of these thin elbowers few of the inmates win.

“Babes new-brought-forth  
Obsess my rooms ; straight-stretched  
Lank corpses, ere outborne to earth ;  
Yea, throng they as when first from the Byss upfetched.

“Dancers and singers  
Throb in me now as once ;  
Rich-noted throats and gossamered flingers  
Of heels ; the learned in love-lore and the dunce.

“Note here within  
The bridegroom and the bride,  
Who smile and greet their friends and kin,  
And down my stairs depart for tracks untried.

“Where such inbe,  
A dwelling’s character  
Takes theirs, and a vague semblancy  
To them in all its limbs, and light, and atmosphere.

“Yet the blind folk  
My tenants, who come and go  
In the flesh mid these, with souls unwoke,  
Of such sylph-like surrounders do not know.”

“—Will the day come,”  
Said the new one, awestruck, faint,  
“When I shall lodge shades dim and dumb—  
And with such spectral guests become acquaint?”

“—That will it, boy ;  
Such shades will people thee,  
Each in his misery, irk, or joy,  
And print on thee their presences as on me.”

### ON STINSFORD HILL AT MIDNIGHT

I GLIMPSED a woman's muslined form  
Sing-singing airily  
Against the moon ; and still she sang,  
And took no heed of me.

Another trice, and I beheld  
What first I had not scanned,  
That now and then she tapped and shook  
A timbrel in her hand.

So late the hour, so white her drape,  
So strange the look it lent  
To that blank hill, I could not guess  
What phantastry it meant.

Then burst I forth : “Why such from you?  
Are you so happy now?”  
Her voice swam on ; nor did she show  
Thought of me anyhow.

I called again : “Come nearer ; much  
That kind of note I need !”  
The song kept softening, loudening on,  
In placid calm unheed.

“What home is yours now ?” then I said  
“You seem to have no care.”  
But the wild wavering tune went forth  
As if I had not been there.

"This world is dark, and where you are,"  
 I said, "I cannot be!"  
 But still the happy one sang on,  
 And had no heed of me.

NOTE.—It was said that she belonged to a body of religious enthusiasts.

## THE FALLOW DEER AT THE LONELY HOUSE

ONE without looks in to-night  
 Through the curtain-chink  
 From the sheet of glistening white;  
 One without looks in to-night  
 As we sit and think  
 By the fender-brink.

We do not discern those eyes  
 Watching in the snow;  
 Lit by lamps of rosy dyes  
 We do not discern those eyes  
 Wondering, aglow,  
 Fourfooted, tiptoe.

## THE SELFSAME SONG

A BIRD sings the selfsame song,  
 With never a fault in its flow,  
 That we listened to here those long  
 Long years ago.

A pleasing marvel is how  
 A strain of such rapturous rote  
 Should have gone on thus till now  
 Unchanged in a note!

—But it's not the selfsame bird.—  
 No: perished to dust is he. . . .  
 As also are those who heard  
 That song with me.

## THE WANDERER

THERE is nobody on the road  
But I,  
And no beseeeming abode  
I can try  
For shelter, so abroad  
I must lie.

The stars feel not far up,  
And to be  
The lights by which I sup  
Glimmeringly,  
Set out in a hollow cup  
Over me.

They wag as though they were  
Panting for joy  
Where they shine, above all care.  
And annoy,  
And demons of despair—  
Life's alloy.

Sometimes outside the fence  
Feet swing past,  
Clock-like, and then go hence,  
Till at last  
There is a silence, dense,  
Deep, and vast.

A wanderer, witch-drawn  
To and fro,  
To-morrow, at the dawn,  
On I go,  
And where I rest anon  
Do not know !

Yet it's meet—this bed of hay  
And roofless plight ;  
For there's a house of clay,  
My own, quite,  
To roof me soon, all day  
And all night.

## A WIFE COMES BACK

THIS is the story a man told me  
Of his life's one day of dreamery.

A woman came into his room  
Between the dawn and the creeping day.  
She was the years-wed wife from whom  
He had parted, and who lived far away,  
As if strangers they.

He wondered, and as she stood  
She put on youth in her look and air,  
And more was he wonderstruck as he viewed  
Her form and flesh bloom yet more fair  
While he watched her there ;

Till she freshed to the pink and brown  
That were hers on the night when first they met  
When she was the charm of the idle town,  
And he the pick of the club-fire set. . . .  
His eyes grew wet,

And he stretched his arms : " Stay—rest !—  
He cried. " Abide with me so, my own ! "  
But his arms closed in on his hard bare breast ;  
She had vanished with all he had looked upon  
Of her beauty : gone.

He clothed, and drew downstairs,  
But she was not in the house, he found ;  
And he passed out under the leafy pairs  
Of the avenue elms, and searched around  
To the park-pale bound.

He mounted, and rode till night  
To the city to which she had long withdrawn,  
The vision he bore all day in his sight  
Being her young self as pondered on  
In the dim of dawn.

“—The lady here long ago—  
Is she now here?—young—or such age as she is?”  
“—She is still here.”—“Thank God. Let her know;  
She’ll pardon a comer so late as this  
Whom she’d fain not miss.”

She received him—an ancient dame,  
Who hemmed, with features frozen and numb,  
“How strange!—I’d almost forgotten your name!—  
A call just now—is troublesome;  
Why did you come?”

### A YOUNG MAN’S EXHORTATION

CALL off your eyes from care  
By some determined deftness; put forth joys  
Dear as excess without the core that cloy,  
And charm Life’s lourings fair.

Exalt and crown the hour  
That girdles us, and fill it full with glee,  
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be  
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains  
That limitless recruits from Fancy’s pack  
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back  
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?  
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,  
And that men moment after moment die,  
Of all scope dispossess.

If I have seen one thing  
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;  
That aspects are within us; and who seems  
Most kingly is the King.

## AT LULWORTH COVE A CENTURY BACK

HAD I but lived a hundred years ago  
 I might have gone, as I have gone this year,  
 By Warmwell Cross on to a Cove I know,  
 And Time have placed his finger on me there :

"*You see that man ?*" — "I might have looked, and said,  
 "O yes : I see him. One that boat has brought  
 Which dropped down Channel round Saint Alban's Head.  
 So commonplace a youth calls not my thought."

"*You see that man ?*" — "Why yes ; I told you ; yes :  
 Of an idling town-sort ; thin ; hair brown in hue ;  
 And as the evening light scants less and less  
 He looks up at a star, as many do."

"*You see that man ?*" — "Nay, leave me !" then I plead,  
 "I have fifteen miles to vamp across the lea,  
 And it grows dark, and I am weary-kneed :  
 I have said the third time ; yes, that man I see !"

"Good. That man goes to Rome—to death, despair ;  
 And no one notes him now but you and I :  
 A hundred years, and the world will follow him there,  
 And bend with reverence where his ashes lie."

*September 1920.*

NOTE.—In September 1820 Keats, on his way to Rome, landed one day on the Dorset coast, and composed the sonnet, "Bright star ! would I were steadfast as thou art." The spot of his landing is judged to have been Lulworth Cove.

## A BYGONE OCCASION

(SONG)

THAT night, that night,  
 That song, that song !  
 Will such again be evened quite  
 Through lifetimes long ?

No mirth was shown  
To outer seers,  
But mood to match has not been known  
In modern years.

O eyes that smiled,  
O lips that lured ;  
That such would last was one beguiled  
To think ensured !

That night, that night,  
That song, that song ;  
O drink to its recalled delight,  
Though tears may throng !

## TWO SERENADES

## I

*On Christmas Eve*

LATE on Christmas Eve, in the street alone,  
Outside a house, on the pavement-stone,  
I sang to her, as we'd sung together  
On former eves ere I felt her tether.—  
Above the door of green by me  
Was she, her casement seen by me ;  
But she would not heed  
What I melodied  
In my soul's sore need—  
She would not heed.

Cassiopeia overhead,  
And the Seven of the Wain, heard what I said  
As I bent me there, and voiced, and fingered  
Upon the strings. . . . Long, long I lingered :  
Only the curtains hid from her  
One whom caprice had bid from her ;  
But she did not come,  
And my heart grew numb  
And dull my strum ;  
She did not come.



## II

*A Year Later*

I SKIMMED the strings ; I sang quite low ;  
 I hoped she would not come or know  
 That the house next door was the one now dittied,  
 Not hers, as when I had played unpitied ;  
 —Next door, where dwelt a heart fresh stirred,  
 My new Love, of good will to me,  
 Unlike my old Love chill to me,  
 Who had not cared for my notes when heard :  
     Yet that old Love came  
     To the other's name  
     As hers were the claim ;  
     Yea, the old Love came.

My viol sank mute, my tongue stood still,  
 I tried to sing on, but vain my will :  
 I prayed she would guess of the later, and leave me ;  
 She stayed, as though, were she slain by the smart,  
 She would bear love's burn for a newer heart.  
 The tense-drawn moment wrought to bereave me  
 Of voice, and I turned in a dumb despair  
 At her finding I'd come to another there  
     Sick I withdrew  
     At love's grim hue  
     Ere my last Love knew ;  
     Sick I withdrew.

From an old copy.

## THE WEDDING MORNING

TABITHA dressed for her wedding :—

“Tabby, why look so sad ?”

“—O I feel a great gloominess spreading, spreading,  
 Instead of supremely glad ! . . .

“I called on Carry last night,  
 And he came whilst I was there,  
 Not knowing I'd called. So I kept out of sight,  
 And I heard what he said to her :

“—Ah, I'd far liefer marry  
You, Dear, to-morrow!’ he said,  
‘But that cannot be.’—O I'd give him to Carry,  
And willingly see them wed,

“But how can I do it when  
His baby will soon be born?  
After that I hope I may die. And then  
She can have him. I shall not mourn!”

## END OF THE YEAR 1912

YOU were here at his young beginning,  
You are not here at his aged end;  
Off he coaxed you from Life's mad spinning,  
Lest you should see his form extend  
Shivering, sighing,  
Slowly dying,  
And a tear on him expend.

So it comes that we stand lonely  
In the star-lit avenue,  
Dropping broken lipwords only,  
For we hear no songs from you,  
Such as flew here  
For the new year  
Once, while six bells swung thereto.

## THE CHIMES PLAY “LIFE'S A BUMPER!”

“AWAKE! I'm off to cities far away,”  
I said; and rose, on peradventures bent.  
The chimes played “Life's a Bumper!” long that day  
To the measure of my walking as I went:  
Their sweetness frisked and floated on the lea,  
As they played out “Life's a Bumper!” there to me.

“Awake!” I said. “I go to take a bride!”  
—The sun arose behind me ruby-red  
As I journeyed townwards from the countryside,  
The chiming bells saluting near ahead.

Their sweetness swelled in tripping tings of glee  
As they played out "Life's a Bumper!" there to me.

"Again arise." I seek a turfy slope,  
And go forth slowly on an autumn noon,  
And there I lay her who has been my hope,  
And think, "O may I follow hither soon!"  
While on the wind the chimes come cheerily,  
Playing out "Life's a Bumper!" there to me.

1913.

## 'I WORKED NO WILE TO MEET YOU'

(SONG)

I WORKED no wile to meet you.  
My sight was set elsewhere,  
I sheered about to shun you,  
And lent your life no care.  
I was unprimed to greet you  
At such a date and place,  
Constraint alone had won you  
Vision of my strange face!

You did not seek to see me  
Then or at all, you said,  
—Meant passing when you neared me,  
But stumbling-blocks forbade.  
You even had thought to flee me,  
By other mindings moved;  
No influent star endeared me,  
Unknown, unrecked, unproved!

What, then, was there to tell us  
The flux of flustering hours  
Of their own tide would bring us  
By no device of ours  
To where the daysprings well us  
Heart-hydromels that cheer,  
Till Time enearth and swing us  
Round with the turning sphere.

## AT THE RAILWAY STATION, UPWAY

"THERE is not much that I can do,  
For I've no money that's quite my own !"  
Spoke up the pitying child—  
A little boy with a violin  
At the station before the train came in,—  
"But I can play my fiddle to you,  
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone !"

The man in the handcuffs smiled ;  
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,  
As the fiddle began to twang ;  
And the man in the handcuffs suddenly sang  
With grimful glee :  
"This life so free  
Is the thing for me !"  
And the constable smiled, and said no word,  
As if unconscious of what he heard ;  
And so they went on till the train came in—  
The convict, and boy with the violin.

## SIDE BY SIDE

So there sat they,  
The estranged two,  
Thrust in one pew  
By chance that day ;  
Placed so, breath-nigh,  
Each comer unwitting  
Who was to be sitting  
In touch close by.

Thus side by side  
Blindly alighted,  
They seemed united  
As groom and bride,  
Who'd not communed  
For many years—  
Lives from twain spheres  
With hearts distuned.

Her fringes brushed  
His garment's hem  
As the harmonies rushed  
Through each of them :  
Her lips could be heard  
In the creed and psalms,  
And their fingers neared  
At the giving of alms.

And women and men,  
The matins ended,  
By looks commended  
Them, joined again.  
Quickly said she,  
"Don't undeceive them--  
Better thus leave them :"  
"Quite so," said he.

Slight words !—the last  
Between them said,  
Those two, once wed,  
Who had not stood fast.  
Diverse their ways  
From the western door,  
To meet no more  
In their span of days.

### DREAM OF THE CITY SHOPWOMAN

'TWERE sweet to have a comrade here,  
Who'd vow to love this garreteer,  
By city people's snap and sneer  
Tried oft and hard !

We'd rove a truant cock and hen  
To some snug solitary glen,  
And never be seen to haunt again  
This teeming yard.

Within a cot of thatch and clay  
We'd list the flitting pipers play,  
Our lives a twine of good and gay  
    Enwreathed discreetly ;

Our blithest deeds so neighbouring wise  
That doves should coo in soft surprise,  
" These must belong to Paradise  
    Who live so sweetly."

Our clock should be the closing flowers,  
Our sprinkle-bath the passing showers,  
Our church the alleyed willow bowers,  
    The truth our theme ;

And infant shapes might soon abound :  
Their shining heads would dot us round  
Like mushroom balls on grassy ground. . .  
    —But all is dream !

O God, that creatures framed to feel  
A yearning nature's strong appeal  
Should writhe on this eternal wheel  
    In rayless grime ;

And vainly note, with wan regret,  
Each star of early promise set ;  
Till Death relieves, and they forget  
    Their one Life's time !

WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS, 1866.

## A MAIDEN'S PLEDGE

(SONG)

I DO not wish to win your vow  
To take me soon or late as bride,  
And lift me from the nook where now  
I tarry your farings to my side.

I am blissful ever to abide  
In this green labyrinth—let all be,  
If but, whatever may betide,  
You do not leave off loving me !

Your comet-comings I will wait  
With patience time shall not wear through ;  
The yellowing years will not abate  
My largened love and truth to you,  
Nor drive me to complaint undue  
Of absence, much as I may pine,  
If never another 'twixt us two  
Shall come, and you stand wholly mine.

### THE CHILD AND THE SAGE

YOU say, O Sage, when weather-checked,  
“ I have been favoured so  
With cloudless skies, I must expect  
This dash of rain or snow.”

“ Since health has been my lot,” you say,  
“ So many months of late,  
I must not chafe that one short day  
Of sickness mars my state.”

You say, “ Such bliss has been my share  
From Love's unbroken smile,  
It is but reason I should bear  
A cross therein awhile.”

And thus you do not count upon  
Continuance of joy ;  
But, when at ease, expect anon  
A burden of annoy.

But, Sage—this Earth—why not a place  
Where no reprisals reign,  
Where never a spell of pleasantness  
Makes reasonable a pain ?

*December 21, 1908.*

## MISMET

## I

HE was leaning by a face,  
He was looking into eyes,  
And he knew a trysting-place,  
And he heard seductive sighs ;  
    But the face,  
    And the eyes,  
    And the place,  
    And the sighs,  
Were not, alas, the right ones—the ones meet for him—  
Though fine and sweet the features, and the feelings all abrim.

## II

SHE was looking at a form,  
She was listening for a tread,  
She could feel a waft of charm  
When a certain name was said ;  
    But the form,  
    And the tread,  
    And the charm,  
    And name said,  
Were the wrong ones for her, and ever would be so,  
While the heritor of the right it would have saved her soul to know!

## AN AUTUMN RAIN-SCENE

THERE trudges one to a merry-making  
    With a sturdy swing,  
    On whom the rain comes down.

To fetch the saving medicament  
    Is another bent,  
    On whom the rain comes down.

One slowly drives his herd to the stall  
    Ere ill befall,  
    On whom the rain comes down.



## LATE LYRICS AND EARLIER

This bears his missives of life and death  
 With quickening breath,  
 On whom the rain comes down.

One watches for signals of wreck or war  
 From the hill afar,  
 On whom the rain comes down.

No care if he gain a shelter or none,  
 Unhired moves one,  
 On whom the rain comes down.

And another knows nought of its chilling fall  
 Upon him at all,  
 On whom the rain comes down.

*October 1904.*

## MEDITATIONS ON A HOLIDAY

(A NEW THEME TO AN OLD FOLK-MEASURE)

'Tis a May morning,  
 All-adorning,  
 No cloud warning  
     Of rain to-day.  
 Where shall I go to,  
 Go to, go to?—  
 Can I say No to  
     Lyonnesse-way?

Well—what reason  
 Now at this season  
 Is there for treason  
     To other shrines?  
 Tristram is not there,  
 Isolt forgot there,  
 New eras blot there  
     Sought-for signs!

Stratford-on-Avon—  
Poesy-paven—  
I'll find a haven  
    There, somehow !—  
Nay—I'm but caught of  
Dreams long thought of,  
The Swan knows nought of  
    His Avon now !

What shall it be, then,  
I go to see, then,  
Under the plea, then,  
    Of votary ?  
I'll go to Lakeland,  
Lakeland, Lakeland,  
Certainly Lakeland  
    Let it be.

But—why to that place,  
That place, that place,  
Such a hard come-at place  
    Need I fare ?  
When its bard cheers no more,  
Loves no more, fears no more,  
Sees no more, hears no more  
    Anything there !

Ah, there is Scotland,  
Burns's Scotland,  
And Waverley's. To what land  
    Better can I hie ?—  
Yet—if no whit now  
Feel those of it now—  
Care not a bit now  
    For it— why I ?

I'll seek a town street,  
Aye, a brick-brown street,  
Quite a tumbledown street,  
    Drawing no eyes.  
For a Mary dwelt there,  
And a Percy felt there  
Heart of him melt there,  
    A Claire likewise.

Why incline to *that* city,  
 Such a city, *that* city,  
 Now a mud-bespat city!--  
     Care the lovers who  
 Now live and walk there,  
 Sit there and talk there,  
 Buy there, or hawk there.  
     Or wed, or woo?

Laughters in a volley  
 Greet so fond a folly  
 As nursing melancholy  
     In this and that spot,  
 Which, with most endeavour,  
 Those can visit never,  
 But for ever and ever  
     Will now know not!

If, on lawns Elysian.  
 With a broadened vision  
 And a faint derision  
     Conscious be they,  
 How they might reprove me  
 That these fancies move me,  
 Think they ill behoove me,  
     Smile, and say:

"What!--our hoar old houses,  
 Where the bygone drowzes,  
 Nor a child nor spouse is  
     Of our name at all?  
 Such abodes to care for,  
 Inquire about and bear for,  
 And suffer wear and tear for--  
     How weak of you and small!"

*May 1921.*

### AN EXPERIENCE

WIT, weight, or wealth there was not  
 In anything that was said,  
 In anything that was done;  
 All was of scope to cause not

A triumph, dazzle, or dread  
 To even the subtlest one,  
     My friend,  
 To even the subtlest one.

But there was a new affliction—  
 An aura zephyring round  
 That care infected not :  
 It came as a salutation,  
 And, in my sweet astound,  
 I scarcely witted what  
     Might pend,  
 I scarcely witted what.

The hills in samewise to me  
 Spoke, as they grayly gazed,  
 —First hills to speak so yet !  
 The thin-edged breezes blew me  
 What I, though cobwebbed, crazed  
 Was never to forget,  
     My friend,  
 Was never to forget !

### THE BEAUTY

O DO not praise my beauty more,  
 In such word-wild degree,  
 And say I am one all eyes adore ;  
 For these things harass me !

But do for ever softly say :  
 “From now unto the end  
 Come weal, come wanzing, come what may,  
 Dear, I will be your friend.”

I hate my beauty in the glass :  
 My beauty is not I :  
 I wear it : none cares whether, alas,  
 Its wearer live or die !

The inner I O care for, then,  
 Yea, me and what I am,  
 And shall be at the gray hour when  
 My cheek begins to clam.

NOTE.—“The Regent Street beauty, Miss Verrey, the Swiss confectioner's daughter, whose personal attractions have been so muschievously exaggerated, died of fever on Monday evening, brought on by the annoyance she had been for some time subject to.”—London paper, October 1828.

### THE COLLECTOR CLEANS HIS PICTURE

*Fili hominis, ecce ego tollo a te desiderabile oculorum tuorum in plaga.*  
 EZECH. XXIV. 16.

How I remember cleaning that strange picture! . . .  
 I had been deep in duty for my sick neighbour—  
 His besides my own—over several Sundays,  
 Often, too, in the week; so with parish pressures,  
 Baptisms, burials, doctorings, conjugal counsel—  
 All the whatnots asked of a rural parson—  
 Faith, I was well-nigh broken, should have been fully  
 Saving for one small secret relaxation,  
 One that in mounting manhood had grown my hobby.

This was to delve at whiles for easel-lumber,  
 Stowed in the backmost slums of a soon-reached city,  
 Merely on chance to uncloak some worthy canvas,  
 Panel, or plaque, blacked blind by uncouth adventure,  
 Yet under all concealing a precious artfeat.  
 Such I had found not yet. My latest capture  
 Came from the rooms of a trader in ancient house-gear  
 Who had no scent of beauty or soul for brushcraft.  
 Only a tittle cost it—murked with grimefilms,  
 Gatherings of slow years, thick-varnished over,  
 Never a feature manifest of man's painting.

So, one Saturday, time ticking hard on midnight  
 Ere an hour subserved, I set me upon it.  
 Long with coiled-up sleeves I cleaned and yet cleaned,  
 Till a first fresh spot, a high light, looked forth,  
 Then another, like fair flesh, and another;

Then a curve, a nostril, and next a finger,  
 Tapering, shapely, significantly pointing slantwise.  
 "Flemish?" I said. "Nay, Spanish. . . . But, nay, Italian!"  
 —Then meseemed it the guise of the ranker Venus,  
 Named of some Astarte, of some Cotytto.  
 Down I knelt before it and kissed the panel,  
 Drunk with the lure of love's inhibited dreamings.

Till the dawn I rubbed, when there leered up at me  
 A hag, that had slowly emerged from under my hands there,  
 Pointing the slanted finger towards a bosom  
 Eaten away of a rot from the lusts of a lifetime. . .  
 —I could have ended myself at the lashing lesson!  
 Stunned I sat till roused by a clear-voiced bell-chime,  
 Fresh and sweet as the dew-fleece under my luthern.  
 It was the matin service calling to me  
 From the adjacent steeple.

## THE WOOD FIRE

(A FRAGMENT)

"THIS is a brightsome blaze you've lit, good friend, to-night!"  
 "—Aye, it has been the bleakest spring I have felt for years,  
 And nought compares with cloven logs to keep alight:  
 I buy them bargain-cheap of the executioners,  
 As I dwell near; and they wanted the crosses out of sight  
 By Passover, not to affront the eyes of visitors.

"Yes, they're from the crucifixions last week-ending  
 At Kranion. We can sometimes use the poles again,  
 But they get split by the nails, and 'tis quicker work than  
 mending  
 To knock together new; though the uprights now and then  
 Serve twice when they're let stand. But if a feast's impending,  
 As lately, you've to tidy up for the comers' ken.

"Though only three were impaled, you may know it didn't  
 pass off  
 So quietly as was wont? That Galilee carpenter's son  
 Who boasted he was king, incensed the rabble to scoff:

I heard the noise from my garden. This piece is the one he  
was on. . . .

Yes, it blazes up well if lit with a few dry chips and shroff;  
And it's worthiest for much else, what with cuts and stains  
thereon."

## SAYING GOOD-BYE

(SONG)

WE are always saying  
    "Good-bye, good-bye!"  
In work, in playing,  
In gloom, in gaying:  
    At many a stage  
    Of pilgrimage  
    From youth to age  
We say, "Good-bye,  
    Good-bye!"

We are undiscerning  
    Which go to sigh,  
Which will be yearning  
For soon returning;  
    And which no more  
    Will dark our door,  
    Or tread our shore,  
    But go to die,  
    To die.

Some come from roaming  
    With joy again;  
Some, who come homing  
By stealth at gloaming,  
    Had better have stopped  
    Till death, and dropped  
    By strange hands propped,  
    Than come so fain,  
    So fain.

So, with this saying,  
    "Good-bye, good-bye,"  
We speed their waying  
Without betraying

Our grief, our fear  
No more to hear  
From them, close, clear,  
Again : " Good-bye,  
Good-bye ! "

## ON THE TUNE CALLED THE OLD-HUNDRED AND-FOURTH

WE never sang together  
Ravenscroft's terse old tune  
On Sundays or on weekdays,  
In sharp or summer weather,  
At night-time or at noon.

Why did we never sing it,  
Why never so incline  
On Sundays or on weekdays,  
Even when soft wafts would wing it  
From your far floor to mine ?

Shall we that tune, then, never  
Stand voicing side by side  
On Sundays or on weekdays ? . . .  
Or shall we, when for ever  
In Sheol we abide,

Sing it in desolation,  
As we might long have done  
On Sundays or on weekdays  
With love and exultation  
Before our sands had run ?

## THE OPPORTUNITY

(FOR H. P.)

FORTY springs back, I recall,  
We met at this phase of the Maytime :  
We might have clung close through all,  
But we parted when died that daytime.



We parted with smallest regret ;  
 Perhaps should have cared but slightly,  
 Just then, if we never had met :  
 Strange, strange that we lived so lightly !

Had we mused a little space  
 At that critical date in the Maytime.  
 One life had been ours, one place,  
 Perhaps, till our long cold claytime.

—This is a bitter thing  
 For thee, O man : what ails it ?  
 The tide of chance may bring  
 Its offer ; but nought avails it !

### EVELYN G. OF CHRISTMINSTER

I CAN see the towers  
 In mind quite clear  
 Not many hours'  
 Faring from here ;  
 But how up and go,  
 And briskly bear  
 Thither, and know  
 That you are not there ?

Though the birds sing small,  
 And apple and pear  
 On your trees by the wall  
 Are ripe and rare,  
 Though none excel them,  
 I have no care  
 To taste them or smell them  
 And you not there.

Though the College stones  
 Are stroked with the sun,  
 And the gownsmen and Dons  
 Who held you as one  
 Of brightest brow  
 Still think as they did,  
 Why haunt with them now  
 Your candle is hid ?

Towards the river  
 A pealing swells :  
 They cost me a quiver—  
 Those prayerful bells !  
 How go to God,  
 Who can reprove  
 With so heavy a rod  
 As your swift remove !

The chorded keys  
 Wait all in a row,  
 And the bellows wheeze  
 As long ago.  
 And the psalter lingers,  
 And organist's chair ;  
 But where are your fingers  
 That once wagged there ?

Shall I then seek  
 That desert place  
 This or next week,  
 And those tracks trace  
 That fill me with cark  
 And cloy ; nowhere  
 Being movement or mark  
 Of you now there !

## THE RIFT

(SONG : *Minor Mode*)

'Twas just at gnat and cobweb-time,  
 When yellow begins to show in the leaf,  
 That your old gamut changed its chime  
 From those true tones—of span so brief !  
 That met my beats of joy, of grief,  
     As rhyme meets rhyme.

So sank I from my high sublime !  
 We faced but chancewise after that,  
 And never I knew or guessed my crime. .  
 Yes ; 'twas the date—or nigh thereat—  
 Of the yellowing leaf ; at moth and gnat  
     And cobweb-time.

VOICES FROM THINGS GROWING IN A  
CHURCHYARD

THESE flowers are I, poor Fanny Hurd,  
Sir or Madam,  
A little girl here sepultured.  
Once I flit-fluttered like a bird  
Above the grass, as now I wave  
In daisy shapes above my grave,  
All day cheerily,  
All night eerily !

—I am one Bachelor Bowring, "Gent,"  
Sir or Madam ;  
In shingled oak my bones were pent ;  
Hence more than a hundred years I spent  
In my feat of change from a coffin-thrall  
To a dancer in green as leaves on a wall,  
All day cheerily,  
All night eerily !

—I, these berries of juice and gloss,  
Sir or Madam,  
Am clean forgotten as Thomas Voss ;  
Thin-urned, I have burrowed away from the moss  
That covers my sod, and have entered this yew,  
And turned to clusters ruddy of view,  
All day cheerily,  
All night eerily !

—The Lady Gertrude, proud, high-bred,  
Sir or Madam,  
Am I—this laurel that shades your head :  
Into its veins I have stilly sped,  
And made them of me ; and my leaves now shine  
As did my satins superfine,  
All day cheerily,  
All night eerily !

—I, who as innocent withwind climb,  
Sir or Madam,  
Am one Eve Greensleeves, in olden time  
Kissed by men from many a clime,

Beneath sun, stars, in blaze, in breeze,  
As now by glowworms and by bees,  
All day cheerily,  
All night eerily !<sup>1</sup>

—I'm old Squire Audeley Grey, who grew  
Sir or Madam,  
Aweary of life, and in scorn withdrew ;  
Till anon I clambered up anew  
As ivy-green, when my ache was stayed,  
And in that attire I have longtime gayed  
All day cheerily,  
All night eerily !

—And so these maskers breathe to each  
Sir or Madam  
Who lingers there, and their lively speech  
Affords an interpreter much to teach,  
As their murmurous accents seem to come  
Thence hitheraround in a radiant hum,  
All day cheerily,  
All night eerily !

## ON THE WAY

THE trees fret fitfully and twist,  
Shutters rattle and carpets heave,  
Slime is the dust of yestereve,  
And in the streaming mist  
Fishes might seem to fin a passage if they list.

But to his feet,  
Drawing nigh and nigher  
A hidden seat,  
The fog is sweet  
And the wind a lyre.

<sup>1</sup> It was said her real name was Eve Trevillian or Trevelyan ; and that she was the handsome mother of two or three illegitimate children, *circa* 1724-95.

## LATE LYRICS AND EARLIER

A vacant sameness grays the sky,  
 A moisture gathers on each knop  
 Of the bramble, rounding to a drop,  
     That greets the goer-by  
 With the cold listless lustre of a dead man's eye

But to her sight,  
 Drawing nigh and nigher  
 Its deep delight,  
 The fog is bright  
 And the wind a lyre.

## "SHE DID NOT TURN"

SHE did not turn,  
 But passed foot-faint with averted head  
 In her gown of green, by the bobbing fern,  
 Though I leaned over the gate that led  
 From where we waited with table spread ;  
     But she did not turn :  
 Why was she near there if love had fled ?

She did not turn,  
 Though the gate was whence I had often sped  
 In the mists of morning to meet her, and learn  
 Her heart, when its moving moods I read  
 As a book—she mine, as she sometimes said ;  
     But she did not turn,  
 And passed foot-faint with averted head.

## GROWTH IN MAY

I ENTER a daisy-and-buttercup land,  
     And thence thread a jungle of grass :  
 Hurdles and stiles scarce visible stand  
     Above the lush stems as I pass.

Hedges peer over, and try to be seen,  
     And seem to reveal a dim sense  
 That amid such ambitious and elbow-high green  
     They make a mean show as a fence.

Elsewhere the mead is possessed of the neats,  
That range not greatly above  
The rich rank thicket which brushes their teats,  
And *her* gown, as she waits for her Love.

NEAR CHARD.

## THE CHILDREN AND SIR NAMELESS

SIR NAMELESS, once of Athelhall, declared :  
“ These wretched children romping in my park  
Trample the herbage till the soil is bared,  
And yap and yell from early morn till dark !  
Go keep them harnessed to their set routines :  
Thank God I’ve none to hasten my decay ;  
For green remembrance there are better means  
Than offspring, who but wish their sires away.”

Sir Nameless of that mansion said anon :  
“ To be perpetuate for my mightiness  
Sculpture must image me when I am gone.”  
—He forthwith summoned carvers there express  
To shape a figure stretching seven-odd feet  
(For he was tall) in alabaster stone,  
With shield, and crest, and casque, and sword complete :  
When done a statelier work was never known.

Three hundred years hied ; Church-restorers came,  
And, no one of his lineage being traced,  
They thought an effigy so large in frame  
Best fitted for the floor. There it was placed,  
Under the seats for schoolchildren. And they  
Kicked out his name, and hobnailed off his nose ;  
And, as they yawn through sermon-time, they say,  
“ Who was this old stone man beneath our toes ? ”

## AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THESE summer landscapes—clump, and copse, and croft—  
Woodland and meadowland—here hung aloft,  
Gay with limp grass and leafery new and soft,

Seem caught from the immediate season's yield  
 I saw last noonday shining over the field,  
 By rapid snatch, while still are uncongealed

The saps that in their live originals climb ;  
 Yester's quick greenage here set forth in mime  
 Just as it stands, now, at our breathing-time.

But these young foils so fresh upon each tree,  
 Soft verdures spread in sprouting novelty,  
 Are not this summer's though they feign to be.

Last year their May to Michaelmas term was run,  
 Last autumn browned and buried every one,  
 And no more know they sight of any sun.

### HER TEMPLE

DEAR, think not that they will forget you :  
     —If craftsmanly art should be mine  
 I will build up a temple, and set you  
     Therein as its shrine.

They may say : "Why a woman such honour ?"  
     —Be told, "O, so sweet was her fame,  
 That a man heaped this splendour upon her :  
     None now knows his name."

### A 'TWO-YEARS' IDYLL

YES ; such it was ;  
 Just those two seasons unsought,  
 Sweeping like summertide wind on our ways ;  
     Moving, as straws,  
 Hearts quick as ours in those days ;  
 Going like wind, too, and rated as nought  
     Save as the prelude to plays  
 Soon to come—larger, life-fraught :  
     Yes ; such it was.

"Nought" it was called,  
 Even by ourselves—that which springs  
 Out of the years for all flesh, first or last,  
 Commonplace, scrawled  
 Dully on days that go past.  
 Yet, all the while, it upbore us like wings  
 Even in hours overcast :  
 Aye, though this best thing of things,  
 "Nought" it was called !

What seems it now ?  
 Lost : such beginning was all ;  
 Nothing came after : romance straight forsook  
 Quickly somehow  
 Life when we sped from our nook,  
 Primed for new scenes with designs smart and tall. . . .  
 —A preface without any book,  
 A trumpet uplipped, but no call ;  
 That seems it now.

## BY HENSTRIDGE CROSS AT THE YEAR'S END

(From this centuries-old cross-road the highway leads east to London, north to Bristol and Bath, west to Exeter and the Land's End, and south to the Channel coast.)

WHY go the east road now ? . . .  
 That way a youth went on a morrow  
 After mirth, and he brought back sorrow  
 Painted upon his brow :  
 Why go the east road now ?

Why go the north road now ?  
 Torn, leaf-strewn, as if scoured by foemen,  
 Once edging fiefs of my forefolk yeomen,  
 Fallows fat to the plough :  
 Why go the north road now ?

Why go the west road now ?  
 Thence to us came she, bosom-burning,  
 Welcome with joyousness returning. . . .  
 She sleeps under the bough :  
 Why go the west road now ?



Why go the south road now?  
 That way marched they some are forgetting.  
 Stark to the moon left, past regretting  
     Loves who have falsed their vow. . .  
 Why go the south road now?

Why go any road now?  
 White stands the handpost for brisk onbearers,  
 "Halt!" is the word for wan-cheeked farers  
     Musing on Whither, and How. . . .  
 Why go any road now?

"Yea: we want new feet now"  
 Answer the stones. "Want chit-chat, laughter:  
 Plenty of such to go hereafter  
     By our tracks, we trow!  
 We are for new feet now."

*During the War.*

## PENANCE

"WHY do you sit, O pale thin man,  
     At the end of the room  
 By that harpsichord, built on the quaint old plan?  
     —It is cold as a tomb,  
 And there's not a spark within the grate;  
     And the jingling wires  
     Are as vain desires  
     That have lagged too late."

"Why do I? Alas, far times ago  
     A woman lyred here  
 In the evenfall; one who fain did so  
     From year to year;  
 And, in loneliness bending wistfully,  
     Would wake each note  
     In sick sad rote,  
     None to listen or see!

"I would not join. I would not stay,  
     But drew away,  
 Though the winter fire beamed brightly. . . . Aye!  
     I do to-day

What I would not then ; and the chill old keys  
Like a skull's brown teeth  
Loose in their sheath,  
Freeze my touch ; yes, freeze."

### "I LOOK IN HER FACE "

(SONG : *Minor*)

I LOOK in her face and say,  
"Sing as you used to sing  
About Love's blossoming " ;  
But she hints not Yea or Nay.

"Sing, then, that Love's a pain,  
If, Dear, you think it so,  
Whether it be or no ;"  
But dumb her lips remain.

I go to a far-off room,  
A faint song ghosts my ear ;  
*Which* song I cannot hear,  
But it seems to come from a tomb.

### AFTER THE WAR

LAST Post sounded  
Across the mead  
To where he loitered  
With absent heed.  
Five years before  
In the evening there  
Had flown that call  
To him and his Dear.  
"You'll never come back ;  
Good-bye !" she had said ;  
"Here I'll be living,  
And my Love dead !"

Those closing minims  
Had been as shafts darting  
Through him and her pressed  
In that last parting ;

They thrilled him not now,  
 In the selfsame place  
 With the selfsame sun  
 On his war-seamed face  
 "Lurks a god's laughter  
 In this?" he said,  
 "That I am the living  
 And she the dead!"

### "IF YOU HAD KNOWN"

If you had known  
 When listening with her to the far-down moan  
 Of the white-selvaged and empurpled sea,  
 And rain came on that did not hinder talk,  
 Or damp your flashing facile gaiety  
 In turning home, despite the slow wet walk  
 By crooked ways, and over stiles of stone ;  
     If you had known

You would lay roses,  
 Fifty years thence, on her monument, that discloses  
 Its graying shape upon the luxuriant green ;  
 Fifty years thence to an hour, by chance led there,  
 What might have moved you?—yea, had you foreseen  
 That on the tomb of the selfsame one, gone where  
 The dawn of every day is as the close is,  
     You would lay roses !

1920.

### THE CHAPEL-ORGANIST

(A.D. 185—)

I'VE been thinking it through, as I play here to-night, to play  
     never again,  
 By the light of that lowering sun peering in at the window-pane,  
 And over the back-street roofs, throwing shades from the boys of  
     the chore  
 In the gallery, right upon me, sitting up to these keys once  
     more. . . .

How I used to hear tongues ask, as I sat here when I was new :  
 "Who is she playing the organ? She touches it mightily true!"  
 "She travels from Havenpool Town," the deacon would softly  
   speak,  
 "The stipend can hardly cover her fare hither twice in the week."  
 (It fell far short of doing, indeed; but I never told,  
 For I have craved minstrelsy more than lovers, or beauty, or gold.)

'Twas so he answered at first, but the story grew different later :  
 "It cannot go on much longer, from what we hear of her now!"  
 At the meaning wheeze in the words the inquirer would shift  
   his place  
 Till he could see round the curtain that screened me from  
   people below.  
 "A handsome girl," he would murmur, upstaring (and so I am).  
 "But—too much sex in her build; fine eyes, but eyelids too  
   heavy;  
 A bosom too full for her age; in her lips too voluptuous a dy<sup>h</sup>.  
 (It may be. But who put it there? Assuredly it was not I.)

I went on playing and singing when this I had heard, and more,  
 Though tears half-blinded me; yes, I remained going on and on,  
 Just as I used me to chord and to sing at the selfsame time! . . .  
 For it's a contralto—my voice is; they'll hear it again here  
   to-night  
 In the psalmody notes that I love far beyond every lower delight.

Well, the deacon, in fact, that day had learnt new tidings  
   about me;  
 They troubled his mind not a little, for he was a worthy man.  
 (He trades as a chemist in High Street, and during the week he  
   had sought  
 His fellow-deacon, who throve as a bookbinder over the way.)  
 "These are strange rumours," he said. "We must guard the  
   good name of the chapel.  
 If, sooth, she's of evil report, what else can we do but dismiss her?"  
 "—But get such another to play here we cannot for double the  
   price!"  
 It settled the point for the time, and I triumphed awhile in  
   their strait,  
 And my much-beloved grand semibreves went living on, pending  
   my fate.

At length in the congregation more headshakes and murmurs  
 were rife,  
 And my dismissal was ruled, though I was not warned of it then.  
 But a day came when they declared it. The news entered me  
 as a sword ;  
 I was broken ; so pallid of face that they thought I should faint,  
 they said.  
 I rallied. "O, rather than go, I will play you for nothing!"  
 said I.  
 'Twas in much desperation I spoke it, for bring me to forfeit  
 I could not  
 Those melodies chorded so richly for which I had laboured  
 and lived.  
 They paused. And for nothing I played at the chapel through  
 Sundays again,  
 Upheld by that art which I loved more than blandishments  
 lavished of men.

But it fell that murmurs anew from the flock broke the pastor's  
 peace.  
 Some member had seen me at Havenpool, comradng close  
 a sea-captain.  
 (O yes ; I was thereto constrained, lacking means for the fare  
 to and fro.)  
 Yet God knows, if aught He knows ever, I loved the Old-  
 Hundredth, Saint Stephen's,  
 Mount Zion, New Sabbath, Miles-Lanc, Holy Rest, and Arabia,  
 and Eaton,  
 Above all embraces of body by wooers who sought me and  
 won ! . . .  
 Next week 'twas declared I was seen coming home with a swain  
 ere the sun.

The deacons insisted then, strong ; and forgiveness I did not  
 implore.  
 I saw all was lost for me, quite, but I made a last bid in my throbs.  
 My bent, finding victual in lust, men's senses had libelled  
 my soul,  
 But the soul should die game, if I knew it ! I turned to my  
 masters and said :  
 "I yield, Gentlemen, without par lance. But—let me just hymn  
 you *once* more !

It's a little thing, Sirs, that I ask; and a passion is music with me!"

They saw that consent would cost nothing, and show as good grace, as knew I,

Though tremble I did, and feel sick, as I paused thereat, dumb for their words.

They gloomily nodded assent, saying, "Yes, if you care to. Once more,

And only once more, understand." To that with a bend I agreed.

—"You've a fixed and a far-reaching look," spoke one who had eyed me awhile.

"I've a fixed and a far-reaching plan, and my look only showed it," I smile.

This evening of Sunday is come—the last of my functioning here. "She plays as if she were possessed!" they exclaim, glancing upward and round.

"Such harmonies I never dreamt the old instrument capable of!" Meantime the sun lowers and goes; shades deepen; the lights are turned up,

And the people voice out the last singing: tune Tallis: the Evening Hymn.

(I wonder Dissenters sing Ken: it shows them more liberal in spirit

At this little chapel down here than at certain new others I know.) I sing as I play. Murmurs some one: "No woman's throat richer than hers!"

"True: in these parts," think I. "But, my man, never more will its richness outspread."

And I sing with them onward: "The grave dread as little do I as my bed."

I lift up my feet from the pedals; and then, while my eyes are still wet

From the symphonies born of my fingers, I do that whereon I am set,

And draw from my "full round bosom" (their words; how can I help its heave?)

A bottle blue-coloured and fluted—a vinaigrette, they may conceive—

And before the choir measures my meaning, reads aught in my  
moves to and fro,  
I drink from the phial at a draught, and they think it a  
pick-me-up; so.  
Then I gather my books as to leave, bend over the keys as  
to pray.  
When they come to me motionless, stooping, quick death will  
have whisked me away.

“Sure, nobody meant her to poison herself in her haste, after all!”  
The deacons will say as they carry me down and the night  
shadows fall,  
“Though the charges were true,” they will add. “It’s a case  
red as scarlet withal!”  
I have never once minced it. Lived chaste I have not. Heaven  
knows it above! . . .  
But past all the heavings of passion—it’s music has been my  
life-love! . . .  
That tune did go well—this last playing! . . . I reckon they’ll  
bury me here. . . .  
Not a soul from the seaport my birthplace—will come, or bestow  
me . . . a tear.

### FETCHING HER

AN hour before the dawn,  
My friend,  
You lit your waiting bedside-lamp,  
Your breakfast-fire anon,  
And outing into the dark and damp  
You saddled, and set on.

Thuswise, before the day,  
My friend,  
You sought her on her surfy shore,  
To fetch her thence away  
Unto your own new-built door  
For a staunch lifelong stay.

You said: “It seems to be,  
My friend,  
That I were bringing to my place

The pure brine breeze, the sea,  
The mews—all her old sky and space,  
In bringing her with me !”

—But time is prompt to expugn,  
My friend,  
Such magic-minted conjurings :  
The brought breeze fainted soon,  
And then the sense of seamews’ wings,  
And the shore’s sibilant tune.

So, it had been more due,  
My friend,  
Perhaps, had you not pulled this flower  
From the craggy nook it knew,  
And set it in an alien bower ;  
But left it where it grew !

“COULD I BUT WILL”

(SONG : *Verses 1, 3, key major ; verse 2, key minor*)

COULD I but will,  
Will to my bent,  
I’d have afar ones near me still,  
And music of rare ravishment,  
In strains that move the toes and heels !  
And when the sweethearts sat for rest  
The unbetrothed should foot with zest  
Ecstatic reers.

Could I be head,  
Head-god, “Come, now,  
Dear girl,” I’d say, “whose flame is fled,  
Who liest with linen-banded brow,  
Stirred but by shakes from Earth’s deep core—”  
I’d say to her : “Unshroud and meet  
That Love who kissed and called thee Sweet !—  
Yea, come once more !”



Even half-god power  
 In spinning dooms  
 Had I, this frozen scene should flower,  
 And sand-swept plains and Arctic glooms  
 Should green them gay with waving leaves,  
 Mid which old friends and I would walk  
 With weightless feet and magic talk  
 Uncounted eves.

### SHE REVISITS ALONE THE CHURCH OF HER MARRIAGE

I HAVE come to the church and chancel,  
 Where all's the same !  
 — Brighter and larger in my dreams  
 Truly it shaped than now, meseems  
 Is its substantial frame.  
 But, anyhow, I made my vow,  
 Whether for praise or blame,  
 Here in this church and chancel  
 Where all's the same.

Where touched the check-floored chancel  
 My knees and his ?  
 The step looks shyly at the sun,  
 And says, "'Twas here the thing was done.  
 For bale or else for bliss !"  
 Of all those there I least was ware  
 Would it be that or this  
 When touched the check-floored chancel  
 My knees and his !

Here in this fateful chancel  
 Where all's the same,  
 I thought the culminant crest of life  
 Was reached when I went forth the wife  
 I was not when I came.  
 Each commonplace one of my race,  
 Some say, has such an aim—  
 To go from a fateful chancel  
 As not the same.

Here, through this hoary chancel  
     Where all's the same,  
 A thrill, a gaiety even, ranged  
 That morning when it seemed I changed  
     My nature with my name.  
 Though now not fair, though gray my hair,  
     He loved me, past proclaim,  
 Here in this hoary chancel,  
     Where all's the same.

## AT THE ENTERING OF THE NEW YEAR

## I

(OLD STYLE)

OUR songs went up and out the chimney,  
 And roused the home-gone husbandmen ;  
 Our allemands, our heys, poussettings,  
 Our hands-across and back again,  
 Sent rhythmic throbbings through the casements  
     On to the white highway,  
 Where nighted farers paused and muttered,  
     " Keep it up well, do they ! "

The contrabasso's measured booming  
 Sped at each bar to the parish bounds,  
 To shepherds at their midnight lambings,  
 To stealthy poachers on their rounds ;  
 And everybody caught full duly  
     The notes of our delight,  
 As Time unrobed the Youth of Promise  
     Hailed by our sanguine sight.

## II

(NEW STYLE)

WE stand in the dusk of a pine-tree limb,  
 As if to give ear to the muffled peal,  
 Brought or withheld at the breeze's whim ;  
 But our truest heed is to words that steal

From the mantled ghost that looms in the gray.  
 And seems, so far as our sense can see,  
 To feature bereaved Humanity,  
 As it sighs to the imminent year its say :—

“O stay without, O stay without,  
 Calm comely Youth, untasked, untired .  
 Though stars irradiate thee about  
 Thy entrance here is undesired.  
 Open the gate not, mystic one ;  
 Must we avow what we would close confine ?  
*With thee, good friend, we would have converse none,*  
 Albeit the fault may not be thine.”

*December 31. During the War.*

### THEY WOULD NOT COME

I TRAVELLED to where in her lifetime  
 She'd knelt at morning prayer,  
 To call her up as if there ;  
 But she paid no heed to my suing,  
 As though her old haunt could win not  
 A thought from her spirit, or care.

I went where my friend had lectioned  
 The prophets in high declaim,  
 That my soul's ear the same  
 Full tones should catch as aforetime ;  
 But silenced by gear of the Present  
 Was the voice that once there came !

Where the ocean had sprayed our banquet  
 I stood, to recall it as then :  
 The same eluding again !  
 No vision. Shows contingent  
 Affrighted it further from me  
 Even than from my home-den.

When I found them no responders,  
But fugitives prone to flee  
From where they had used to be,  
It vouched I had been led hither  
As by night wisps in bogland,  
And bruised the heart of me !

## AFTER A ROMANTIC DAY

THE railway bore him through  
An earthen cutting out from a city :  
There was no scope for view,  
Though the frail light shed by a slim young moon  
Fell like a friendly tune.

Fell like a liquid ditty,  
And the blank lack of any charm  
Of landscape did no harm.  
The bald steep cutting, rigid, rough,  
And moon-lit, was enough  
For poetry of place : its weathered face  
Formed a convenient sheet whereon  
The visions of his mind were drawn.

## THE TWO WIVES

(SMOKER'S CLUB-STORY)

I WAITED at home all the while they were boating together—  
My wife and my near neighbour's wife :  
Till there entered a woman I loved more than life,  
And we sat and sat on, and beheld the uprising dark weather,  
With a sense that some mischief was rife.

Tidings came that the boat had capsized, and that one of the ladies  
Was drowned—which of them was unknown :  
And I marvelled—my friend's wife ?—or was it my own  
Who had gone in such wise to the land where the sun as the  
shade is ?  
—We learnt it was *his* had so gone.

Then I cried in unrest : " He is free ! But no good is releasing  
To him as it would be to me ! "

" —But it is," said the woman I loved, quietly.

" How ? " I asked her. " —Because he has long loved me too  
without ceasing,  
And it's just the same thing, don't you see. "

### " I KNEW A LADY "

( CLUB SONG )

I KNEW a lady when the days  
Grew long, and evenings goldened ,  
But I was not emboldened  
By her prompt eyes and winning ways.

And when old Winter nipt the haws,  
" Another's wife I'll be,  
And then you'll care for me,"  
She said, " and think how sweet I was ! "

And soon she shone as another's wife :  
As such I often met her,  
And sighed, " How I regret her !  
My folly cuts me like a knife ! "

And then, to-day, her husband came,  
And moaned, " Why did you flout her ?  
Well could I do without her !  
For both our burdens you are to blame ! "

### A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY

THERE is a house in a city street  
Some past ones made their own ;  
Its floors were criss-crossed by their feet,  
And their babblings beat  
From ceiling to white hearth-stone.

And who are peopling its parlours now?  
Who talk across its floor?  
Mere freshlings are they, blank of brow,  
Who read not how  
Its prime had passed before

Their raw equipments, scenes, and says  
Afflicted its memoried face,  
That had seen every larger phase  
Of human ways  
Before these filled the place.

To them that house's tale is theirs,  
No former voices call  
Aloud therein. Its aspect bears  
Their joys and cares  
Alone, from wall to wall.

## A PROCESSION OF DEAD DAYS

I SEE the ghost of a perished day;  
I know his face, and the feel of his dawn:  
'Twas he who took me far away  
To a spot strange and gray:  
Look at me, Day, and then pass on,  
But come again: yes, come anon!

Enters another into view;  
His features are not cold or white,  
But rosy as a vein seen through:  
Too soon he smiles adieu.  
Adieu, O ghost-day of delight;  
But come and grace my dying sight.

Enters the day that brought the kiss:  
He brought it in his foggy hand  
To where the mumbling river is,  
And the high clematis;  
It lent new colour to the land,  
And all the boy within me manned.

Ah, this one. Yes, I know his name,  
 He is the day that wrought a shine  
 Even on a precinct common and tame,  
     As 'twere of purposed aim.  
 He shows him as a rainbow sign  
 Of promise made to me and mine.

The next stands forth in his morning clothes,  
 And yet, despite their misty blue,  
 They mark no sombre custom-growths  
     That joyous living loathes,  
 But a meteor act, that left in its queue  
 A train of sparks my lifetime through.

I almost tremble at his nod—  
 This next in train—who looks at me  
 As I were slave, and he were god  
     Wielding an iron rod.  
 I close my eyes ; yet still is he  
 In front there, looking mastery.

In semblance of a face averse  
 The phantom of the next one comes :  
 I did not know what better or worse  
     Chancings might bless or curse  
 When his original glossed the thrums  
 Of ivy, bringing that which numbs.

Yes ; trees were turning in their sleep  
 Upon their windy pillows of gray  
 When he stole in. Silent his creep  
     On the grassed eastern steep. . . .  
 I shall not soon forget that day,  
 And what his third hour took away !

### HE FOLLOWS HIMSELF

IN a heavy time I dogged myself  
 Along a louring way,  
 Till my leading self to my following self  
     Said : " Why do you hang on me  
     So harassingly ? "

"I have watched you, Heart of mine," I cried,  
    " So often going astray  
And leaving me, that I have pursued,  
    Feeling such truancy  
    Ought not to be."

He said no more, and I dogged him on  
    From noon to the dun of day  
By prowling paths, until anew  
    He begged : " Please turn and flee !—  
    What do you see ?"

"Methinks I see a man," said I,  
    " Dimming his hours to gray.  
I will not leave him while I know  
    Part of myself is he  
    Who dreams such dree !"

"I go to my old friend's house," he urged,  
    " So do not watch me, pray !"  
"Well, I will leave you in peace," said I,  
    " Though of this poignancy  
    You should fight free :

"Your friend, O other me, is dead ;  
    You know not what you say."  
—"That do I ! And at his green-grassed door  
    By night's bright galaxy  
    I bend a knee."

—The yew-plumes moved like mockers' beards  
    Though only boughs were they,  
And I seemed to go ; yet still was there,  
    And am, and there haunt we  
    Thus bootlessly.

## THE SINGING WOMAN

THERE was a singing woman  
    Came riding across the mead  
At the time of the mild May weather,  
    Tameless, tireless ;  
This song she sung : " I am fair, I am young !"  
    And many turned to heed.



And the same singing woman  
 Sat crooning in her need  
 At the time of the winter weather ;  
     Friendless, fireless,  
 She sang this song : " Life, thou'rt too long !"  
     And there was none to heed.

### WITHOUT, NOT WITHIN HER

It was what you bore with you, Woman,  
     Not inly were,  
 That throned you from all else human,  
     However fair !

It was that strange freshness you carried  
     Into a soul  
 Whereon no thought of yours tarried  
     Two moments at all.

And out from his spirit flew death,  
     And bale, and ban,  
 Like the corn-chaff under the breath  
     Of the winnowing-fan.

### "O I WON'T LEAD A HOMELY LIFE"

*(To an old air)*

"O I WON'T lead a homely life  
 As father's Jack and mother's Jill,  
 But I will be a fiddler's wife,  
     With music mine at will !  
     Just a little tune,  
     Another one soon,  
 As I merrily fling my fill !"

And she became a fiddler's Dear,  
 And merry all day she strove to be ;  
 And he played and played afar and near,  
     But never at home played he  
     Any little tune  
     Or late or soon ;  
 And sunk and sad was she !

## IN THE SMALL HOURS

I LAY in my bed and fiddled  
With a dreamland viol and bow,  
And the tunes flew back to my fingers  
I had melodied years ago.  
It was two or three in the morning  
When I fancy-fiddled so  
Long reels and country-dances,  
And hornpipes swift and slow.

And soon anon came crossing  
The chamber in the gray  
Figures of jigging fieldfolk—  
Saviours of corn and hay—  
To the air of "Haste to the Wedding,"  
As after a wedding-day ;  
Yea, up and down the middle  
In windless whirls went they !

There danced the bride and bridegroom,  
And couples in a train,  
Gay partners time and travail  
Had longwhiles stilled amain ! . .  
It seemed a thing for weeping  
To find, at slumber's wane  
And morning's sly increeping,  
That Now, not Then, held reign.

## THE LITTLE OLD TABLE

CREAK, little wood thing, creak,  
When I touch you with elbow or knee ;  
That is the way you speak  
Of one who gave you to me !

You, little table, she brought—  
Brought me with her own hand,  
As she looked at me with a thought  
That I did not understand.

—Whoever owns it anon,  
 And hears it, will never know  
 What a history hangs upon  
 This creak from long ago.

### VAGG HOLLOW

Vagg Hollow is a marshy spot on the old Roman Road near Ilchester, where "things" are seen. Merchandise was formerly fetched inland from the canal-boats at Load-Bridge by waggons this way.

"WHAT do you see in Vagg Hollow,  
 Little boy, when you go  
 In the morning at five on your lonely drive?"  
 "—I see men's souls, who follow  
 Till we've passed where the road lies low,  
 When they vanish at our creaking!

"They are like white faces speaking  
 Beside and behind the waggon—  
 One just as father's was when here.  
 The waggoner drinks from his flagon,  
 (Or he'd flinch when the Hollow is near)  
 But he does not give me any.

"Sometimes the faces are many;  
 But I walk along by the horses,  
 He asleep on the straw as we jog;  
 And I hear the loud water-courses,  
 And the drops from the trees in the fog,  
 And watch till the day is breaking,

"And the wind out by Tintinhull waking;  
 I hear in it father's call  
 As he called when I saw him dying,  
 And he sat by the fire last Fall,  
 And mother stood by sighing;  
 But I'm not afraid at all."

## THE DREAM IS—WHICH?

I AM laughing by the brook with her,  
 Splashed in its tumbling stir;  
 And then it is a blankness looms  
 As if I walked not there,  
 Nor she, but found me in haggard rooms,  
 And treading a lonely stair.

With radiant cheeks and rapid eyes  
 We sit where none espies;  
 Till a harsh change comes edging in  
 As no such scene were there,  
 But winter, and I were bent and thin,  
 And cinder-gray my hair.

We dance in heys around the hall,  
 Weightless as thistleball;  
 And then a curtain drops between,  
 As if I danced not there,  
 But wandered through a mounded green  
 To find her, I knew where.

*March 1913.*

## THE COUNTRY WEDDING

(A FIDDLER'S STORY)

LITTLE fogs were gathered in every hollow,  
 But the purple hillocks enjoyed fine weather  
 As we marched with our fiddles over the heather  
 —How it comes back!—to their wedding that day.

Our getting there brought our neighbours and all, O!  
 Till, two and two, the couples stood ready.  
 And her father said: "Souls, for God's sake, be steady!"  
 And we strung up our fiddles, and sounded out "A."

The groomsman he stared, and said, "You must follow!"  
 But we'd gone to fiddle in front of the party,  
 (Our feelings as friends being true and hearty)  
 And fiddle in front we did—all the way.

Yes, from their door by Mill-tail-Shallow,  
And up Styles-Lane, and by Front-Street houses,  
Where stood maids, bachelors, and spouses,  
Who cheered the songs that we knew how to play.

I bowed the treble before her father,  
Michael the tenor in front of the lady,  
The bass-viol Reub—and right well played he !—  
The serpent Jim ; ay, to church and back.

I thought the bridegroom was flurried rather,  
As we kept up the tune outside the chancel,  
While they were swearing things none can cancel  
Inside the walls to our drumstick's whack.

“ Too gay ! ” she pleaded. “ Clouds may gather,  
And sorrow come.” But she gave in, laughing,  
And by supper-time when we'd got to the quaffing  
Her fears were forgot, and her smiles weren't slack.

A grand wedding 'twas ! And what would follow  
We never thought. Or that we should have buried her  
On the same day with the man that married her,  
A day like the first, half hazy, half clear.

Yes : little fogs were in every hollow,  
Though the purple hillocks enjoyed fine weather,  
When we went to play 'em to church together,  
And carried 'em there in an after year.

## FIRST OR LAST

(SONG)

If grief come early  
Joy comes late,  
If joy come early  
Grief will wait ;  
Aye, my dear and tender !

Wise ones joy them early  
While the cheeks are red,  
Banish grief till surly  
Time has dulled their dread.

And joy being ours  
Ere youth has flown,  
The later hours  
May find us gone ;  
Aye, my dear and tender !

## LONELY DAYS

LONELY her fate was,  
Environed from sight  
In the house where the gate was  
Past finding at night.  
None there to share it,  
No one to tell :  
Long she'd to bear it,  
And bore it well.

Elsewhere just so she  
Spent many a day ;  
Wishing to go she  
Continued to stay.  
And people without  
Basked warm in the air,  
But none sought her out,  
Or knew she was there.  
Even birthdays were passed so,  
Sunny and shady :  
Years did it last so  
For this sad lady.  
Never declaring it,  
No one to tell,  
Still she kept bearing it—  
Bore it well.

The days grew chillier,  
And then she went  
To a city, familiar  
In years forespent,

When she walked gaily  
 Far to and fro.  
 But now, moving frailty,  
 Could nowhere go.  
 The cheerful colour  
 Of houses she'd known  
 Had died to a duller  
 And dingier tone.  
 Streets were now noisy  
 Where once had rolled  
 A few quiet coaches,  
 Or citizens strolled.  
 Through the party-wall  
 Of the memoried spot  
 They danced at a ball  
 Who recalled her not.  
 Tramlines lay crossing  
 Once gravelled slopes,  
 Metal rods clanked,  
 And electric ropes.  
 So she endured it all,  
 Thin, thinner wrought,  
 Until time cured it all,  
 And she knew nought.

Versified from a Diary.

### "WHAT DID IT MEAN?"

WHAT did it mean that noontide, when  
 You bade me pluck the flower  
 Within the other woman's bower,  
 Whom I knew nought of then?

I thought the flower blushed deeper—aye,  
 And as I drew its stalk to me  
 It seemed to breathe: "I am, I see,  
 Made use of in a human play."

And while I plucked, upstarted sheer  
 As phantom from the pane thereby  
 A corpse-like countenance, with eye  
 That iced me by its baleful peer—  
 Silent, as from a bier. . . .

When I came back your face had changed,  
 It was no face for me ;  
 O did it speak of hearts estranged,  
 And deadly rivalry  
     In times before  
     I darked your door,  
     To seize me of  
     Mere second love,  
 Which still the haunting first deranged ?

### AT THE DINNER-TABLE

I SAT at dinner in my prime,  
 And glimpsed my face in the sideboard-glass,  
 And started as if I had seen a crime,  
 And prayed the ghastly show might pass.

Wrenched wrinkled features met my sight,  
 Grinning back to me as my own ;  
 I well-nigh fainted with affright  
 At finding me a haggard crone.

My husband laughed. He had slily set  
 A warping mirror there, in whim  
 To startle me. My eyes grew wet ;  
 I spoke not all the eve to him.

He was sorry, he said, for what he had done,  
 And took away the distorting glass,  
 Uncovering the accustomed one ;  
 And so it ended ? No, alas,

Fifty years later, when he died,  
 I sat me in the selfsame chair,  
 Thinking of him. Till, weary-eyed,  
 I saw the sideboard facing there ;

And from its mirror looked the lean  
 Thing I'd become, each wrinkle and score  
 The image of me that I had seen  
 In jest there fifty years before.



## THE MARBLE TABLET

THERE it stands, though alas, what a little of her  
Shows in its cold white look !  
Not her glance, glide, or smile ; not a tittle of her  
Voice like the purl of a brook ;  
Not her thoughts, that you read like a book

It may stand for her once in November  
When first she breathed, witless of all ;  
Or in heavy years she would remember  
When circumstance held her in thrall ;  
Or at last, when she answered her call !

Nothing more. The still marble, date-graven,  
Gives all that it can, tersely lined ;  
That one has at length found the haven  
Which every one other will find ;  
With silence on what shone behind.

ST. JULIOT : *September 8, 1916.*

## THE MASTER AND THE LEAVES

## I

WE are budding, Master, budding,  
We of your favourite tree ;  
March drought and April flooding  
Arouse us merrily,  
Our stemlets newly studding ;  
And yet you do not see !

## II

WE are fully woven for summer  
In stuff of limpest green,  
The twitterer and the hummer  
Here rest of nights, unseen,  
While like a long-roll drummer  
The nightjar thrills the treen.

## III

We are turning yellow, Master,  
And next we are turning red,  
And faster then and faster  
Shall seek our rooty bed,  
All wasted in disaster !  
But you lift not your head.

## IV

—“ I mark your early going,  
And that you'll soon be clay,  
I have seen your summer showing  
As in my youthful day ;  
But why I seem unknowing  
Is too sunk in to say ! ”

1917.

## LAST WORDS TO A DUMB FRIEND

PET was never mourned as you,  
Purrer of the spotless hue,  
Plumy tail, and wistful gaze  
While you humoured our queer ways,  
Or outshrilled your morning call  
Up the stairs and through the hall—  
Foot suspended in its fall—  
While, expectant, you would stand  
Arched, to meet the stroking hand ;  
Till your way you chose to wend  
Yonder, to your tragic end.

Never another pet for me :  
Let your place all vacant be ;  
Better blankness day by day  
Than companion torn away.  
Better bid his memory fade,  
Better blot each mark he made,  
Selfishly escape distress  
By contrived forgetfulness,  
Than preserve his prints to make  
Every morn and eve an ache.

From the chair whereon he sat  
Sweep his fur, nor wince thereat :  
Rake his little pathways out  
Mid the bushes roundabout ;  
Smooth away his talons' mark  
From the claw-worn pine-tree bark,  
Where he climbed as dusk embrowned,  
Waiting us who loitered round.

Strange it is this speechless thing,  
Subject to our mastering,  
Subject for his life and food  
To our gift, and time, and mood .  
Timid pensioner of us Powers,  
His existence ruled by ours,  
Should—by crossing at a breath  
Into safe and shielded death,  
By the merely taking hence  
Of his insignificance—  
Loom as largened to the sense,  
Shape as part, above man's will,  
Of the Imperturbable.

As a prisoner, flight debarred,  
Exercising in a yard,  
Still retain I, troubled, shaken,  
Mean estate, by him forsaken ;  
And this home, which scarcely took  
Impress from his little look,  
By his faring to the Dim  
Grows all eloquent of him.

Housemate, I can think you still  
Bounding to the window-sill,  
Over which I vaguely see  
Your small mound beneath the tree,  
Showing in the autumn shade  
That you moulder where you played.

*October 2, 1904.*

## A DRIZZLING EASTER MORNING

AND he is risen? Well, be it so. . . .  
And still the pensive lands complain,  
And dead men wait as long ago,  
As if, much doubting, they would know  
What they are ransomed from, before  
They pass again their sheltering door.

I stand amid them in the rain,  
While blusters vex the yew and vane ;  
And on the road the weary wain  
Plods forward, laden heavily ;  
And toilers with their aches are fain  
For endless rest—though risen is he.

ON ONE WHO LIVED AND DIED WHERE  
HE WAS BORN

WHEN a night in November  
Blew forth its bleared airs  
An infant descended  
His birth-chamber stairs  
For the very first time,  
At the still, midnight chime ;  
All unapprehended  
His mission, his aim.—  
Thus, first, one November,  
An infant descended  
The stairs.

On a night in November  
Of weariful cares,  
A frail aged figure  
Ascended those stairs  
For the very last time :  
All gone his life's prime,  
All vanished his vigour,  
And fine, forceful frame :  
Thus, last, one November  
Ascended that figure  
Upstairs.

On those nights in November—  
 Apart eighty years—  
 The babe and the bent one  
 Who traversed those stairs  
 From the early first time  
 To the last feeble climb—  
 That fresh and that spent one—  
 Were even the same :  
 Yea, who passed in November  
 As infant, as bent one,  
 Those stairs.

Wise child of November !  
 From birth to blanched hairs  
 Descending, ascending,  
 Wealth-wantless, those stairs ;  
 Who saw quick in time  
 As a vain pantomime  
 Life's tending, its ending,  
 The worth of its fame.  
 Wise child of November,  
 Descending, ascending  
 Those stairs !

## THE SECOND NIGHT

(BALLAD)

I MISSED one night, but the next I went ;  
 It was gusty above, and clear ;  
 She was there, with the look of one ill-content  
 And said : " Do not come near ! "

—" I am sorry last night to have failed you here.  
 And now I have travelled all day ;  
 And it's long rowing back to the West-Hoe Pier,  
 So brief must be my stay."

—" O man of mystery, why not say  
 Out plain to me all you mean ?  
 Why you missed last night, and must now away  
 Is—another has come between ! "

—“O woman so mocking in mood and mien,  
So be it !” I replied :

“And if I am due at a differing scene  
Before the dark has died,

“’Tis that, unresting, to wander wide  
Has ever been my plight,  
And at least I have met you at Cremyll side  
If not last eve, to-night.”

—“You get small rest—that read I quite ;  
And so do I, maybe ;  
Though there’s a rest hid safe from sight  
Elsewhere awaiting me !”

A mad star crossed the sky to the sea,  
Wasting in sparks as it streamed,  
And when I looked back at her wistfully  
She had changed, much changed, it seemed .

The sparks of the star in her pupils gleamed,  
She was vague as a vapour now,  
And ere of its meaning I had dreamed  
She’d vanished—I knew not how.

I stood on, long ; each cliff-top bough,  
Like a cynic nodding there,  
Moved up and down, though no man’s brow  
But mine met the wayward air

Still stood I, wholly unaware  
Of what had come to pass,  
Or had brought the secret of my new Fair  
To my old Love, alas !

I went down then by crag and grass  
To the boat wherein I had come.  
Said the man with the oars : “This news of the lass  
Of Edgcumbe, is sharp for some !

“Yes : found this daybreak, stiff and numb  
On the shore here, whither she’d sped  
To meet her lover last night in the glum,  
And he came not, ’tis said.

"And she leapt down, heart-hit. Pity she's dead  
 So much for the faithful-bent!" . . .  
 I looked, and again a star overhead  
 Shot through the firmament.

### SHE WHO SAW NOT

"DID you see something within the house  
 That made me call you before the red sunseting?  
 Something that all this common scene endows  
 With a richened impress there can be no forgetting?"

"—I have found nothing to see therein,  
 O Sage, that should have made you urge me to enter,  
 Nothing to fire the soul, or the sense to win:  
 I rate you as a rare misrepresenter!"

"—Go anew, Lady,—in by the right. . . .  
 Well; why does your face not shine like the face of Moses?"  
 "—I found no moving thing there save the light  
 And shadow flung on the wall by the outside roses."

"—Go yet once more, pray. Look on a seat."  
 "—I go. . . . O Sage, it's only a man that sits there  
 With eyes on the sun. Mute,—average head to feet."  
 "—No more?"—"No more. Just one the place befits there,

"As the rays reach in through the open door,  
 And he looks at his hand, and the sun glows through his fingers,  
 While he's thinking thoughts whose tenour is no more  
 To me than the swaying rose-tree shade that lingers."

No more. And years drew on and on  
 Till no sun came, dank fogs the house enfolding;  
 And she saw inside, when the form in the flesh had gone,  
 As a vision what she had missed when the real beholding.

### THE OLD WORKMAN

"WHY are you so bent down before your time,  
 Old mason? Many have not left their prime  
 So far behind at your age, and can still  
 Stand full upright at will."

He pointed to the mansion-front hard by,  
And to the stones of the quoin against the sky ;  
"Those upper blocks," he said, "that there you see,  
It was that ruined me."

There stood in the air up to the parapet  
Crowning the corner height, the stones as set  
By him—ashlar whereon the gales might drum  
For centuries to come.

"I carried them up," he said, "by a ladder there ;  
The last was as big a load as I could bear ;  
But on I heaved ; and something in my back  
Moved, as 'twere with a crack.

"So I got crookt. I never lost that sprain ;  
And those who live there, walled from wind and rain  
By freestone that I lifted, do not know  
That my life's ache came so.

"They don't know me, or even know my name,  
But good I think it, somehow, all the same  
To have kept 'em safe from harm, and right and tight,  
Though it has broke me quite.

'Yes ; that I fixed it firm up there I am proud,  
Facing the hail and snow and sun and cloud,  
And to stand storms for ages, beating round  
When I lie underground."

## THE SAILOR'S MOTHER

"O WHENCE do you come,  
Figure in the night-fog that chills me numb ?"

"I come to you across from my house up there,  
And I don't mind the brine-mist clinging to me  
That blows from the quay,  
For I heard him in my chamber, and thought you unaware.

"But what did you hear,  
That brought you blindly knocking in this middle-watch so drear ?"



"My sailor son's voice as 'twere calling at your door,  
And I don't mind my bare feet clammy on the stones,  
And the blight to my bones,  
For he only knows of *this* house I lived in before."

"Nobody's nigh,  
Woman like a skeleton, with socket-sunk eye."

"Ah—nobody's nigh! And my life is drearisome,  
And this is the old home we loved in many a day  
Before he went away;  
And the salt fog mops me. And nobody's come!"

From "To Please his Wife."

## OUTSIDE THE CASEMENT

(A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR)

WE sat in the room  
And praised her whom  
We saw in the portico-shade outside:  
She could not hear  
What was said of her,  
But smiled, for its purport we did not hide.

Then in was brought  
That message, fraught  
With evil fortune for her out there,  
Whom we loved that day  
More than any could say,  
And would fain have fenced from a waft of care

And the question pressed  
Like lead on each breast,  
Should we cloak the tidings, or call her and tell?  
It was too intense  
A choice for our sense,  
As we pondered and watched her we loved so well.

Yea, spirit failed us  
At what assailed us ;  
How long, while seeing what soon must come,  
Should we counterfeit  
No knowledge of it,  
And stay the stroke that would blanch and numb ?

And thus, before  
For evermore  
Joy left her, we practised to beguile  
Her innocence when  
She now and again  
Looked in, and smiled us another smile.

## THE PASSER-BY

(L. H. RECALLS HER ROMANCE)

HE used to pass, well-trimmed and brushed,  
My window every day,  
And when I smiled on him he blushed,  
That youth, quite as a girl might ; aye,  
In the shyest way.

Thus often did he pass hereby,  
That youth of bounding gait,  
Until the one who blushed was I,  
And he became, as here I sate,  
My joy, my fate.

And now he passes by no more,  
That youth I loved too true !  
I grieve should he, as here of yore,  
Pass elsewhere, seated in his view,  
Some maiden new !

If such should be, alas for her !  
He'll make her feel him dear,  
Become her daily comforter,  
Then tire him of her beauteous gear,  
And disappear !

### “I WAS THE MIDMOST”

I WAS the midmost of my world  
 When first I frisked me free,  
 For though within its circuit gleamed  
 But a small company,  
 And I was immature, they seemed  
 To bend their looks on me.

She was the midmost of my world  
 When I went further forth,  
 And hence it was that, whether I turned  
 To south, east, west, or north,  
 Beams of an all-day Polestar burned  
 From that new axe of earth.

Where now is midmost in my world?  
 I trace it not at all :  
 No midmost shows it here, or there,  
 When wistful voices call  
 “We are fain ! We are fain !” from everywhere  
 On Earth’s bewildering ball !

### A SOUND IN THE NIGHT

(WOODSFORD CASTLE : 17—)

“WHAT do I catch upon the night-wind. husband ?—  
 What is it sounds in this house so eerily ?  
 It seems to be a woman’s voice : each little while I hear it,  
 And it much troubles me !”

“’Tis but the eaves dripping down upon the plinth-slopes :  
 Letting fancies worry thee !—sure ’tis a foolish thing,  
 When we were on’y coupled half an hour before the noontide,  
 And now it’s but evening.”

“Yet seems it still a woman’s voice outside the castle, husband,  
 And ’tis cold to-night, and rain beats, and this is a lonely place.  
 Didst thou fathom much of womankind in travel or adventure  
 Ere ever thou sawest my face ?”

"It may be a tree, bride, that rubs his arms acrosswise,  
If it is not the eaves-drip upon the lower slopes,  
Or the river at the bend, where it whirls about the hatches  
Like a creature that sighs and mopes."

"Yet it still seems to me like the crying of a woman,  
And it saddens me much that so piteous a sound  
On this my bridal night when I would get agone from sorrow  
Should so ghost-like wander round!"

"To satisfy thee, Love, I will strike the flint-and-steel, then,  
And set the rush-candle up, and undo the door,  
And take the new horn-lantern that we bought upon our journey,  
And throw the light over the moor."

He struck a light, and breeched and booted in the further chamber,  
And lit the new horn-lantern and went from her sight,  
And vanished down the turret; and she heard him pass the  
postern,  
And go out into the night.

She listened as she lay, till she heard his step returning,  
And his voice as he unclothed him: "'Twas nothing, as I said,  
But the nor'-west wind a-blowing from the moor ath'art the river,  
And the tree that taps the gargoyle-head."

"Nay, husband, you perplex me; for if the noise I heard here,  
Awaking me from sleep so, were but as you avow,  
The rain-fall, and the wind, and the tree-bough, and the river,  
Why is it silent now?"

"And why is thy hand and thy clasping arm so shaking,  
And thy sleeve and tags of hair so muddy and so wet,  
And why feel I thy heart a-thumping every time thou kissest me,  
And thy breath as if hard to get?"

He lay there in silence for a while, still quickly breathing,  
Then started up and walked about the room resentfully:  
"O woman, witch, whom I, in sooth, against my will have wedded,  
Why castedst thou thy spells on me?"

“There was one I loved once : the cry you heard was her cry :  
She came to me to-night, and her plight was passing sore,  
As no woman. . . . Yea, and it was e’en the cry you heard, wife.  
But she will cry no more !

“And now I can’t abide thee : this place, it hath a curse on’t,  
This farmstead once a castle : I’ll get me straight away !”  
He dressed this time in darkness, unspeaking, as she listened,  
And went ere the dawn turned day.

They found a woman’s body at a spot called Rocky Shallow,  
Where the Froom stream curves amid the moorland, washed  
aground,  
And they searched about for him, the yeoman, who had darkly  
known her,  
But he could not be found.

And the bride left for good-and-all the farmstead once a castle.  
And in a county far away lives, mourns, and sleeps alone,  
And thinks in windy weather that she hears a woman crying,  
And sometimes an infant’s moan.

## ON A DISCOVERED CURL OF HAIR

WHEN your soft welcomings were said,  
This curl was waving on your head,  
And when we walked where breakers dinned  
It sported in the sun and wind,  
And when I had won your words of grace  
It brushed and clung about my face.  
Then, to abate the misery  
Of absentness, you gave it me.

Where are its fellows now ? Ah, they  
For brightest brown have donned a gray,  
And gone into a caverned ark,  
Ever unopened, always dark !

Yet this one curl, untouched of time,  
Beams with live brown as in its prime,  
So that it seems I even could now  
Restore it to the living brow  
By bearing down the western road  
Till I had reached your old abode.

*February 1913.*

## AN OLD LIKENESS

(RECALLING R. T.)

WHO would have thought  
That, not having missed her  
Talks, tears, laughter  
In absence, or sought  
To recall for so long  
Her gamut of song ;  
Or ever to waft her  
Signal of aught  
That she, fancy-fanned,  
Would well understand,  
I should have kissed her  
Picture when scanned  
Yawning years after !

Yet, seeing her poor  
Dim-outlined form  
Chancewise at night-time,  
Some old allure  
Came on me, warm,  
Fresh, pleadful, pure,  
As in that bright time  
At a far season  
Of love and unreason,  
And took me by storm  
Here in this blight-time !

And thus it arose  
That, yawning years after  
Our early flows  
Of wit and laughter,

And framing of rhymes  
 At idle times,  
 At sight of her painting,  
 Though she lies cold  
 In churchyard mould,  
 I took its feinting  
 As real, and kissed it,  
 As if I had wist it  
 Herself of old.

### HER APOTHEOSIS

"Secretum meum mihi"

(FADED WOMAN'S SONG)

THERE were years vague of measure  
 Needless the asking when ;  
 No honours, praises, pleasure  
 Reached common maids from men.

And hence no lures bewitched them,  
 No hand was stretched to raise,  
 No gracious gifts enriched them,  
 No voices sang their praise.

Yet an iris at that season  
 Amid the accustomed slight  
 From denseness, dull unreason,  
 Ringed me with living light.

### "SACRED TO THE MEMORY"

(MARY H.)

THAT "Sacred to the Memory"  
 Is clearly carven there I own,  
 And all may think that on the stone  
 The words have been inscribed by me  
 In bare conventionality.

They know not and will never know  
That my full script is not confined  
To that stone space, but stands deep lined  
Upon the landscape high and low  
Wherein she made such worthy show.

## TO A WELL-NAMED DWELLING

GLAD old house of lichen'd stonework,  
What I owed you in my lone work,  
    Noon and night !  
Whensoever faint or ailing,  
Letting go my grasp and failing,  
    You lent light.

How by that fair title came you ?  
Did some forward eye so name you  
    Knowing that one,  
Stumbling down his century blindly,  
Would remark your sound, so kindly,  
    And be won ?

Smile in sunlight, sleep in moonlight,  
Bask in April, May, and June-light,  
    Zephyr-fanned ;  
Let your chambers show no sorrow,  
Blanching day, or stuporing morrow,  
    While they stand.

## THE WHIPPER-IN

"MY father was the whipper-in,—  
    Is still—if I'm not misled ?  
And now I see, where the hedge is thin,  
    A little spot of red ;  
    Surely it is my father  
    Going to the kennel-shed !



" I cursed and fought my father—aye.  
 And sailed to a foreign land ;  
 And feeling sorry, I'm back, to stay,  
 Please God, as his helping hand.  
 Surely it is my father  
 Near where the kennels stand ? "

" —True. Whipper-in he used to be  
 For twenty years or more ;  
 And you did go away to sea  
 As youths have done before.  
 Yes, oddly enough that red there  
 Is the very coat he wore.

" But he—he's dead ; was thrown somehow,  
 And gave his back a crick,  
 And though that is his coat, 'tis now  
 The scarecrow of a rick ;  
 You'll see when you get nearer—  
 'Tis spread out on a stick.

" You see, when all had settled down  
 Your mother's things were sold,  
 And she went back to her own town,  
 And the coat, ate out with mould,  
 Is now used by the farmer  
 For scaring, as 'tis old."

## A MILITARY APPOINTMENT

(SCHERZANDO)

" So back you have come from the town, Nan, dear !  
 And have you seen him there, or near—  
 That soldier of mine—  
 Who long since promised to meet me here ? "

" —O yes, Nell : from the town I come,  
 And have seen your lover on sick-leave home—  
 That soldier of yours—  
 Who swore to meet you, or Strike-him-dumb ;

“ But has kept himself of late away ;  
Yet,—in short, he's coming, I heard him say—  
That lover of yours—  
To this very spot on this very day.”

“ —Then I'll wait, I'll wait, through wet or dry !  
I'll give him a goblet brimming high—  
This lover of mine—  
And not of complaint one word or sigh ! ”

“ —Nell, him I have chanced so much to see,  
That—he has grown the lover of me !—  
That lover of yours—  
And it's here our meeting is planned to be.”

## THE MILESTONE BY THE RABBIT-BURROW

(ON YELL'HAM HILL)

IN my loamy nook  
As I dig my hole  
I observe men look  
At a stone, and sigh  
As they pass it by  
To some far goal.

Something it says  
To their glancing eyes  
That must distress  
The frail and lame,  
And the strong of frame  
Gladden or surprise.

Do signs on its face  
Declare how far  
Feet have to trace  
Before they gain  
Some blest champaign  
Where no gins are ?

## THE LAMENT OF THE LOOKING-GLASS

WORDS from the mirror softly pass  
To the curtains with a sigh :  
“ Why should I trouble again to glass  
These smileless things hard by,  
Since she I pleased once, alas,  
Is now no longer nigh ! ”

“ I’ve imaged shadows of coursing cloud,  
And of the plying limb  
On the pensive pine when the air is loud  
With its aerial hymn ;  
But never do they make me proud  
To catch them within my rim !

“ I flash back phantoms of the night  
That sometimes flit by me,  
I echo roses red and white—  
The loveliest blooms that be—  
But now I never hold to sight  
So sweet a flower as she.”

## CROSS-CURRENTS

THEY parted—a pallid, trembling pair,  
And rushing down the lane  
He left her lonely near me there ;  
—I asked her of their pain.

“ It is for ever,” at length she said,  
“ His friends have schemed it so,  
That the long-purposed day to wed  
Never shall we two know.”

“ In such a cruel case,” said I,  
“ Love will contrive a course ? ”  
“ —Well, no . . . A thing may underlie,  
Which robs that of its force ;

“A thing I could not tell him of,  
Though all the year I have tried ;  
This : never could I have given him love,  
Even had I been his bride.

“So, when his kinsfolk stop the way  
Point-blank, there could not be  
A happening in the world to-day  
More opportune for me !

“Yet hear—no doubt to your surprise—  
I am grieving, for his sake,  
That I have escaped the sacrifice  
I was distressed to make !”

## THE OLD NEIGHBOUR AND THE NEW

'Twas to greet the new rector I called here,  
But in the arm-chair I see  
My old friend, for long years installed here,  
Who palely nods to me.

The new man explains what he's planning  
In a smart and cheerful tone,  
And I listen, the while that I'm scanning  
The figure behind his own.

The newcomer urges things on me ;  
I return a vague smile thereto,  
The olden face gazing upon me  
Just as it used to do !

And on leaving I scarcely remember  
Which neighbour to-day I have seen,  
The one carried out in September,  
Or him who but entered yestreen.

## THE CHOSEN

"Ατινά ἐστὶν ἀλληγορούμενα

"A WOMAN for whom great gods might strive "   
 I said, and kissed her there :   
 And then I thought of the other five,   
 And of how charms outwear.

I thought of the first with her eating eyes,   
 And I thought of the second with hers, green-gray   
 And I thought of the third, experienced, wise,   
 And I thought of the fourth who sang all day.

And I thought of the fifth, whom I'd called a jade   
 And I thought of them all, tear-fraught ;   
 And that each had shown her a passable maid,   
 Yet not of the favour sought.

So I traced these words on the bark of a beech   
 Just at the falling of the mast :   
 "After scanning five ; yes, each and each,   
 I've found the woman desired—at last !"

"—I feel a strange benumbing spell,   
 As one ill-wished !" said she.   
 And soon it seemed that something fell   
 Was starving her love for me.

"I feel some curse. O, *five* were there ?"   
 And wanly she swerved, and went away.   
 I followed sick : night numbed the air,   
 And dark the mournful moorland lay.

I cried : "O darling, turn your head !"   
 But never her face I viewed ;   
 "O turn, O turn !" again I said,   
 And miserably pursued.

At length I came to a Christ-cross stone   
 Which she had passed without discern ;   
 And I knelt upon the leaves there strown   
 And prayed aloud that she might turn.

I rose, and looked ; and turn she did ;  
 I cried, " My heart revives ! "  
 " Look more," she said. I looked as bid ;  
 Her face was all the five's.

All the five women, clear come back,  
 I saw in her—with her made one,  
 The while she drooped upon the track,  
 And her frail term seemed well-nigh run.

She'd half forgot me in her change ;  
 " Who are you ? Won't you say  
 Who you may be, you man so strange,  
 Following since yesterday ? "

I took the composite form she was,  
 And carried her to an harbour small,  
 Not passion-moved, but even because  
 In one I could atone to all.

And there she lies, and there I tend,  
 Till my life's threads unwind,  
 A various womanhood in blend—  
 Not one, but all combined.

## THE INSCRIPTION

(A TALE)

SIR JOHN was entombed, and the crypt was closed, and she,  
 Like a soul that could meet no more the sight of the sun,  
 Inclined her in weepings and prayings continually,  
 As his widowed one.

And to pleasure her in her sorrow, and fix his name  
 As a memory Time's fierce frost should never kill,  
 She caused to be richly chased a brass to his fame,  
 Which should link them still ;

For she bonded her name with his own on the brazen page,  
 As if dead and interred there with him, and cold, and numb,  
 (Omitting the day of her dying and year of her age  
 Till her end should come ;)

And implored good people to pray "**Of their Charytie  
For these twaine Soules,**"—yea, she who did last remain  
Forgoing Heaven's bliss if ever with spouse should she  
Again have lain.

Even there, as it first was set, you may see it now,  
Writ in quaint Church-text, with the date of her death left bare,  
In the aged Estminster aisle, where the folk yet bow  
Themselves in prayer.

Thereafter some years slid, till there came a day  
When it slowly began to be marked of the standers-by  
That she would regard the brass, and would bend away  
With a drooping sigh.

Now the lady was fair as any the eye might scan  
Through a summer day of roving—a type at whose lip  
Despite her maturing seasons, no meet man  
Would be loth to sip.

And her heart was stirred with a lightning love to its pith  
For a newcomer who, while less in years, was one  
Full eager and able to make her his own forthwith,  
Restrained of none.

But she answered Nay, death-white ; and still as he urged  
She adversely spake, overmuch as she loved the while,  
Till he pressed for why, and she led with the face of one scourged  
To the neighbouring aisle,

And showed him the words, ever gleaming upon her pew,  
Memorizing her there as the knight's eternal wife,  
Or falsing such, debarred inheritance due  
Of celestial life.

He blenched, and reproached her that one yet undeceased  
Should bury her future—that future which none can spell ;  
And she wept, and purposed anon to inquire of the priest  
If the price were hell

Of her wedding in face of the record. Her lover agreed,  
And they parted before the brass with a shudderful kiss,  
For it seemed to flash out on their impulse of passionate need,  
"Mock ye not this !"

Well, the priest, whom more perceptions moved than one,  
Said she erred at the first to have written as if she were dead  
Her name and adjuration ; but since it was done  
Nought could be said

Save that she must abide by the pledge, for the peace of her soul  
And so, by her life, maintain the apostrophe good,  
If she wished anon to reach the coveted goal  
Of beatitude.

To erase from the consecrate text her prayer as there prayed  
Would aver that, since earth's joys most drew her, past doubt,  
F'riends' prayers for her joy above by Jesu's aid  
Could be done without.

Moreover she thought of the laughter, the shrug, the jibe  
That would rise at her back in the nave when she should pass  
As another's avowed by the words she had chosen to inscribe  
On the changeless brass.

And so for months she replied to her Love : " No, no " ;  
'While sorrow was gnawing her beauties ever and more,  
'Till he, long-suffering and weary, grew to show  
Less warmth than before.

And, after an absence, wrote words absolute :  
That he gave her till Midsummer morn to make her mind clear ;  
And that if, by then, she had not said Yea to his suit,  
He should wed elsewhere.

Thence on, at unwonted times through the lengthening days  
She was seen in the church—at dawn, or when the sun dipt  
And the moon rose, standing with hands joined, blank of gaze,  
Before the script.

She thinned as he came not ; shrank like a creature that cowers  
As summer drew nearer ; but yet had not promised to wed,  
When, just at the zenith of June, in the still night hours,  
She was missed from her bed.

" The church ! " they whispered with qualms ; " where often she  
sits."  
They found her : facing the brass there, else seeing none,  
But feeling the words with her finger, gibbering in fits ;  
And she knew them not one.



And so she remained, in her handmaids' charge ; late, soon,  
 Tracing words in the air with her finger, as seen that night—  
 Those incised on the brass—till at length unwatched one noon,  
     She vanished from sight.

And, as talebearers tell, thence on to her last-taken breath  
 Was unseen, save as wraith that in front of the brass made moan ;  
 So that ever the way of her life and the time of her death  
     Remained unknown.

And hence, as indited above, you may read even now  
 The quaint Church-text, with the date of her death left bare,  
 In the aged Estminster aisle, where folk yet bow  
     Themselves in prayer.

*October 30, 1907.*

## THE MARBLE-STREETED TOWN

I REACH the marble-streeted town,  
     Whose "Sound" outbreathes its air  
     Of sharp sea-salts ;  
 I see the movement up and down  
     As when she was there.  
 Ships of all countries come and go,  
     The bandsmen boom in the sun  
     A throbbing waltz ;  
 The schoolgirls laugh along the Hoe  
     As when she was one.

I move away as the music rolls :  
     The place seems not to mind  
     That she—of old  
 The brightest of its native souls—  
     Left it behind !  
 Over this green aforesdays she  
     On light treads went and came.  
     Yea, times untold ;  
 Yet none here knows her history—  
     Has heard her name.

PLYMOUTH (1914?).

## A WOMAN DRIVING

How she held up the horses' heads,  
Firm-lipped, with steady rein,  
Down that grim steep the coastguard treads,  
Till all was safe again !

With form erect and keen contour  
She passed against the sea,  
And, dipping into the chine's obscure,  
Was seen no more by me.

To others she appeared anew  
At times of dusky light,  
But always, so they told, withdrew  
From close and curious sight.

Some said her silent wheels would roll  
Rutless on softest loam,  
And even that her steeds' footfall  
Sank not upon the foam.

Where drives she now ? It may be where  
No mortal horses are,  
But in a chariot of the air  
Towards some radiant star.

## A WOMAN'S TRUST

IF he should live a thousand years  
He'd find it not again  
That scorn of him by men  
Could less disturb a woman's trust  
In him as a steadfast star which must  
Rise scathless from the nether spheres :  
If he should live a thousand years  
He'd find it not again.

She waited like a little child,  
Unchilled by damps of doubt,  
While from her eyes looked out  
A confidence sublime as Spring's  
When stressed by Winter's loiterings.  
Thus, howsoever the wicked wiled,  
She waited like a little child  
Unchilled by damps of doubt.

Through cruel years and crueller  
Thus she believed in him  
And his aurore, so dim ;  
That, after fenweeds, flowers would blow ;  
And above all things did she show  
Her faith in his good faith with her ;  
Through cruel years and crueller  
Thus she believed in him !

### BEST TIMES

WE went a day's excursion to the stream,  
Basked by the bank, and bent to the ripple-gleam,  
And I did not know  
That life would show,  
However it might flower, no finer glow.

I walked in the Sunday sunshine by the road  
That wound towards the wicket of your abode,  
And I did not think  
That life would shrink  
To nothing ere it shed a rosier pink.

Unlooked for I arrived on a rainy night,  
And you hailed me at the door by the swaying light  
And I full forgot  
That life might not  
Again be touching that ecstatic height.

And that calm eve when you walked up the stair,  
After a gaiety prolonged and rare,  
    No thought soever  
    That you might never  
Walk down again, struck me as I stood there.

Rewritten from an old draft.

### THE CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE

WHILE he was here with breath and bone,  
    To speak to and to see,  
Would I had known—more clearly known—  
    What that man did for me

When the wind scraped a minor lay,  
    And the spent west from white  
To gray turned tiredly, and from gray  
    To broadest bands of night !

But I saw not, and he saw not  
    What shining life-tides flowed  
To me-ward from his casual jot  
    Of service on that road.

He would have said : "'Twas nothing new ;  
    We all do what we can ;  
'Twas only what one man would do  
    For any other man."

Now that I gauge his goodliness  
    He's slipped from human eyes ;  
And when he passed there's none can guess,  
    Or point out where he lies.

### INTRA SEPULCHRUM

WHAT curious things we said,  
    What curious things we did  
Up there in the world we walked till dead,  
    Our kith and kin amid !

## LATE LYRICS AND EARLIER

How we played at love,  
And its wildness, weakness, woe ;  
Yes, played thereat far more than enough  
As it turned out, I trow !

Played at believing in gods  
And observing the ordinances,  
I for your sake in impossible codes  
Right ready to acquiesce.

Thinking our lives unique,  
Quite quainter than usual kinds,  
We held that we could not abide a week  
The tether of typic minds.

—Yet people who day by day  
Pass by and look at us  
From over the wall in a casual way  
Are of this unconscious.

And feel, if anything,  
That none can be buried here  
Removed from commonest fashioning,  
Or lending note to a bier :

No twain who in heart-heaves proved  
Themselves at all adept,  
Who more than many laughed and loved  
Who more than many wept,

Or were as sprites or elves  
Into blind matter hurled,  
Or ever could have been to themselves  
The centre of the world.

## THE WHITEWASHED WALL

WHY does she turn in that shy soft way  
Whenever she stirs the fire,  
And kiss to the chimney-corner wall,  
As if entranced to admire

Its whitewashed bareness more than the sight  
Of a rose in richest green?  
I have known her long, but this raptured rite  
I never before have seen.

—Well, once when her son cast his shadow there,  
A friend took a pencil and drew him  
Upon that flame-lit wall. And the lines  
Had a lifelike semblance to him.  
And there long stayed his familiar look;  
But one day, ere she knew,  
The whitener came to cleanse the nook,  
And covered the face from view.

“Yes,” he said: “My brush goes on with a rush,  
And the draught is buried under;  
When you have to whiten old cots and brighten,  
What else can you do, I wonder?”  
But she knows he’s there. And when she yearns  
For him, deep in the labouring night,  
She sees him as close at hand, and turns  
To him under his sheet of white.

### JUST THE SAME

I SAT. It all was past;  
Hope never would hail again;  
Fair days had ceased at a blast,  
The world was a darkened den.

The beauty and dream were gone,  
And the halo in which I had hied  
So gaily gallantly on  
Had suffered blot and died!

I went forth, heedless whither,  
In a cloud too black for name:  
—People frisked hither and thither;  
The world was just the same.

## THE LAST TIME

THE kiss had been given and taken,  
And gathered to many past :  
It never could reawaken ;  
But I heard none say : " It's the last ! "

The clock showed the hour and the minute  
But I did not turn and look :  
I read no finis in it,  
As at closing of a book.

But I read it all too rightly  
When, at a time anon,  
A figure lay stretched out whitely,  
And I stood looking thereon.

## THE SEVEN TIMES

THE dark was thick. A boy he seemed at that time  
Who trotted by me with uncertain air ;  
" I'll tell my tale," he murmured, " for I fancy  
A friend goes there ? . . . "

Then thus he told. " I reached—'twas for the first time—  
A dwelling. Life was clogged in me with care ;  
I thought not I should meet an eyesome maiden,  
But found one there.

" I entered on the precincts for the second time—  
'Twas an adventure fit and fresh and fair—  
I slackened in my footsteps at the porchway,  
And found her there.

" I rose and travelled thither for the third time,  
The hope-hues growing gayer and yet gayer  
As I hastened round the boscage of the outskirts,  
And found her there.

"I journeyed to the place again the fourth time  
(The best and rarest visit of the rare,  
As it seemed to me, engrossed about these goings),  
And found her there.

"When I bent me to my pilgrimage the fifth time  
(Soft-thinking as I journeyed I would dare  
A certain word at token of good auspice),  
I found her there.

"That landscape did I traverse for the sixth time,  
And dreamed on what we purposed to prepare ;  
I reached a tryst before my journey's end came,  
And found her there.

"I went again—long after—aye, the seventh time ;  
The look of things was sinister and bare  
As I caught no customary signal, heard no voice call,  
Nor found her there.

"And now I gad the globe—day, night, and any time,  
To light upon her hiding unaware,  
And, maybe, I shall nigh me to some nymph-niche,  
And find her there !"

"But how," said I, "has your so little lifetime  
Given roomage for such loving, loss, despair ?  
A boy so young !" Forthwith I turned my lantern  
Upon him there.

His head was white    His small form, fine aforetime,  
Was shrunken with old age and battering wear,  
An eighty-years long plodder saw I pacing  
Beside me there.

## THE SUN'S LAST LOOK ON THE COUNTRY GIRL

(M. H.)

THE sun threw down a radiant spot  
On the face in the winding-sheet—  
The face it had lit when a babe's in its cot ;  
And the sun knew not, and the face knew not  
That soon they would no more meet.



Now that the grave has shut its door,  
 And lets not in one ray,  
 Do they wonder that they meet no more—  
 That face and its beaming visitor—  
 That met so many a day?

*December 1915.*

## IN A LONDON FLAT

### I

"YOU look like a widower," she said  
 Through the folding-doors with a laugh from the bed,  
 As he sat by the fire in the outer room,  
 Reading late on a night of gloom,  
 And a cab-hack's wheeze, and the clap of its feet  
 In its breathless pace on the smooth wet street,  
 Were all that came to them now and then. . . .  
 "You really do!" she quizzed again.

### II

And the Spirits behind the curtains heard.  
 And also laughed, amused at her word,  
 And at her light-hearted view of him.  
 "Let's get him made so—just for a whim!"  
 Said the Phantom Ironic. "'Twould serve her right  
 If we coaxed the Will to do it some night."  
 "O pray not!" pleaded the younger one,  
 The Sprite of the Pities. "She said it in fun!"

### III

But so it befell, whatever the cause,  
 That what she had called him he next year was;  
 And on such a night, when she lay elsewhere,  
 He, watched by those Phantoms, again sat there,  
 And gazed, as if gazing on far faint shores,  
 At the empty bed through the folding-doors  
 As he remembered her words; and wept . . .  
 That she had forgotten them where she slept.

## DRAWING DETAILS IN AN OLD CHURCH

I HEAR the bell-rope sawing,  
 And the oil-less axle grind,  
 As I sit alone here drawing  
 What some Gothic brain designed ;  
 And I catch the toll that follows  
     From the lagging bell,  
 Ere it spreads to hills and hollows  
     Where people dwell.

I ask not whom it tolls for,  
 Incurious who he be ;  
 So, some morrow, when those knolls for  
 One unguessed, sound out for me,  
 A stranger, loitering under  
     In nave or choir,  
 May think, too, " Whose, I wonder ? "  
     But not inquire.

## RAKE-HELL MUSES

YES ; since she knows not need,  
     Nor walks in blindness,  
 I may without unkindness  
     This true thing tell :

Which would be truth, indeed,  
     Though worse in speaking,  
 Were her poor footsteps seeking  
     A pauper's cell.

I judge, then, better far  
     She now have sorrow,  
 Than gladness that to-morrow  
     Might know its knell.—

It may be men there are  
     Could make of union  
 A lifelong sweet communion  
     Or passioned spell ;

But I, to save her name  
And bring salvation  
By altar-affirmation  
And bridal bell ;

I, by whose rash unshame  
These tears come to her :—  
My faith would more undo her  
Than my farewell !

Chained to me, year by year  
My moody madness  
Would make her olden gladness  
An intermell.

She'll take the ill that's near,  
And bear the blaming.  
'Twill pass. Full soon her shaming  
They'll cease to yell.

Our unborn, first her moan,  
Will grow her guerdon,  
Until from blot and burden  
A joyance swell ;

In that therein she'll own  
My good part wholly,  
My evil staining solely  
My own vile fell.

Of the disgrace, may be  
“ He shunned to share it,  
Being false,” they'll say. I'll bear it .  
Time will dispel

The calumny, and prove  
This much about me,  
That she lives best without me  
Who would live well.

That, this once, not self-love  
But good intention  
Pleads that against convention  
We two rebel.

For, is one moonlight dance,  
 One midnight passion,  
 A rock whereon to fashion  
 Life's citadel ?

Prove they their power to prance  
 Life's miles together  
 From upper slope to nether  
 Who trip an ell ?

—Years hence, or now apace,  
 May tongues be calling  
 News of my further falling  
 Sinward pell-mell :

Then this great good will grace  
 Our lives' division,  
 She's saved from more misprision  
 Though I plumb hell.

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## THE COLOUR

*The following lines are partly original, partly  
 remembered from a Wessex folk-rhyme)*

“WHAT shall I bring you ?  
 Please will white do  
 Best for your wearing  
 The long day through ?”

“—White is for weddings,  
 Weddings, weddings,  
 White is for weddings,  
 And that won't do.”

“What shall I bring you ?  
 Please will red do  
 Best for your wearing  
 The long day through ?”

“—Red is for soldiers,  
 Soldiers, soldiers,  
 Red is for soldiers,  
 And that won't do.”

"What shall I bring you?  
 Please will blue do  
 Best for your wearing  
     The long day through?'  
 "—Blue is for sailors,  
 Sailors, sailors,  
 Blue is for sailors,  
     And that won't do."

"What shall I bring you?  
 Please will green do  
 Best for your wearing  
     The long day through?"  
 "—Green is for mayings  
 Mayings, mayings,  
 Green is for mayings,  
     And that won't do."

"What shall I bring you  
 Then? Will black do  
 Best for your wearing  
     The long day through?"  
 "—Black is for mourning,  
 Mourning, mourning,  
 Black is for mourning,  
     And black will do."

## MURMURS IN THE GLOOM

(NOCTURNE)

I WAYFARED at the nadir of the sun  
 Where populations meet, though seen of none;  
     And millions seemed to sigh around  
     As though their haunts were nigh around,  
     And unknown throngs to cry around  
     Of things late done.

"O Seers, who well might high ensample show"  
 (Came throbbing past in plainsong small and slow)

“ Leaders who lead us aimlessly,  
Teachers who train us shamelessly,  
Why let ye smoulder flamelessly  
The truths ye trow ?

“ Ye scribes, that urge the old medicament,  
Whose fusty vials have long dried impotent,  
Why prop ye meretricious things,  
Denounce the sane as vicious things,  
And call outworn factitious things  
Expedient ?

“ O Dynasties that sway and shake us so,  
Why rank your magnanimities so low  
That grace can smooth no waters yet,  
But breathing threats and slaughters yet  
Ye grieve Earth's sons and daughters yet  
As long ago ?

“ Live there no heedful ones of searching sight,  
Whose accents might be oracles that smite  
To hinder those who frowardly  
Conduct us, and untowardly ;  
To lead the nations vawardly  
From gloom to light ? ”

*September 22, 1899.*

### EPITAPH

I NEVER cared for Life : Life cared for me,  
And hence I owed it some fidelity.  
It now says, “ Cease ; at length thou hast learnt to grind  
Sufficient toll for an unwilling mind,  
And I dismiss thee—not without regard  
That thou didst ask no ill-advised reward,  
Nor sought in me much more than thou couldst find.”

## AN ANCIENT TO ANCIENTS

WHERE once we danced, where once we sang,  
Gentlemen,  
The floors are sunken, cobwebs hang,  
And cracks creep ; worms have fed upon  
The doors. Yea, sprightlier times were then  
Than now, with harps and tabrets gone,  
Gentlemen !

Where once we rowed, where once we sailed  
Gentlemen,  
And damsels took the tiller, veiled  
Against too strong a stare (God wot  
Their fancy, then or anywhen !)  
Upon that shore we are clean forgot,  
Gentlemen !

We have lost somewhat, afar and near,  
Gentlemen,  
The thinning of our ranks each year  
Affords a hint we are nigh undone,  
That we shall not be ever again  
The marked of many, loved of one,  
Gentlemen.

In dance the polka hit our wish,  
Gentlemen,  
The paced quadrille, the spry schottische,  
"Sir Roger."—And in opera spheres  
The "Girl" (the famed "Bohemian"),  
And "Trovatore," held the ears,  
Gentlemen.

This season's paintings do not please,  
Gentlemen,  
Like Etty, Mulready, Maclise ;  
Throbbing romance has waned and wanned ;  
No wizard wields the witching pen  
Of Bulwer, Scott, Dumas, and Sand,  
Gentlemen.

The bower we shrined to Tennyson,  
Gentlemen,  
Is roof-wrecked ; damp there drip upon  
Sagged seats, the creeper-nails are rust,  
The spider is sole denizen ;  
Even she who voiced those rhymes is dust,  
Gentlemen !

We who met sunrise sanguine-souled,  
Gentlemen,  
Are wearing weary. We are old ;  
These younger press ; we feel our rout  
Is imminent to Aides' den,—  
That evening shades are stretching out,  
Gentlemen !

And yet, though ours be failing frames.  
Gentlemen,  
So were some others' history names,  
Who trode their track light-limbed and fast  
As these youth, and not alien  
From enterprise, to their long last,  
Gentlemen.

Sophocles, Plato, Socrates,  
Gentlemen,  
Pythagoras, Thucydides,  
Herodotus, and Homer,—yea,  
Clement, Augustin, Origen,  
Burnt brightlier towards their setting-day,  
Gentlemen.

And ye, red-lipped and smooth-browed ; list,  
Gentlemen ;  
Much is there waits you we have missed ;  
Much lore we leave you worth the knowing,  
Much, much has lain outside our ken :  
Nay, rush not : time serves : we are going,  
Gentlemen.



## AFTER READING PSALMS XXXIX., XL., ETC

SIMPLE was I and was young ;  
 Kept no gallant tryst, I ;  
 Even from good words held my tongue,  
*Quoniam Tu fecisti !*

Through my youth I stirred me *not*,  
 High adventure missed I,  
 Left the shining shrines unsought ,  
 Yet—*me deduxisti !*

At my start by Helicon  
 Love-lore little wist I,  
 Worldly less ; but footed on ;  
 Why ? *Me suscepisti !*

When I failed at fervid rhymes,  
 " Shall," I said, " persist I ? "  
 " *Dies*" (I would add at times)  
 " *Meos posuisti !*"

So I have fared through many suns  
 Sadly little grist I  
 Bring my mill, or any one's,  
*Domine, Tu scisti !*

And at dead of night I call :  
 " Though to prophets list !  
 Which hath understood at all ?  
 Yea : *Quem elegisti ?*"

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## SURVIEW

" Cogitavi vias meas "

A CRY from the green-grained sticks of the fire  
 Made me gaze where it seemed to be :  
 'Twas my own voice talking therefrom to me  
 On how I had walked when my sun was higher—  
 My heart in its arrogance.

*"You held not to whatsoever was true,"*

Said my own voice talking to me :

*"Whatsoever was just you were slack to see ;  
Kept not things lovely and pure in view,"*

Said my own voice talking to me.

*"You slighted her that endureth all,"*

Said my own voice talking to me ;

*"Vaunteth not, trusteth hopefully ;  
That suffereth long and is kind withal,"*

Said my own voice talking to me.

*"You taught not that which you set about,"*

Said my own voice talking to me ;

*"That the greatest of things is Charity. . . ."*

—And the sticks burnt low, and the fire went out,

And my voice ceased talking to me.



HUMAN SHOWS  
FAR PHANTASIES  
SONGS, AND TRIFLES



## WAITING BOTH

A STAR looks down at me,  
And says : " Here I and you  
Stand, each in our degree :  
What do you mean to do,—  
Mean to do ? "

I say : " For all I know,  
Wait, and let Time go by.  
Till my change come."—" just so,"  
The star says : " So mean I :—  
So mean I."

## A BIRD-SCENE AT A RURAL DWELLING

WHEN the inmate stirs, the birds retire discreetly  
From the window-ledge, whereon they whistled sweetly  
And on the step of the door,  
In the misty morning hoar ;  
But now the dweller is up they flee  
To the crooked neighbouring codlin-tree ;  
And when he comes fully forth they seek the garden,  
And call from the lofty costard, as pleading pardon  
For shouting so near before  
In their joy at being alive :—  
Meanwhile the hammering clock within goes five.

I know a domicile of brown and green,  
Where for a hundred summers there have been  
Just such enactments, just such daybreaks seen.

# “ANY LITTLE OLD SONG”

ANY little old song  
 Will do for me,  
 Tell it of joys gone long,  
 Or joys to be,  
 Or friendly faces best  
 Loved to see.

Newest themes I want not  
 On subtle strings,  
 And for thrillings pant not  
 That new song brings :  
 I only need the homeliest  
 Of heartstirrings.

## IN A FORMER RESORT AFTER MANY YEARS

Do I know these, slack-shaped and wan,  
 Whose substance, one time fresh and furrowless,  
 Is now a rag drawn over a skeleton,  
 As in El Greco's canvases ?—  
 Whose cheeks have slipped down, lips become indrawn,  
 And statures shrunk to dwarfishness ?

Do they know me, whose former mind  
 Was like an open plain where no foot falls.  
 But now is as a gallery portrait-lined,  
 And scored with necrologic scrawls,  
 Where feeble voices rise, once full-defined,  
 From underground in curious calls ?

## A CATHEDRAL FAÇADE AT MIDNIGHT

ALONG the sculptures of the western wall  
 I watched the moonlight creeping :  
 It moved as if it hardly moved at all,  
 Inch by inch thinly peeping

Round on the pious figures of freestone, brought  
And poised there when the Universe was wrought  
To serve its centre, Earth, in mankind's thought.

The lunar look skimmed scantily toe, breast, arm,  
Then edged on slowly, slightly,  
To shoulder, hand, face ; till each austere form  
Was blanched its whole length brightly  
Of prophet, king, queen. cardinal in state,  
That dead men's tools had striven to simulate ;  
And the stiff images stood irradiate.

A frail moan from the martyred saints there set  
Mid others of the erection  
Against the breeze, seemed sighings of regret  
At the ancient faith's rejection  
Under the sure, unhasting, steady stress  
Of Reason's movement, making meaningless  
The coded creeds of old-time godliness.

### THE TURNIP-HOER

Of tides that toss the souls of men  
Some are foreseen, and weathered warefully ;  
More burst at flood, none witting why or when,  
And are called Destiny.

—Years past there was a turnip-hoer,  
Who loved his wife and child, and worked amair  
In the turnip-time from dawn till day out-wore  
And night bedimmed the plain.

The thronging plants of blueish green  
Would fall in lanes before his skilful blade,  
Which, as by sleight, would deftly slip between  
Those spared and those low-laid.

'Twas afternoon : he hoed his best,  
Unlifting head or eye, when, through the fence,  
He heard a gallop dropping from the crest  
Of the hill above him, whence.



Descending at a crashing pace,  
An open carriage came, horsed by a pair :  
A lady sat therein, with lilywhite face  
And wildly windblown hair.

The man sprang over, and horse and horse  
Faced in the highway as the pair on drew ;  
Like Terminus stood he there, and barred their course,  
And almost ere he knew

The lady was limp within his arms,  
And, half-unconscious, clutched his hair and beard ;  
And so he held her, till from neighbouring farms  
Came hinds, and soon appeared

Footman and coachman on the way :—  
The steeds were guided back, now breath-bespent,  
And the hoer was rewarded with good pay :—  
So passed the accident.

“ She was the Duchess of Southernshire,  
They tell me,” said the second hoe, next day :  
“ She’s come a-visiting not far from here ;  
This week will end her stay.”

The hoer’s wife that evening set  
Her hand to a crusted stew in the three-legged pot,  
And he sat looking on in silence ; yet  
The cooking saw he not,

But a woman, with her arms around him,  
Glove-handed, clasping his neck and clutching his blouse,  
And ere he went to bed that night he found him  
Outside a manor-house.

A page there smoking answered him :  
“ Her Grace’s room is where you see that light ;  
By now she’s up there slipping off her trim :  
The Dook’s is on the right.”

She was, indeed, just saying through the door,  
“ That dauntless fellow saved me from collapse :

I'd not much with me, or 'd have given him more :  
'Twas not enough, perhaps ! ”

Up till she left, before he slept,  
He walked, though tired, to where her window shined,  
And mused till it went dark ; but close he kept  
All that was in his mind.

“ What is it, Ike ? ” inquired his wife ;  
“ You are not so nice now as you used to be.  
What have I done ? You seem quite tired of life ! ”  
“ Nothing at all,” said he.

In the next shire this lady of rank,  
So 'twas made known, would open a bazaar :  
He took his money from the savings-bank  
To go there, for 'twas far.

And reached her stall, and sighted, clad  
In her ripe beauty and the goodliest guise,  
His Vision of late. He straight spent all he had,  
But not once caught her eyes.

Next week he heard, with heart of clay,  
That London held her for three months or so :  
Fearing to tell his wife he went for a day,  
Pawning his watch to go ;

And scanned the Square of her abode,  
And timed her moves, as well as he could guess,  
That he might glimpse her ; till afoot by road  
He came home penniless. . . .

—The Duke in Wessex once again,  
Glanced at the Wessex paper, where he read  
Of a man, late taken to drink, killed by a train  
At a crossing, so it said.

“ Why—he who saved your life, I think ? ”  
—“ O no,” said she. “ It cannot be the same :  
He was sweet-breath'd, without a taint of drink ;  
Yet it is like his name.”

## THE CARRIER

“ THERE’S a seat, I see, still empty? ”

Cried the hailer from the road ;

“ No, there is not ! ” said the carrier,  
Quickening his horse and load.

“ — They say you are in the grave, Jane ;  
But still you ride with me ! ”

And he looked towards the vacant space  
He had kept beside his knee.

And the passengers murmured : “ ’Tis where his wife  
In journeys to and fro  
Used always to sit ; but nobody does  
Since those long years ago.”

Rumble-mumble went the van  
Past Sidwell Church and wall,  
Till Exon Towers were out of scan,  
And night lay over all.

## LOVER TO MISTRESS

(SONG)

BECKON to me to come  
With handkerchief or hand,  
Or finger mere or thumb ;  
Let forecasts be but rough,  
Parents more bleak than bland,

’Twill be enough,

Maid mine,

’Twill be enough !

Two fields, a wood, a tree,  
Nothing now more malign  
Lies between you and me ;  
But were they bysm, or bluff,  
Or snarling sea, one sign

Would be enough,

Maid mine,

Would be enough !

From an old copy.

## THE MONUMENT-MAKER

I CHISELLED her monument  
To my mind's content,  
Took it to the church by night,  
When her planet was at its height,  
And set it where I had figured the place in the daytime.  
Having niched it there  
I stepped back, cheered, and thought its outlines fair,  
And its marbles rare.

Then laughed she over my shoulder as in our Maytime :  
" It spells not me ! " she said :  
" Tells nothing about my beauty, wit, or gay time  
With all those, quick and dead,  
Of high or lowhead,  
'That hovered near,  
Including you, who carve there your devotion ;  
But you felt none, my dear ! "

And then she vanished. Checkless sprang my emotion  
And forced a tear  
At seeing I'd not been truly known by her,  
And never prized !—that my memorial here,  
To consecrate her sepulchre,  
Was scorned, almost,  
By her sweet ghost :  
Yet I hoped not quite, in her very innermost !  
1916.

## CIRCUS-RIDER TO RINGMASTER

WHEN I am riding round the ring no longer,  
Tell a tale of me ;  
Say, no steed-borne woman's nerve was stronger  
Than used mine to be.  
Let your whole soul say it ; do .  
O it will be true !

Should I soon no more be mistress found in  
Feats I've made my own

Trace the tan-laid track you'd whip me round in  
 On the cantering roan :  
 There may cross your eyes again  
 My lithe look as then.

Show how I, when clay becomes my cover,  
 Took the high-hoop leap  
 Into your arms, who coaxed and grew my lover,—  
 Ah, to make me weep  
 Since those claspings cared for so  
 Ever so long ago !

Though not now as when you freshly knew me,  
 But a fading form,  
 Shape the kiss you'd briskly blow up to me  
 While our love was warm,  
 And my cheek unstained by tears,  
 As in these last years !

### LAST WEEK IN OCTOBER

THE trees are undressing, and fling in many places—  
 On the gray road, the roof, the window-sill—  
 Their radiant robes and ribbons and yellow laces ;  
 A leaf each second so is flung at will,  
 Here, there, another and another, still and still.

A spider's web has caught one while downcoming,  
 That stays there dangling when the rest pass on ;  
 Like a suspended criminal hangs he, mumming  
 In golden garb, while one yet green, high yon,  
 Trembles, as fearing such a fate for himself anon.

### COME NOT ; YET COME !

(SONG)

IN my sage moments I can say,  
 Come not near,  
 But far in foreign regions stay.  
 So that here  
 A mind may grow again serene and clear.

But the thought withers. Why should I  
Have fear to earn me  
Fame from your nearness, though thereby  
Old fires new burn me,  
And lastly, maybe, tear and overturn me!

So I say, Come : deign again shine  
Upon this place,  
Even if unslackened smart be mine  
From that sweet face,  
And I faint to a phantom past all trace.

## THE LATER AUTUMN

GONE are the lovers, under the bush  
Stretched at their ease ;  
Gone the bees,  
Tangling themselves in your hair as they rush  
On the line of your track,  
Leg-laden, back  
With a dip to their hive  
In a prepossessed dive.

Toadsmeat is mangy, frosted, and sere ;  
Apples in grass  
Crunch as we pass,  
And rot ere the men who make cyder appear.  
Couch-fires abound  
On fallows around,  
And shades far extend  
Like lives soon to end.

Spinning leaves join the remains shrunk and brown  
Of last year's display  
That lie wasting away,  
On whose corpses they earlier as scorers gazed down  
From their aery green height :  
Now in the same plight  
They huddle ; while yon  
A robin looks on.

# “LET ME BELIEVE”

(SONG)

LET me believe it, dearest,  
     Let it be  
 As just a dream—the merest—  
     Haunting me,  
 That a frank full-souled sweetness  
     Warmed your smile  
 And voice, to indiscreetness  
     Once, awhile !

And I will fondly ponder  
     Till I lie  
 Earthed up with others yonder  
     Past a sigh,  
 That you may name at stray times  
     With regret  
 One whom through green and gray times  
     You forget !

# AT A FASHIONABLE DINNER

WE sat with the banqueting-party  
     By the table-end—  
 Unmarked,—no diners out  
     Were we : scarce a friend  
     Of our own mind's trend  
 Was there, though the welcome was hearty.  
 Then we noticed a shade extend  
     By a distant screen,  
 And I said : “ What to you does it seem to mean,  
     Lavine ? ”

“ —It is like my own body lying  
     Beyond the door  
 Where the servants glide in and about  
     The carpeted floor ;  
 And it means my death hour !—”

“ —What a fancy ! Who feels like dying  
While these smart sallies pour,  
With laughter between !  
To me it is more like satin sheen,  
Lavine.”

“ —That means your new bride, when you win her :  
Yes, so it must be !  
It's her satin dress, no doubt—  
That shine you see—  
My own corpse to me ! ”  
And a gloom came over the dinner,  
Where almost strangers were we,  
As the spirit of the scene  
Forsook her—the fairest of the whole thirteen—  
Lavine !

## GREEN SLATES

(PENPETHY)

It happened once, before the duller  
Loomings of life defined them,  
I searched for slates of greenish colour  
A quarry where men mined them ;

And saw, the while I peered around there,  
In the quarry standing  
A form against the slate background there,  
Of fairness eye-commanding.

And now, though fifty years have flown me,  
With all their dreams and duties,  
And strange-pipped dice my hand has thrown me,  
And dust are all her beauties,

Green slates—seen high on roofs, or lower  
In waggon, truck, or lorry—  
Cry out : “ Our home was where you saw her  
Standing in the quarry ! ”



## AN EAST-END CURATE

A SMALL blind street off East Commercial Road ;  
     Window, door ; window, door ;  
     Every house like the one before,  
 Is where the curate, Mr. Dowle, has found a pinched abode.  
 Spectacled, pale, moustache straw-coloured, and with a long thin  
     face,  
 Day or dark his lodgings' narrow doorstep does he pace.

A bleached pianoforte, with its drawn silk plaitings faded,  
 Stands in his room, its keys much yellowed, cyphering, and  
     abraded,  
 "Novello's Anthems " lie at hand, and also a few glees,  
 And "Laws of Heaven for Earth" in a frame upon the wall one sees.

He goes through his neighbours' houses as his own, and none  
     regards,  
 And opens their back-doors off-hand, to look for them in their  
     yards :  
 A man is threatening his wife on the other side of the wall,  
 But the curate lets it pass as knowing the history of it all.

Freely within his hearing the children skip and laugh and say :  
     " There's Mister Dow-well ! There's Mister Dow-well ! "  
     in their play ;  
 And the long, pallid, devoted face notes not,  
 But stoops along abstractedly, for good, or in vain, God wot !

## AT RUSHY-POND

ON the frigid face of the heath-hemmed pond  
     There shaped the half-grown moon :  
 Winged whiffs from the north with a husky croon  
     Blew over and beyond.

And the wind flapped the moon in its float on the pool,  
     And stretched it to oval form ;  
 Then corkscrewed it like a wriggling worm ;  
     Then wanned it weariful.

And I cared not for conning the sky above  
Where hung the substant thing,  
For my thought was earthward sojourning  
On the scene I had vision of.

Since there it was once, in a secret year,  
I had called a woman to me  
From across this water, ardently—  
And practised to keep her near ;

Till the last weak love-words had been said,  
And ended was her time,  
And blurred the bloomage of her prime,  
And white the earlier red.

And the troubled orb in the pond's sad shine  
Was her very wraith, as scanned  
When she withdrew thence, mirrored, and  
Her days dropped out of mine.

#### FOUR IN THE MORNING

At four this day of June I rise :  
The dawn-light strengthens steadily ;  
Earth is a cerule mystery,  
As if not far from Paradise  
At four o'clock,

Or else near the Great Nebula,  
Or where the Pleiads blink and smile :  
(For though we see with eyes of guile  
The grisly grin of things by day,  
At four o'clock

They show their best.) . . . In this vale's space  
I am up the first, I think. Yet, no,  
A whistling ? and the to-and-fro  
Wheezed whettings of a scythe apace  
At four o'clock ? . . .

—Though pleasure spurred, I rose with irk :  
 Here is one at compulsion's whip  
 Taking his life's stern stewardship  
 With blithe uncare, and hard at work  
 At four o'clock !

BOCKHAMPTON.

## ON THE ESPLANADE

MIDSUMMER : 10 P.M.

THE broad bald moon edged up where the sea was wide,  
 Mild, mellow-faced ;  
 Beneath, a tumbling twinkle of shines, like dyed,  
 A trackway traced  
 To the shore, as of petals fallen from a rose to waste,  
 In its overblow,  
 And fluttering afloat on inward heaves of the tide :—  
 All this, so plain ; yet the rest I did not know.

The horizon gets lost in a mist new-wrought by the night :  
 The lamps of the Bay  
 That reach from behind me round to the left and right  
 On the sea-wall way  
 For a constant mile of curve, make a long display  
 As a pearl-strung row,  
 Under which in the waves they bore their gimlets of light :—  
 All this was plain ; but there was a thing not so.

Inside a window, open, with undrawn blind,  
 There plays and sings  
 A lady unseen a melody undefined :  
 And where the moon flings  
 Its shimmer a vessel crosses, whereon to the strings  
 Plucked sweetly and low  
 Of a harp, they dance. Yea, such did I mark. That, behind,  
 My Fate's masked face crept near me I did not know !

## IN ST. PAUL'S A WHILE AGO

SUMMER and winter close commune  
On this July afternoon  
As I enter chilly Paul's,  
With its chasmal classic walls.  
—Drifts of gray illumination  
From the lofty fenestration  
Slant them down in bristling spines that spread  
Fan-like upon the vast dust-moted shade.

Moveless here, no whit allied  
To the daemonian din outside,  
Statues stand, cadaverous, wan,  
Round the loiterers looking on  
Under the yawning dome and nave,  
Pondering whatnot, giddy or grave.  
Here a verger moves a chair,  
Or a red rope fixes there :—  
A brimming Hebe, rapt in her adorning,  
Brushes an Artemisia craped in mourning ;  
Beatrice Benedick piques, coquetting ;  
All unknowing or forgetting  
That strange Jew, Damascus-bound,  
Whose name, thereafter travelling round  
To this precinct of the world,  
Spread here like a flag unfurled :  
Anon inspiring architectural sages  
To frame this pile, writ his throughout the ages :  
Whence also the encircling mart  
Assumed his name, of him no part,  
And to his vision-seeing mind  
Charmless, blank in every kind ;  
And whose displays, even had they called his eye,  
No gold or silver had been his to buy :  
Whose haunters, had they seen him stand  
On his own steps here, lift his hand  
In stress of eager, stammering speech,  
And his meaning chanced to reach  
Would have proclaimed him as they passed  
An epilept enthusiast

## COMING UP OXFORD STREET: EVENING

THE sun from the west glares back,  
 And the sun from the watered track,  
 And the sun from the sheets of glass,  
 And the sun from each window-brass ;  
 Sun-mirrorings, too, brighten  
 From show-cases beneath  
 The laughing eyes and teeth  
 Of ladies who rouge and whiten.  
 And the same warm god explores  
 Panels and chinks of doors ;  
 Problems with chymists' bottles  
 Profound as Aristotle's  
 He solves, and with good cause,  
 Having been ere man was.

Also he dazzles the pupils of one who walks west,  
 A city-clerk, with eyesight not of the best,  
 Who sees no escape to the very verge of his days  
 From the rut of Oxford Street into open ways ;  
 And he goes along with head and eyes flagging forlorn,  
 Empty of interest in things, and wondering why he was born,  
 As seen July 4, 1872.

## A LAST JOURNEY

“ FATHER, you seem to have been sleeping fair ? ”  
 The child uncovered the dimity-curtained window-square  
 And looked out at the dawn,  
 And back at the dying man nigh gone,  
 And propped up in his chair,  
 Whose breathing a robin's “ chink ” took up in antiphon.

The open fireplace spread  
 Like a vast weary yawn above his head,  
 Its thin blue blower waved against his whitening crown,  
 For he could not lie down :  
 He raised him on his arms so emaciated :—

“ Yes ; I’ve slept long, my child. But as for rest,  
Well, that I cannot say.  
The whole night have I footed field and turnpike way—  
A regular pilgrimage—as at my best  
And very briskest day !

“ ’Twas first to Weatherb’ry, to see them there,  
And thence to King’s-Stag, where  
I joined in a jolly trip to Weydon-Priors Fair :  
I shot for nuts, bought gingerbreads, cream-cheese ;  
And, not content with these,  
I went to London : heard the watchmen cry the hours.

“ I soon was off again, and found me in the bowers  
Of father’s apple-trees,  
And he shook the apples down : they fell in showers,  
Whereon he turned, smiled strange at me, as ill at ease ;  
And then you pulled the curtain ; and, ah me,  
I found me back where I wished not to be ! ”

’Twas told the child next day : “ Your father’s dead.”  
And, struck, she questioned, “ O,  
That journey, then, did father really go ?—  
Buy nuts, and cakes, and travel at night till dawn was red,  
And tire himself with journeying, as he said,  
To see those old friends that he cared for so ? ”

## SINGING LOVERS

I ROWED : the dimpled tide was at the turn,  
And mirth and moonlight spread upon the bay :  
There were two singing lovers in the stern ;  
But mine had gone away,—  
Whither, I shunned to say !

The houses stood confronting us afar,  
A livid line against the evening glare ;  
’The small lamps livened ; then out-stole a star ;  
But my Love was not there,—  
Vanished. I sorrowed where !

His arm was round her, both full facing me  
With no reserve. Theirs was not love to hide :  
He held one tiller-rope, the other she ;  
    I pulled—the merest glide,—  
    Looked on at them, and sighed.

The moon's glassed glory heaved as we lay swinging  
Upon the undulations. Shoreward, slow,  
The splash of pebbles joined the lovers' singing.  
    But she of a bygone vow  
    Joined in the song not now !

WEYMOUTH.

### THE MONTH'S CALENDAR

TEAR off the calendar  
Of this month past,  
And all its weeks, that are  
Flown, to be cast  
To oblivion fast !

Darken that day  
On which we met,  
With its words of gay  
Half-felt regret  
That you'll forget !

The second day, too ;  
The noon I nursed  
Well—thoughts ; yes, through  
To the thirty-first ;  
That was the worst.

For then it was  
You let me see  
There was good cause  
Why you could not be  
Aught ever to me !

## A SPELLBOUND PALACE

(HAMPTON COURT)

ON this kindly yellow day of mild low-travelling winter sun  
The stirless depths of the yews  
Are vague with misty blues :  
Across the spacious pathways stretching spires of shadow run,  
And the wind-gnawed walls of ancient brick are fired vermillion

Two or three early sanguine finches tune  
Some tentative strains, to be enlarged by May or June :  
From a thrush or blackbird  
Comes now and then a word,  
While an enfeebled fountain somewhere within is heard

Our footsteps wait awhile,  
Then draw beneath the pile,  
When an inner court outspreads  
As 'twere History's own asile,  
Where the now-visioned fountain its attenuate crystal sheds  
In passive lapse that seems to ignore the yon world's clamorous  
clutch,  
And lays an insistent numbness on the place, like a cold hand's  
touch

And there swaggers the Shade of a straddling King, plumed,  
sworded, with sensual face,  
And lo, too, that of his Minister, at a bold self-centred pace .  
Sheer in the sun they pass ; and thereupon all is still,  
Save the mindless fountain tinkling on with thin enfeebled will.

## WHEN DEAD

TO ———

IT will be much better when  
I am under the bough ;  
I shall be more myself, Dear, then,  
Than I am now.



## HUMAN SHOWS

No sign of querulousness  
 To wear you out  
 Shall I show there : strivings and stress  
 Be quite without.

This fleeting life-brief blight  
 Will have gone past  
 When I resume my old and right  
 Place in the Vast.

And when you come to me  
 To show you true,  
 Doubt not I shall infallibly  
 Be waiting you.

## SINE PROLE

(MEDIAEVAL LATIN SEQUENCE-METRE)

FORH from ages thick in mystery,  
 Through the morn and noon of history,  
     To the moment where I stand  
 Has my line wound : I the last one—  
 Outcome of each spectral past one  
     Of that file, so many-manned !

Nothing in its time-trail marred it :  
 As one long life I regard it  
     Throughout all the years till now,  
 When it fain—the close seen coming—  
 After annals past all plumbing—  
     Makes to Being its parting bow.

Unlike Jahveh's ancient nation,  
 Little in their line's cessation  
     Moderns see for surge of sighs :  
 They have been schooled by lengthier vision,  
 View Life's lottery with misprision,  
     And its dice that fling no prize !

## TEN YEARS SINCE

'TIS ten years since  
I saw her on the stairs,  
Heard her in house-affairs,  
And listened to her cares ;  
And the trees are ten feet taller,  
And the sunny spaces smaller  
Whose bloomage would enthrall her ;  
And the piano wires are rustier,  
The smell of bindings mustier,  
And lofts and lumber dustier  
Than when, with casual look  
And ear, light note I took  
Of what shut like a book  
Those ten years since !

*Nov. 1922.*

## EVERY ARTEMISIA

“ YOUR eye-light wanes with an ail of care,  
Frets freeze gray your face and hair.”

“ I was the woman who met him,  
Then cool and keen,  
Whiling away  
Time, with its restless scene on scene  
Every day.”

“ Your features fashion as in a dream  
Of things that were, or used to seem.”

“ I was the woman who won him :  
Steadfast and fond  
Was he, while I  
Tepidly took what he gave, nor conned  
Wherefore or why.”

“ Your house looks blistered by a curse,  
As if a wraith ruled there, or worse.”

“ I was the woman who slighted him :  
 Far from my town  
 Into the night  
 He went. . . . My hair, then auburn-brown,  
 Pangs have wanned white.”

“ Your ways reflect a monstrous gloom ;  
 Your voice speaks from within a tomb.”

“ I was the woman who buried him :  
 My misery  
 God laughed to scorn :  
 The people said : ‘ ’Twere well if she  
 Had not been born ! ’ ”

“ You plod to pile a monument  
 So madly that your breath is spent.”

“ I am the woman who god him :  
 I build, to ease  
 My scalding fires,  
 A temple topping the Deities’  
 Fanes of my sires.”

## THE BEST SHE COULD

NINE leaves a minute  
 Swim down shakily ;  
 Each one fain would spin it  
 Straight to earth ; but, see,  
 How the sharp airs win it  
 Slantwise away !—Hear it say,  
 “ Now we have finished our summer show  
 Of what we knew the way to do :  
 Alas, not much ! But, as things go,  
 As fair as any. And night-time calls,  
 And the curtain falls ! ”

Sunlight goes on shining  
 As if no frost were here,

Blackbirds seem designing  
 Where to build next year ;  
 Yet is warmth declining :  
 And still the day seems to say,  
 " Saw you how Dame Summer drest ?  
 Of all God taught her she bethought her !  
 Alas, not much ! And yet the best  
 She could, within the too short time  
 Granted her prime."

*Nov. 8, 1923*

## THE GRAVEYARD OF DEAD CREEDS

I LIT upon the graveyard of dead creeds  
 In wistful wanderings through old wastes of thought,  
 Where bristled fennish fungi, fruiting nought,  
 Amid the sepulchres begirt with weeds,

Which stone by stone recorded sanct, deceased  
 Catholicons that had, in centuries flown,  
 Physicked created man through his long groan,  
 Ere they went under, all their potence ceased.

When in a breath-while, lo, their spectres rose  
 Like wakened winds that autumn summons up :—  
 " Out of us cometh an heir, that shall disclose  
 New promise ! " cried they. " And the caustic cup

" We ignorantly upheld to men, be filled  
 With draughts more pure than those we ever distilled,  
 That shall make tolerable to sentient seers  
 The melancholy marching of the years."

## " THERE SEEMED A STRANGENESS "

### A PHANTASY

THERE seemed a strangeness in the air,  
 Vermilion light on the land's lean face ;  
 I heard a Voice from I knew not where :—  
 " The Great Adjustment is taking place !

" I set thick darkness over you,  
 And fogged you all your years therein ;  
     At last I uncloud your view,  
 Which I am weary of holding in.

" Men have not heard, men have not seen  
 Since the beginning of the world  
     What earth and heaven mean ;  
 But now their curtains shall be furled,

" And they shall see what is, ere long,  
 Not through a glass, but face to face ;  
 And Right shall disestablish Wrong :  
 The Great Adjustment is taking place."

## A NIGHT OF QUESTIONINGS

ON the eve of All-Souls' Day  
 I heard the dead men say  
 Who lie by the tottering tower,  
 To the dark and doubling wind  
 At the midnight's turning hour,  
 When other speech had thinned :  
     " What of the world now ? "  
 The wind whiffed back : " Men still  
 Who are born, do good, do ill  
 Here, just as in your time :  
 Till their years the locust hath eaten,  
 Leaving them bare, downbeaten ;  
 Somewhiles in springtide rime,  
 Somewhiles in summer glow,  
 Somewhiles in winter snow :—  
     No more I know."

The same eve I caught cry  
 To the selfsame wind, those dry  
 As dust beneath the aisles  
 Of old cathedral piles,  
 Walled up in vaulted biers  
 Through many Christian years :  
     " What of the world now ? "

Sighed back the circuiteer :  
" Men since your time, shrined here  
By deserved ordinance,  
Their own craft, or by chance,  
Which follows men from birth  
Even until under earth,  
But little difference show  
When ranged in sculptured row,  
Different as dyes although :—  
No more I know."

On the selfsame eve, too, said  
Those swayed in the sunk sea-bed  
To the selfsame wind as it played  
With the tide in the starless shade  
From Comorin to Horn,  
And round by Wrath forlorn :  
" What of the world now ? "  
And the wind for a second ceased,  
Then whirred : " Men west and east,  
As each sun soars and dips,  
Go down to the sea in ships  
As you went—hither and thither ;  
See the wonders of the deep,  
As you did, ere they sleep ;  
But few at home care whither  
They wander to and fro ;  
Themselves care little also !—  
No more I know."

Said, too, on the selfsame eve  
The troubled skulls that heave  
And fust in the flats of France,  
To the wind wayfaring over  
Listlessly as in trance  
From the Ardennes to Dover,  
" What of the world now ? "  
And the farer moaned : " As when  
You mauled these fields, do men  
Set them with dark-drawn breaths  
To knave their neighbours' deaths

In periodic spasms I  
 Yea, fooled by foul phantasms,  
 In a strange cyclic throe  
 Backward to type they go :—  
     No more I know."

That night, too, men whose crimes  
 Had cut them off betimes,  
 Who lay within the pales  
 Of town and county jails  
 With the rope-groove on them yet,  
 Said to the same wind's fret,  
     " What of the world now ? "  
 And the blast in its brooding tone  
 Returned : " Men have not shown,  
 Since you were stretched that morning,  
 A white cap your adorning,  
 More lovely deeds or true  
 Through thus neck-knotting you ;  
 Or that they purer grow,  
 Or ever will, I trow !—  
     No more I know."

## XENOPHANES, THE MONIST OF COLOPHON

ANN: AET: SUAE XCII.—A: C: CCCCLXXX.

" ARE You groping Your way ?  
 Do You do it unknowing ?—  
 Or mark Your wind blowing ?  
 Night tell You from day,  
 O Mover ? Come, say ! "  
     Cried Xenophanes.

" I mean, querying so,  
 Do You do it aware,  
 Or by rote, like a player,  
 Or in ignorance, nor care  
 Whether doing or no ? "  
     Pressed Xenophanes

" Thus strive I to plumb  
Your depths, O Great Dumb !—  
Not a god, but the All  
(As I read) ; yet a thrall  
To a blind ritual,"  
Sighed Xenophanes.

" If I only could bring  
You to own it, close Thing,  
I would write it again  
With a still stronger pen  
To my once neighbour-men ! "  
Said Xenophanes.

—Quoth the listening Years :  
" You ask It in vain ;  
You waste sighs and tears  
On these callings inane,  
Which It grasps not nor hears,  
O Xenophanes !

" When you penned what you thought  
You were cast out, and sought  
A retreat over sea  
From aroused enmity :  
So it always will be,  
Yea, Xenophanes !

" In the lone of the nights  
At Elea unseen,  
Where the swinging wave smites  
Of the restless Tyrrhene,  
You may muse thus, serene,  
Safe, Xenophanes.

" But write it not back  
To your dear Colophon ;  
Brows still will be black  
At your words, ' All is One,'  
From disputers thereon,  
Know, Xenophanes.



## HUMAN SHOWS

" Three thousand years hence,  
Men who hazard a clue  
To this riddle immense,  
And still treat it as new,  
Will be scowled at, like you,  
O Xenophanes !

" *' Some day I may tell,  
When I've broken My spell,'*  
It snores in Its sleep  
If you listen long, deep  
At Its closely-sealed cell,  
Wronged Xenophanes !

" Yea, on, near the end,  
Its doings may mend ;  
Aye, when you're forgotten,  
And old cults are rotten,  
And bulky codes shotten,  
Xenophanes ! "

1921.

## LIFE AND DEATH AT SUNRISE

(NEAR DOGBURY GATE, 1867)

THE hills uncap their tops  
Of woodland, pasture, copse,  
And look on the layers of mist  
At their foot that still persist :  
They are like awakened sleepers on one elbow lifted,  
Who gaze around to learn if things during night have shifted

A waggon creaks up from the fog  
With a laboured leisurely jog ;  
Then a horseman from off the hill-tip  
Comes clapping down into the dip ;  
While woodlarks, finches, sparrows, try to entune at one time  
And cocks and hens and cows and bulls take up the chime.

With a shouldered basket and flagon  
A man meets the one with the waggon,

And both the men halt of long use.

"Well," the waggoner says, "what's the news?"

"—'Tis a boy this time. You've just met the doctor trotting back. She's doing very well. And we think we shall call him 'Jack.'

"And what have you got covered there?"

He nods to the waggon and mare.

"Oh, a coffin for old John Thinn:

We are just going to put him in."

"—So he's gone at last. He always had a good constitution."

"—He was ninety-odd. He could call up the French Revolution."

### NIGHT-TIME IN MID-FALL

It is a storm-strid night, winds footing swift

Through the blind profound;

I know the happenings from their sound;

Leaves totter down still green, and spin and drift;

The tree-trunks rock to their roots, which wrench and lift

The loam where they run onward underground.

The streams are muddy and swollen; eels migrate

To a new abode;

Even cross, 'tis said, the turnpike-road;

(Men's feet have felt their crawl, home-coming late):

The westward fronts of towers are saturate,

Church-timbers crack, and witches ride abroad.

### A SHEEP FAIR

THE day arrives of the autumn fair,

And torrents fall,

Though sheep in throngs are gathered there,

Ten thousand all,

Sodden, with hurdles round them reared:

And, lot by lot, the pens are cleared,

And the auctioneer wrings out his beard,

And wipes his book, bedrenched and smeared,

And rakes the rain from his face with the edge of his hand,

As torrents fall.

The wool of the ewes is like a sponge  
 With the daylong rain :  
 Jammed tight, to turn, or lie, or lunge,  
 They strive in vain.  
 Their horns are soft as finger-nails,  
 Their shepherds reek against the rails,  
 The tied dogs soak with tucked-in tails,  
 The buyers' hat-brims fill like pails,  
 Which spill small cascades when they shift their stand  
 In the daylong rain.

## POSTSCRIPT

Time has trailed lengthily since met  
 At Pummery Fair  
 Those panting thousands in their wet  
 And woolly wear :  
 And every flock long since has bled,  
 And all the dripping buyers have sped,  
 And the hoarse auctioneer is dead,  
 Who " Going—going ! " so often said,  
 As he consigned to doom each meek, mewed band  
 At Pummery Fair.

## SNOW IN THE SUBURBS

EVERY branch big with it,  
 Bent every twig with it ;  
 Every fork like a white web-foot ;  
 Every street and pavement mute :  
 Some flakes have lost their way, and grope back upward, when  
 Meeting those meandering down they turn and descend again.  
 The palings are glued together like a wall,  
 And there is no waft of wind with the fleecy fall.

A sparrow enters the tree,  
 Whereon immediately  
 A snow-lump thrice his own slight size  
 Descends on him and showers his head and eyes.

And overturns him,  
And near inurns him,  
And lights on a nether twig, when its brush  
Starts off a volley of other lodging lumps with a rush.

The steps are a blanched slope,  
Up which, with feeble hope,  
A black cat comes, wide-eyed and thin ;  
And we take him in.

### A LIGHT SNOW-FALL AFTER FROST

ON the flat road a man at last appears :  
How much his whitening hairs  
Owe to the settling snow's mute anchorage,  
And how much to a life's rough pilgrimage,  
One cannot certify.

The frost is on the wane,  
And cobwebs hanging close outside the pane  
Pose as festoons of thick white worsted there,  
Of their pale presence no eye being aware  
Till the rime made them plain.

A second man comes by .  
His ruddy beard brings fire to the pallid scene :  
His coat is faded green ;  
Hence seems it that his mien  
Wears something of the dye  
Of the berried holm-trees that he passes nigh.

The snow-feathers so gently swoop that though  
But half an hour ago  
The road was brown, and now is starkly white,  
A watcher would have failed defining quite  
When it transformed it so.

NEAR SURBITON.

## WINTER NIGHT IN WOODLAND

(OLD TIME)

THE bark of a fox rings, sonorous and long :—  
Three barks, and then silentness ; “ wong, wong, wong ! ”  
In quality horn-like, yet melancholy,  
As from teachings of years ; for an old one is he.  
The hand of all men is against him, he knows ; and yet, why ?  
*That* he knows not,—will never know, down to his death-halloo cry.

With clap-nets and lanterns off start the bird-baiters,  
In trim to make raids on the roosts in the copse,  
Where they beat the boughs artfully, while their awaiters  
Grow heavy at home over divers warm drops.  
The poachers, with swingels, and matches of brimstone, outcreep  
To steal upon pheasants and drowse them a-perch and asleep.

Out there, on the verge, where a path wavers through,  
Dark figures, filed singly, thrid quickly the view,  
Yet heavily laden : land-carriers are they  
In the hire of the smugglers from some nearest bay.  
Each bears his two “ tubs,” slung across, one in front, one behind,  
To a further snug hiding, which none but themselves are to find.

And then, when the night has turned twelve the air brings  
From dim distance, a rhythm of voices and strings :  
'Tis the quire, just afoot on their long yearly rounds,  
To rouse by worn carols each house in their bounds ;  
Robert Penny, the Dewys, Mail, Voss, and the rest ; till anon  
Tired and thirsty, but cheerful, they home to their beds in the dawn.

## ICE ON THE HIGHWAY

SEVEN buxom women abreast, and arm in arm,  
Trudge down the hill, tip-toed,  
And breathing warm ;  
They must perforce trudge thus, to keep upright  
On the glassy ice-bound road,

And they must get to market whether or no,  
Provisions running low  
With the nearing Saturday night,  
While the lumbering van wherein they mostly ride  
Can nowise go :  
Yet loud their laughter as they stagger and slide !

YELL'HAM HILL.

### MUSIC IN A SNOWY STREET

THE weather is sharp,  
But the girls are unmoved :  
One wakes from a harp,  
The next from a viol,  
A strain that I loved  
When life was no trial.

The triplettime beat  
Bounds forth on the snow,  
But the spry springing feet  
Of a century ago,  
And the arms that enlaced  
As the couples embraced,  
Are silent old bones  
Under graying gravestones.

The snow-feathers sail  
Across the harp-strings,  
Whose throbbing threads wail  
Like love-satiate things.  
Each lyre's grimy mien,  
With its rout-raising tune,  
Against the new white  
Of the flake-laden noon,  
Is incongruous to sight,  
Hinting years they have seen  
Of revel at night  
Ere these damsels became  
Possessed of their frame.

## HUMAN SHOWS

O bygone whirls, heys,  
Crotchets, quavers, the same  
That were danced in the days  
Of grim Bonaparte's fame,  
Or even by the toes  
Of the fair Antoinette,—  
Yea, old notes like those  
Here are living on yet !—  
But of their fame and fashion  
How little these know  
Who strum without passion  
For pence, in the snow !

## THE FROZEN GREENHOUSE

(ST. JULIOT)

" THERE was a frost  
Last night ! " she said,  
" And the stove was forgot  
When we went to bed,  
And the greenhouse plants  
Are frozen dead ! "

By the breakfast blaze  
Blank-faced spoke she,  
Her scared young look  
Seeming to be  
The very symbol  
Of tragedy.

The frost is fiercer  
Than then to-day,  
As I pass the place  
Of her once dismay,  
But the greenhouse stands  
Warm, tight, and gay,

While she who grieved  
At the sad lot  
Of her pretty plants—  
Cold, iced, forgot—  
Herself is colder,  
And knows it not.

## TWO LIPS

I KISSED them in fancy as I came  
 Away in the morning glow :  
 I kissed them through the glass of her picture-frame :  
 She did not know.

I kissed them in love, in troth, in laughter,  
 When she knew all ; long so !  
 That I should kiss them in a shroud thereafter  
 She did not know.

## NO BUYERS

## A STREET SCENE

A LOAD of brushes and baskets and cradles and chairs  
 Labours along the street in the rain :  
 With it a man, a woman, a pony with whiteybrown hairs.—  
 The man foots in front of the horse with a shambling sway  
 At a slower tread than a funeral train,  
 While to a dirge-like tune he chants his wares,  
 Swinging a Turk's-head brush (in a drum-major's way  
 When the bandsmen march and play).

A yard from the back of the man is the whiteybrown pony's nose :  
 He mirrors his master in every item of pace and pose :  
 He stops when the man stops, without being told,  
 And seems to be eased by a pause ; too plainly he's old,  
 Indeed, not strength enough shows  
 To steer the disjointed waggon straight,  
 Which wriggles left and right in a rambling line,  
 Deflected thus by its own warp and weight,  
 And pushing the pony with it in each incline.

The woman walks on the pavement verge,  
 Parallel to the man :  
 She wears an apron white and wide in span,  
 And carries a like Turk's-head, but more in nursing-wise :



Now and then she joins in his dirge,  
 But as if her thoughts were on distant things.  
 The rain clams her apron till it clings.—  
 So, step by step, they move with their merchandize,  
 And nobody buys.

### ONE WHO MARRIED ABOVE HIM

" 'TIS you, I think ? Back from your week's work, Steve ? "

" It is I. Back from work this Christmas Eve."

" But you seem off again ?—in this night-rime ? "

" I am off again, and thoroughly off this time."

" What does that mean ? "

" More than may first be seen. . . .

Half an hour ago I footed homeward here,  
 No wife found I, nor child, nor maid, indoors or near.  
 She has, as always, gone with them to her mother's at the farm,  
 Where they fare better far than here, and, maybe, meet less harm.  
 She's left no fire, no light, has cooked me nothing to eat,  
 Though she had fuel, and money to get some Christmas meat.  
 Christmas with them is grand, she knows, and brings good  
 victual,  
 Other than how it is here, where it's but lean and little.  
     But though not much, and rough,  
     If managed neat there's enough.  
 She and hers are too highmade for me ;  
 But she's whimmed her once too often, she'll see !  
 Farmer Bollen's daughter should never have married a man that's  
 poor ;  
 And I can stand it no longer ; I'm leaving ; you'll see me no more,  
 be sure."

" But nonsense : you'll be back again ere bedtime, and lighting  
 a fire,  
 And sizzling your supper, and vexing not that her views of supper  
 are higher."

" Never for me."

" Well, we shall see."

The sceptical neighbour and Stephen then followed their fore-  
designed ways,  
And their steps dimmed into white silence upon the slippery glaze ;  
And the trees went on with their spitting amid the icicled haze.

The evening whiled, and the wife with the babies came home,  
But he was not there, nor all Christmas Day did he come.  
Christmastide went, and likewise went the New Year,  
But no husband's footfall revived,  
And month after month lapsed, graytime to green and to sere,  
And other new years arrived,  
And the children grew up : one husbanded and one wived.—  
She wept and repented,  
But Stephen never relented.  
And there stands the house, and the sycamore-tree and all  
With its roots forming steps for the passers who care to call,  
And there are the mullioned windows, and Ham-Hill door  
Through which Steve's wife was brought out, but which Steve  
re-entered no more.

## THE NEW TOY

SHE cannot leave it alone,  
The new toy ;  
She pats it, smooths it, rights it, to show it's her own,  
As the other train-passengers muse on its temper and tone  
Till she draws from it cries of annoy :—  
She feigns to appear as if thinking it nothing so rare  
Or worthy of pride, to achieve  
This wonder a child, though with reason the rest of them there  
May so be inclined to believe.

## QUEEN CAROLINE TO HER GUESTS

DEAR friends, stay !  
Lamplit wafts of wit keep sorrow  
In the purlieus of to-morrow :  
Dear friends. stay !

## HUMAN SHOWS

Haste not away !  
 Even now may Time be weaving  
 Tricks of ravage, wrack, bereaving :  
 Haste not away !

Through the pane,  
 Lurking along the street, there may be  
 Heartwings, keeping hid till day be,  
 Through the pane.

Check their reign :  
 Since while here we are the masters,  
 And can barricade dim disasters :  
 Check their reign !

Give no ear  
 To those ghosts withoutside mumming,  
 Mouthing, threatening, " We are coming !  
 Give no ear !

Sheltered here  
 Care we not that next day bring us  
 Pains, perversions ! No racks wring us  
 Sheltered here.

Homeward gone,  
 Sleep will slay this merrymaking ;  
 No resuming it at waking,  
 Homeward gone.

After dawn  
 Something sad may be befalling ;  
 Mood like ours there's no recalling  
 After dawn !

Morrow-day  
 Present joy that moments strengthen  
 May be past our power to lengthen,  
 Morrow-day !

Dear friends, stay !  
 Lamplit wafts of wit keep sorrow  
 In the limbo of to-morrow :  
 Dear friends, stay !

## PLENA TIMORIS

THE lovers looked over the parapet-stone :  
The moon in its southing directly blent  
Its silver with their environment.  
Her ear-rings twinkled ; her teeth, too, shone  
As, his arm around her, they laughed and leant.

A man came up to them ; then one more.  
“ There’s a woman in the canal below,”  
They said ; climbed over ; slid down ; let go,  
And a splashing was heard, till an arm upbore,  
And a dripping body began to show.

“ Drowned herself for love of a man,  
Who at one time used to meet her here,  
Until he grew tired. But she’d wait him near,  
And hope, till hopeless despair began.  
So much for love in this mortal sphere ! ”

The girl’s heart shuddered ; it seemed as to freeze her  
That here, at their tryst for so many a day,  
Another woman’s tragedy lay.  
Dim dreads of the future grew slowly to seize her,  
And her arm dropt from his as they wandered away.

## THE WEARY WALKER

A PLAIN in front of me,  
And there’s the road  
Upon it. Wide country,  
And, too, the road !

Past the first ridge another,  
And still the road  
Creeps on. Perhaps no other  
Ridge for the road ?

## HUMAN SHOWS

Ah ! Past that ridge a third,  
Which still the road  
Has to climb furtherward—  
The thin white road !

Sky seems to end its track ;  
But no. The road  
Trails down the hill at the back.  
Ever the road !

## LAST LOVE-WORD

(SONG)

THIS is the last ; the very, very last !  
Anon, and all is dead and dumb,  
Only a pale shroud over the past,  
That cannot be  
Of value small or vast,  
Love, then to me !

I can say no more : I have even said too much  
I did not mean that this should come :  
I did not know 'twould swell to such—  
Nor, perhaps, you—  
When that first look and touch,  
Love, doomed us two !

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## NOBODY COMES

TREE-LEAVES labour up and down,  
And through them the fainting light  
Succumbs to the crawl of night.  
Outside in the road the telegraph wire  
To the town from the darkening land  
Intones to travellers like a spectral lyre  
Swept by a spectral hand.

A car comes up, with lamps full-glare,  
 That flash upon a tree :  
 It has nothing to do with me,  
 And whangs along in a world of its own,  
 Leaving a blacker air ;  
 And mute by the gate I stand again alone,  
 And nobody pulls up there.

*October 9, 1924.*

## IN THE STREET

(SONG)

ONLY acquaintances  
 Seem do we,  
 Each of whom, meeting, says  
 Civilly  
 " Good morning."—Yes : thus we appear to be !

But far, near, left and right,  
 Here or there,  
 By day or dingiest night,  
 Everywhere  
 I see you : one incomparably fair !

So do we wend our ways,  
 Beautiful girl,  
 Along our parallel days ;  
 While unfurl  
 Our futures, and what there may whelm and whirl.

## THE LAST LEAF

" THE leaves throng thick above :—  
 Well, I'll come back, dear Love,  
 When they all are down ! "

She watched that August tree,  
 (None now scorned summer as she),  
 Till it broidered it brown.

And then October came blowing,  
And the leaves showed signs they were going,  
And she saw up through them.

O how she counted them then !  
--November left her but ten,  
And started to strew them.

“ Ah, when they all are gone,  
And the skeleton-time comes on,  
Whom shall I see ! ”

—When the fifteenth spread its sky  
That month, her upturned eye  
Could count but three.

And at the close of the week  
A flush flapped over her cheek :  
The last one fell.

But—he did not come. And, at length,  
Her hope of him lost all strength,  
And it was as a knell. . . .

When he did come again,  
Years later, a husband then,  
Heavy somewhat,

With a smile she reminded him :  
And he cried : “ Ah, that vow of our whim !—  
Which I forgot,

“ As one does !—And was that the tree ?  
So it was !—Dear me, dear me :  
Yes : I forgot.”

## AT WYNYARD'S GAP

SHE (*on horseback*)

THE hounds pass here ?

HE (*on horseback*)

They did an hour ago,  
Just in full cry, and went down-wind, I saw,  
Towards Pen Wood, where they may kill, and draw  
A second time, and bear towards the Yeo.

SHE

How vexing ! And I've crept along unthinking.

HE

Ah !—lost in dreams. Fancy to fancy linking !

SHE (*more softly*)

Not that, quite. . . . Now, to settle what I'll do.

HE

Go home again. But have you seen the view  
From the top there ? Not ? It's really worth your while.—  
You must dismount, because there is a stile.

*They dismount, hitch their horses, and climb a few-score  
yards from the road.*

There you see half South Wessex,—combe, and glen,  
And down, to Lewsdon Hill and Pilsdon Pen.

SHE

Yes. It is fine. And I, though living out there  
By Crewkerne, never knew it. (*She turns her head*) Well, I declare,  
Look at the horses !—How shall I catch my mare ?

*The horses have got loose and scampered off.*

Now that's your fault, through leading me up here !  
You must have known 'twould happen—



## HUMAN SHOWS

HE

No, my dear !

SHE

I'm not your dear.

HE (*blandly*)

But you can't help being so,  
 If it comes to that. The fairest girl I've seen  
 Is of course dear—by her own fault, I mean.

SHE (*quickly*)

What house is that we see just down below ?

HE

Oh—that's the inn called "Wynyard's Gap."—I'll go  
 While you wait here, and catch those brutes. Don't stir.

*He goes. She waits.*

SHE

What a handsome man. Not local, I'll aver.

*He comes back.*

HE

I met a farmer's labourer some way on ;  
 He says he'll bring them to us here anon,  
 If possible before the day is dim.  
 Come down to the inn : there we can wait for him.

*They descend slowly in that direction.*

SHE

What a lonely inn. Why is there such a one ?

HE

For us to wait at. Thus 'tis things are done.

SHE

Thus things are done ? Well—what things do you mean ?

HE

Romantic things. Meetings unknown, unseen.

SHE

But ours is accident, and needn't have been,  
And isn't what I'd plan with a stranger, quite,  
Particularly at this time—nearly night.

HE

Nor I. But still, the tavern's loneliness  
*Is* favourable for lovers in distress,  
When they've eloped, for instance, and are in fear  
Of being pursued. No one would find them here.

*He goes to speak to the labourer approaching ; and returns.*

He says the horses long have passed the combe,  
And cannot be overtaken. They'll go home.

SHE

And what's to be done ? And it's beginning to rain.  
'Tis always so. One trouble brings a train !

HE

It seems to me that here we'd better stay  
And rest us till some vehicle comes this way :  
In fact, we might put up here till the morning :  
The floods are high, and night-farers have warning.

SHE

Put up ? Do you think so !

HE

I incline to such,

My *dear* (do you mind ?)

SHE

Yes.—Well (*more softly*), I don't much,  
If I seem like it. But I ought to tell you  
One thing. I'm married. Being so, it's well you—

HE

Oh, so am I. (*A silence, he regarding her*) I note a charming  
thing—  
You stand so stock-still that your ear-ring shakes  
At each pulsation which the vein there makes.

SHE

Does it ? Perhaps because it's flustering  
To be caught thus ! (*In a murmur*) Why did we chance to meet  
here !

HE

God knows ! Perhaps to taste a bitter-sweet here.—  
Still, let us enter. Shelter we must get :  
The night is darkening and is growing wet.  
So, anyhow, you can treat me as a lover  
Just for this once. To-morrow 'twill be over !

*They reach the inn. The door is locked, and they discern a  
board marked "To Let." While they stand stultified  
a van is seen drawing near, with passengers.*

SHE

Ah, here's an end of it ! The Crewkerne carrier.

HE

So cynic circumstance erects its barrier !

SHE (*mischievously*)

To your love-making, which would have grown stronger,  
No doubt, if we had stayed on here much longer ?

*The carrier comes up. Her companion reluctantly hails him.*

HE

Yes. . . . And in which you might have shown some ruth,  
Had but the inn been open !—Well, forsooth,  
I'm sorry it's not. Are you ? Now, dear, the truth !

SHE (*with gentle evasiveness*)

I am—almost. But best 'tis thus to be.  
For—dear one—there I've said it !—you can see  
That both at one inn (though roomed separately,  
Of course)—so lone, too—might have been unfit,  
Perfect as 'tis for lovers, I admit.

HE (*after a sigh*)

CARRIER ! A lift for my wife, please.

SHE (*in quick undertones*)

Wife ? But nay—

HE (*continuing*)

Her horse has thrown her and has gone astray :  
See she gets safe to Crewkerne. I've to stay.

CARRIER

I will, sir ! I'm for Crookhorn straight away.

HE (*to her, aloud*)

Right now, dear. I shall soon be home. Adieu ! (*Kisses her.*)

SHE (*whispering confusedly*)

You shouldn't ! Pretending you are my husband, too !  
I now must act the part of wife to you !

HE (*whispering*)

Yes, since I've kissed you, dear. You see it's done  
To silence tongues as we're found here alone  
At night, by gossipers, and seem as shown  
Staying together !

SHE (*whispering*)

Then must I, too, kiss ?

HE

Yes : a mere matter of form, you know,  
To check all scandal. People will talk so !

SHE

I'd no idea it would reach to this ! (*Kisses him.*)  
What makes it worse is, I'm ashamed to say,  
I've a young baby waiting me at home !

HE

Ah—there you beat me !—But, my dearest, play  
The wife to the end, and don't give me away,  
Despite the baby, since we've got so far,  
And what we've acted feel we almost are !

SHE (*sighing*)

Yes. 'Tis so ! And my conscience has gone dumb !

(*Aloud*)

'Bye, dear, awhile ! I'll sit up till you come.  
(*In a whisper*)  
Which means Good-bye for ever, truly heard !  
Upon to-night be silent !

HE

Never a word,  
Till Pilsdon Pen by Marshwood wind is stirred !

*He hands her up. Exeunt omnes.*

## AT SHAG'S HEATH

1685

(TRADITIONAL)

I GRIEVE and grieve for what I have done,  
And nothing now is left to me  
But straight to drown ; yea, I have slain  
The rarest soul the world shall see !  
—My husband said : “ Now thou art wed  
Thou must beware ! And should a man  
Cajole, mind, he means ill to thee,  
Depend on't : fool him if ye can ! ”  
But 'twas King Monmouth, he !

As truth I took what was not true :  
Till darked my door just such a one.  
He asked me but the way to go,  
Though looking all so down and done.

And as he stood he said, unsued,  
" The prettiest wife I've eyed to-day ! "  
And then he kissed me tenderly  
Before he footed fast away  
Did dear King Monmouth, he !

Builded was he so beautiful !—  
Why did I pout a pettish word  
For what he'd done ?—Then whisking off—  
For his pursuers' feet were heard—  
" Dear one, keep faith ! " he turns and saith.  
And next he vanished in the copse  
Before I knew what such might be,  
And how great fears and how great hopes  
Had rare King Monmouth—he !

Up rode the soldiers. " Where's this man ?—  
He is the rebel Duke," say they.  
" And calls himself King Monmouth, sure ! "  
Then I believed my husband ; aye,  
Though he'd spoke lies in jealous-wise !  
—To Shag's nigh copse beyond the road  
I moved my finger mercilessly ;  
And there lay hidden where I showed :  
My dear King Monmouth, he !

The soldiers brought him by my door,  
His elbows bound behind him, fast ;  
Passing, he me-ward cast his eyes—  
What eyes of beauty did he cast !  
Grieved was his glance at me askance :  
" I wished all weal might thee attend,  
But this is what th'st done to me,  
O heartless woman, held my friend ! "  
Said sweet King Monmouth, he !

O then I saw he was no hind,  
But a great lord of loftihood,  
Come here to claim his rule and rights,  
Who'd wished me, as he'd said, but good.—  
With tug and jolt, then, out to Holt,

To Justice Ettricke, he was led,  
 And thence to London speedily,  
 Where under yester's headsman bled  
     The rare King Monmouth, he !

Last night, the while my husband slept,  
 He rose up at the window there,  
 All blood and blear, and hacked about,  
 With heavy eyes, and rumpled hair ;  
 And said : " My Love, 'twas cruel of  
 A Fair like thee to use me so !  
 But now it's nought : from foes I'm free !  
 Sooner or later all must go,"  
     Said dear King Monmouth, he !

" Yes, lovely cruel one ! " he said  
 In through the mullioned pane, shroud-pale,  
 " I love you still, would kiss you now,  
 But blood would stain your nighty-rail ! "  
 —That's all. And so to drown I go :  
 O wear no weeds, my friends, for me . . .  
 When comes the waterman, he'll say,  
 " Who's done her thuswise ? "—'Twill be, yea,  
     Sweet, slain King Monmouth—he !

## A SECOND ATTEMPT

THIRTY years after  
 I began again  
 An old-time passion :  
 And it seemed as fresh as when  
 The first day ventured on :  
 When mutely I would waft her  
 In Love's past fashion  
 Dreams much dwelt upon,  
 Dreams I wished she knew.

I went the course through,  
 From Love's fresh-found sensation-  
 Remembered still so well—  
 To worn words charged anew,  
 That left no more to tell :

Thence to hot hopes and fears,  
And thence to consummation,  
And thence to sober years,  
Markless, and mellow-hued.

Firm the whole fabric stood,  
Or seemed to stand, and sound  
As it had stood before.  
But nothing backward climbs,  
And when I looked around  
As at the former times,  
There was Life—pale and hoar ;  
And slow it said to me,  
“ Twice-over cannot be ! ”

### “ FREED THE FRET OF THINKING ”

FREED the fret of thinking,  
Light of lot were we,  
Song with service linking  
Like to bird or bee :  
Chancing bale unblinking,  
Freed the fret of thinking  
On mortality !

Had not thought-endowment  
Beings ever known,  
What Life once or now meant  
None had wanted shown—  
Measuring but the moment—  
Had not thought-endowment  
Caught Creation's groan !

Loosed from wrings of reason,  
We might blow like flowers,  
Sense of Time-wrought treason  
Would not then be ours  
In and out of season ;  
Loosed from wrings of reason  
We should laud the Powers !



## THE ABSOLUTE EXPLAINS

## I

"O NO," said It : her lifedoings  
Time's touch hath not destroyed :  
They lie their length, with the throbbing things  
Akin them, down the Void,  
Live, unalloyed.

## II

"Know, Time is toothless, seen all through ;  
The Present, that men but see,  
Is phasmal : since in a sane purview  
All things are shaped to be  
Eternally.

## III

"Your ' Now ' is just a gleam, a glide  
Across your gazing sense :  
With me, ' Past,' ' Future,' ever abide :  
They come not, go not, whence  
They are never hence.

## IV

"As one upon a dark highway,  
Plodding by lantern-light,  
Finds but the reach of its frail ray  
Uncovered to his sight,  
Though mid the night

## V

"The road lies all its length the same,  
Forwardly as at rear,  
So, outside what you ' Present ' name,  
Future and Past stand sheer,  
Cognate and clear."

## VI

—Thus It : who straightway opened then  
The vista called the Past,  
Wherein were seen, as fair as when  
They seemed they could not last,  
Small things and vast.

## VII

There were those songs, a score times sung,  
With all their tripping tunes,  
'There were the laughs once that rung,  
There those unmatched full moons,  
Those idle noons !

## VIII

There fadeless, fixed, were dust-dead flowers  
Remaining still in blow ;  
Elsewhere, wild love-makings in bowers ;  
Hard by, that irised bow  
Of years ago.

## IX

There were my ever memorable  
Glad days of pilgrimage,  
Coiled like a precious parchment fell,  
Illumined page by page,  
Unhurt by age.

## X

“ —Here you see spread those mortal ails  
So powerless to restrain  
Your young life's eager hot assails,  
With hazards then not plain  
Till past their pain.

## XI

Here you see her who, by these laws  
 You learn of, still shines on.  
 As pleasing-pure as erst she was,  
 Though you think she lies yon,  
 Graved, glow all gone.

## XII

“ Here are those others you used to prize.  
 But why go further we ?  
 The Future ?—Well, I would advise  
 You let the future be,  
 Unshown by me !

## XIII

“ ’Twould harrow you to see undraped  
 The scenes in ripe array  
 That wait your globe—all worked and shaped  
 And I’ll not, as I say,  
 Bare them to-day.

## XIV

“ In fine, Time is a mock,—yea, such !—  
 As he might well confess :  
 Yet hath he been believed in much,  
 Though lately, under stress  
 Of science, less.

## XV

“ And hence, of her you asked about  
 At your first speaking : she  
 Hath, I assure you, not passed out  
 Of continuity,  
 But is in me.

## XVI

“ So thus doth Being’s length transcend  
Time’s ancient regal claim  
To see all lengths begin and end.  
‘ The Fourth Dimension ’ fame  
Bruits as its name.”

*New Year’s Eve, 1922.*

## “ SO, TIME ”

*(The same thought resumed)*

So, Time,  
Royal, sublime ;  
Heretofore held to be  
Master and enemy,  
Thief of my Love’s adornings,  
Despoiling her to scornings :—  
The sound philosopher  
Now sets him to aver  
    You are nought  
    But a thought  
Without reality.

Young, old,  
Passioned, cold,  
All the loved-lost thus  
Are beings continuous,  
In dateless dure abiding,  
Over the present striding  
With placid permanence  
That knows not transience :  
    Firm in the Vast,  
    First, last ;  
Afar, yet close to us.

## AN INQUIRY

## A PHANTASY

Circumdedederunt me dolores mortis.—Ps. xviii.

I SAID to It : “ We grasp not what you meant,  
(Dwelling down here, so narrowly pinched and pent)  
By crowning Death the King of the Firmament :

—The query I admit to be  
One of unwonted size,  
But it is put you sorrowingly,  
And not in idle-wise.”

“ Sooth, since you ask me gravely,” It replied,  
“ Though too incisive questions I have decried,  
This shows some thought, and may be justified.

I’ll gauge its value as I go  
Across the Universe,  
And bear me back in a moment or so  
And say, for better or worse.”

Many years later, when It came again,  
“ That matter an instant back which brought you pain,”  
It said, “ and you besought me to explain :

Well, my forethoughtless modes to you  
May seem a shameful thing,  
But—I’d no meaning, that I knew,  
In crowning Death as King ! ”

## THE FAITHFUL SWALLOW

WHEN summer shone  
Its sweetest on  
An August day,  
“ Here evermore,”  
I said, “ I’ll stay ;  
Not go away  
To another shore  
As fickle they ! ”

December came :  
 'Twas not the same !  
 I did not know  
 Fidelity  
 Would serve me so.  
 Frost, hunger, snow ;  
 And now, ah me,  
 Too late to go !

## IN SHERBORNE ABBEY

(17—)

THE moon has passed to the panes of the south-aisle wall,  
 And brought the mullioned shades and shines to fall  
 On the cheeks of a woman and man in a pew there, pressed  
 Together as they pant, and recline for rest.

Forms round them loom, recumbent like their own,  
 Yet differing ; for they are chiselled in frigid stone ;  
 In doublets are some ; some mailed, as whilom ahorse they leapt :  
 And stately husbands and wives, side by side as they anciently slept

“ We are not like those,” she murmurs. “ For ever here set ! ”

“ True, Love,” he replies. “ We two are not marble yet.”

“ And, worse,” said she ; “ not husband and wife ! ”

“ But we soon shall be ” (from him) “ if we’ve life ! ”

A silence. A trotting of horses is heard without.

The lovers scarce breathe till its echo has quite died out.

“ It was they ! They have passed, anyhow ! ”

“ Our horse, slily hid by the conduit,

They’ve missed, or they’d rushed to impound it ! ”

“ And they’ll not discover us now.”

“ Will not, until ’tis too late.

And we can outface them straight ! ”

“ Why did you make me ride in your front ? ” says she.

“ To outwit the law. That was my strategy.

As I was borne off on the pillion behind you,  
Th'abductor was you, Dearest, let me remind you ;  
And seizure of me by an heiress is no felony,  
Whatever to do it with me as the seizer may be."

Another silence sinks. And a cloud comes over the moon :  
The print of the panes upon them enfeebles, as fallen in a swoon  
Until they are left in darkness unbroke and profound,  
As likewise are left their chill and chiselled neighbours around.

A Family tradition.

### THE PAIR HE SAW PASS

O SAD man, now a long dead man,  
To whom it was so real,  
I picture, as 'twere yesterday,  
How you would tell the tale !

Just wived were you, you sad dead man,  
And " settling down," you'd say,  
And had rigged the house you had reared for yourself  
And the mate now yours away.

You had eyed and tried each door and lock,  
And cupboard, and bell, and glass,  
When you glanced across to the road without,  
And saw a carriage pass.

It bowled along from the old town-gate ;  
Two forms its freight, and those  
Were a just-joined pair, as you discerned  
By the favours and the bows

And one of the pair you saw was a Fair  
Whom you had wooed awhile,  
And the other you saw, with a creeping awe,  
Was yourself, in bridegroom style

“ And there we rode as man and wife  
In the broad blaze of the sun,”  
Would you aver ; yea, you with her  
You had left for another one.

“ The morning,” you said, my friend long dead,  
“ Was ordinary and fine ;  
And yet there gleamed, it somehow seemed,  
At moments, a strange shine.”

You hailed a boy from your garden-plot,  
And sent him along the way  
To the parish church ; whence word was brought  
No marriage had been that day.

You mused, you said ; till you heard anon  
That at that hour she died  
Whom once, instead of your living wife,  
You had meant to make your bride. . .

You, dead man, dwelt in your new-built house  
With no great spirit or will,  
And after your soon decease your spouse  
Re-mated : she lives there still.

Which should be blamed, if either can,  
The teller does not know  
For your mismatch, O weird-wed man,  
Or what you thought was so.  
From an old draft.

## THE MOCK WIFE

IT'S a dark drama, this ; and yet I know the house, and date ;  
That is to say, the where and when John Channing met his fate.  
The house was one in High Street, seen of burghers still alive,  
The year was some two centuries bygone ; seventeen-hundred and  
five



And dying was Channing the grocer. All the clocks had struck eleven,  
And the watchers saw that ere the dawn his soul would be in Heaven ;  
When he said on a sudden : “ I should *like* to kiss her before I go,—  
For one last time ! ” They looked at each other and murmured,  
“ Even so.”

She'd just been haled to prison, his wife ; yea, charged with shaping his death :  
By poison, 'twas told ; and now he was nearing the moment of his last breath :  
He, witless that his young housemate was suspect of such a crime,  
Lay thinking that his pangs were but a malady of the time.

Outside the room they pondered gloomily, wondering what to do,  
As still he craved her kiss—the dying man who nothing knew :  
“ Guilty she may not be,” they said ; “ so why should we torture him  
In these his last few minutes of life ? Yet how indulge his whim ? ”

And as he begged there piteously for what could not be done,  
And the murder-charge had flown about the town to every one,  
The friends around him in their trouble thought of a hasty plan,  
And straightway set about it. Let denounce them all who can.

“ O will you do a kindly deed—it may be a soul to save ;  
At least, great misery to a man with one foot in the grave ? ”  
Thus they to the buxom woman not unlike his prisoned wife ;  
“ The difference he's past seeing ; it will soothe his sinking life.”

Well, the friendly neighbour did it ; and he kissed her ; held her fast ;  
Kissed her again and yet again. “ I—knew she'd—come at last !—  
Where have you been ?—Ah, kept away !—I'm sorry—overtired—  
God bless you ! ” And he loosed her, fell back tiredly, and died.

His wife stood six months after on the scaffold before the crowd,  
Ten thousand of them gathered there ; fixed, silent, and hard-browed.  
To see her strangled and burnt to dust, as was the verdict then  
On women truly judged, or false, of doing to death their men.

Some of them said as they watched her burn : " I am glad he never  
knew,  
Since a few hold her as innocent—think such she could not do !  
Glad, too, that (as they tell) he thought she kissed him ere he died."  
And they seemed to make no question that the cheat was justified.

## THE FIGHT ON DURNOVER MOOR

(183-)

WE'D loved, we two, some while,  
And that had come which comes when men too much beguile ;  
And without more ado  
My lady said : " O shame ! Get home, and hide ! " But he was  
true.

Yes : he was true to me,  
And heiped me some miles homealong ; and vowing to come  
Before the weeks were three,  
And do in church a deed should strike all scandal dumb.

And when we had traipsed to Grey's great Bridge, and pitched my  
box  
On its cope, to breathe us there,  
He cried : " What wrangle's that in yonder moor ? Those knocks,  
Gad, seem not to be fair !

" And a woman on her knees ! . . . I'll go. . . . There's surely  
something wrong ! "  
I said : " You are tired and spent  
With carrying my heavy things so far and long ! "  
But he would go, and went.

And there I stood steadying my box, and screened from none,  
Upon the crown of the bridge,  
Ashamed o' my shape, as lower and lower slipped the sun  
Down behind Pummery Ridge. . . .

“ O you may long wait so !  
Your young man’s done—aye, dead ! ” they by and by ran and  
cried.

“ You shouldn’t have let him go  
And join that whorage, but have kept him at your side !

“ It was another wench,  
Biggening as you, that he championed : yes, he came on straight  
With a warmth no words could quench  
For her helpless face, as soon as ever he eyed her state,

“ And fought her fancy-lad, who had used her far from well,  
So soon to make her moan,  
Aye, closed with him in fight, till at a blow yours fell,  
His skull against a stone.

“ She’d followed him there, this man who’d won her, and overwon,  
So, when he set to twit her  
Yours couldn’t abide him—him all other fighters shun,  
For he’s a practised hitter.

“ Your man moved not, and the constables came for the other ;  
so he,  
He’ll never make her his wife  
Any more than yours will you ; for they say that at least ’twill be  
Across the water for life.”

“ O what has she brought about ! ”  
I groaned ; “ this woman met here in my selfsame plight ;  
She’s put another yielding heart’s poor candle out  
By dogging her man to-night !

“ He might never have done her his due  
Of amends ! But mine had bidden the banns for marrying me !  
Why did we rest on this bridge ; why rush to a quarrel did he  
With which he had nothing to do ! ”

But vain were bursts of blame :  
We twain stood like and like, though strangers till that hour,  
Foredoomed to tread our paths beneath like gaze and glower,  
Bear a like blushful name.

Almost the selfsame day  
It fell that her time and mine came on,—a lad and a lass :  
The father o' mine was where the worms waggle under the grass,  
Of hers, at Botany Bay.

## LAST LOOK ROUND ST. MARTIN'S FAIR

THE sun is like an open furnace door,  
Whose round revealed retort confines the roar  
Of fires beyond terrene ;  
The moon presents the lustre-lacking face  
Of a brass dial gone green,  
Whose hours no eye can trace.  
The unsold heathcroppers are driven home  
To the shades of the Great Forest whence they come  
By men with long cord-waistcoats in brown monochrome.  
The stars break out, and flicker in the breeze,  
It seems, that twitches the trees.—  
From its hot idol soon  
The fickle unresting earth has turned to a fresh patroon—  
The cold, now brighter, moon.  
The woman in red, at the nut-stall with the gun,  
Lights up, and still goes on :  
She's redder in the flare-lamp than the sun  
Showed it ere it was gone.  
Her hands are black with loading all the day,  
And yet she treats her labour as 'twere play,  
Tosses her ear-rings, and talks ribaldry  
To the young men around as natural gaiety,  
And not a weary work she'd readily stay,  
And never again nut-shooting see,  
Though crying, " Fire away ! "

## THE CARICATURE

OF the Lady Lu there were stories told,  
For she was a woman of comely mould,  
In heart-experience old.

Too many a man for her whimsful sake  
Had borne with patience chill and ache,  
And nightly lain awake !

This epicure in pangs, in her tooth  
For more of the sweet, with a calm unruth  
Cast eyes on a painter-youth.

Her junior he ; and the bait of bliss  
Which she knew to throw—not he to miss—  
She threw, till he dreamed her his.

To her arts not blind, he yet sued long,  
As a songster jailed by a deed of wrong  
Will shower the doer with song ;

Till tried by tones now smart, now suave,  
He would flee in ire, to return a slave  
Who willingly forgave.

When no ! One day he left her door,  
“ I’ll ease mine agony ! ” he swore,  
“ And bear this thing no more !

“ I’ll practise a plan ! ” Thereon he took  
Her portrait from his sketching-book,  
And, though his pencil shook,

He moulded on the real its mock ;  
Of beauteous brow, lip, eye, and lock  
Composed a laughingstock.

Amazed at this satire of his long lure,  
Whenever he scanned it he’d scarce endure  
His laughter. ’Twas his cure.

And, even when he woke in the night,  
And chanced to think of the comic sight,  
He laughed till exhausted quite.

“ Why do you laugh ? ” she said one day  
As he gazed at her in a curious way.  
“ Oh—for nothing,” said he. “ Mere play.”

—A gulf of years then severed the twain ;  
Till he heard—a painter of high attain—  
She was dying on her domain.

“ And,” dryly added the friend who told,  
“ You may know or not that, in semblance cold,  
She loved once, loved whole-souled ;

“ And that you were the man ? Did you break your vow ?  
Well, well ; she is good as gone by now . . .  
But you hit her, all allow ! ”

Ah, the blow past bearing that he received !  
In his bachelor quiet he grieved and grieved ;  
How cruel ; how self-deceived !

Did she ever know ? . . . Men pitied his state  
As the curse of his own contrivance ate  
Like canker into his fate.

For ever that thing of his evil craft  
Uprose on his grief—his mocking draught—  
Till, racked, he insanely laughed.

Thence onward folk would muse in doubt  
What gloomed him so as he walked about,  
But few, or none, found out.

## A LEADER OF FASHION

NEVER has she known  
The way a robin will skip and come,  
With an eye half bold, half timorsome,  
To the table's edge for a breakfast crumb :

Nor has she seen  
A streak of roseate gently drawn  
Across the east, that means the dawn,  
When, up and out, she foots it on :

Nor has she heard  
The rustle of the sparrow's tread  
To roost in roof-holes near her head  
When dusk bids her, too, seek her bed :

Nor has she watched  
Amid a stormy eve's turmoil  
The pipkin slowly come to boil,  
In readiness for one at toil :

Nor has she hearkened  
Through the long night-time, lone and numb,  
For sounds of sent-for help to come  
Ere the swift-sinking life succumb :

Nor has she ever  
Held the loved-lost one on her arm,  
Attired with care his straightened form,  
As if he were alive and warm :

Yea, never has she  
Known, seen, heard, felt, such things as these,  
Haps of so many in their degrees  
Throughout their count of calvaries !





## HUMAN SHOWS

And operated to unblind  
Earth's old-established ignorance  
    Of stains and stings,  
Which grin no griefs while not opined,  
But cruelly tax intelligence.

"How shall we," then the seers said,  
"Oust this awareness, this disease  
    Called sense, here sown,  
Though good, no doubt, where it was bred,  
And wherein all things work to please?"

Others cried: "Nay, we rather would,  
Since this untoward gift is sent  
    For ends unknown,  
Limit its registerings to good,  
And hide from it all anguishment."

I left them pondering. This was how  
(Or so I dreamed) was waked on earth  
    The mortal moan  
Begot of sentience. Maybe now  
Normal unawareness waits rebirth.

## THE PROSPECT

THE twigs of the birch imprint the December sky  
    Like branching veins upon a thin old hand;  
I think of summer-time, yes, of last July,  
    When she was beneath them, greeting a gathered band  
    Of the urban and bland.

Iced airs wheeze through the skeletoned hedge from the north,  
    With steady snores, and a numbing that threatens snow,  
And skaters pass; and merry boys go forth  
    To look for slides. But well, well do I know  
    Whither I would go!

*December 1912.*

## GENITRIX LAESA

(MEASURE OF A SARUM SEQUENCE)

NATURE, through these generations  
 You have nursed us with a patience  
 Cruelly crossed by malversations,  
     Marring mother-ministry  
 To your multitudes, so blended  
 By your processes, long-tended,  
 And the painstaking expended  
     On their chording tunefully.

But this stuff of slowest moulding,  
 In your fancy ever enfolding  
 Life that rhythmic chime is holding :  
     (Yes ; so deem it you, Ladye—  
 This “ concordia discors ” !)—truly,  
 Rather, as if some imp unruly  
 Twitched your artist-arm when newly  
     Shaping forth your scenery !

Aye. Yet seem you not to know it.  
 Hence your world-work needs must show it  
 Good in dream, in deed below it :  
     (Lady, yes : so sight it we !)  
 Thus, then, go on fondly thinking :  
 Why should man your purblind blinking  
 Crave to cure, when all is sinking  
     To dissolubility ?

## THE FADING ROSE

I SAW a rose, in bloom, but sad,  
 Shedding the petals that still it had,  
 And I heard it say : “ O where is she  
 Who used to come and muse on me ?

## HUMAN SHOWS

" The pruner says she comes no more  
Because she loves another flower,  
The weeder says she's tired of me  
Because I droop so suddenly.

" Because of a sweetheart she comes not,  
Declares the man with the watering-pot ;  
' She does not come,' says he with the rake,  
' Because all women are fickle in make.'

" He with the spade and humorous leer  
Says : ' Know, I delve elsewhere than here,  
Mid text-writ stones and grassy heaps,  
Round which a curious silence creeps.

" ' She must get to you underground  
If any way at all be found,  
For, clad in her beauty, marble's kin,  
'Tis there I have laid her and trod her in.' "

## WHEN OATS WERE REAPED

THAT day when oats were reaped, and wheat was ripe, and barley  
ripening,  
The road-dust hot, and the bleaching grasses dry,  
I walked along and said,  
While looking just ahead to where some silent people lie :

" I wounded one who's there, and now know well I wounded her ;  
But, ah, she does not know that she wounded me ! "  
And not an air stirred,  
Nor a bill of any bird ; and no response accorded she.

*August 1913.*

## LOUIE

I AM forgetting Louie the buoyant ;  
Why not raise her phantom, too,  
Here in daylight  
With the elect one's ?  
She will never thrust the foremost figure out of view !

Mid this heat, in gauzy muslin  
 See I Louie's life-lit brow  
     Here in daylight  
     By the elect one's.—  
 Long two strangers they and far apart ; such neighbours now !  
*July 1913.*

### “ SHE OPENED THE DOOR ”

SHE opened the door of the West to me,  
     With its loud sea-lashings,  
     And cliff-side clashings  
 Of waters rife with revelry.

She opened the door of Romance to me,  
     The door from a cell  
     I had known too well,  
 Too long, till then, and was fain to flee.

She opened the door of a Love to me,  
     That passed the wry  
     World-welters by  
 As far as the arching blue the lea.

She opens the door of the Past to me,  
     Its magic lights,  
     Its heavenly heights,  
 When forward little is to see !

1913

### “ WHAT'S THERE TO TELL ? ”

(SONG)

WHAT'S there to tell of the world  
     More than is told ?  
 —Into its vortex hurled,  
     Out of it rolled.  
 Can we yet more of the world  
     Find to be told ?  
     Lalla-la, lu !

## HUMAN SHOWS

If some could last alive  
 Much might be told ;  
 Yes, gladness might survive ;  
 But they go cold—  
 Each and each late alive—  
 All their tale told.  
 Lalla-la, lu !

There's little more of the world,  
 Then, to be told ;  
 Had ever life unfurled  
 Joys manifold,  
 There had been more of the world  
 Left to be told.  
 Lalla-la, lalla-la, lalla-la, lu !  
 190-.

## THE HARBOUR BRIDGE

FROM here, the quay, one looks above to mark  
 The bridge across the harbour, hanging dark  
 Against the day's-end sky, fair-green in glow  
 Over and under the middle archway's bow :  
 It draws its skeleton where the sun has set,  
 Yea, clear from cutwater to parapet ;  
 On which mild glow, too, lines of rope and spar  
 Trace themselves black as char.

Down here in shade we hear the painters shift  
 Against the bollards with a drowsy lift,  
 As moved by the incoming stealthy tide.  
 High up across the bridge the burghers glide  
 As cut black-paper portraits hastening on  
 In conversation none knows what upon :  
 Their sharp-edged lips move quickly word by word  
 To speech that is not heard.

There trails the dreamful girl, who leans and stops,  
 There presses the practical woman to the shops,

There is a sailor, meeting his wife with a start,  
 And we, drawn nearer, judge they are keeping apart.  
 Both pause. She says : " I've looked for you. I thought  
 We'd make it up." Then no words can be caught.  
 At last : " Won't you come home ? " She moves still nigher :  
 " 'Tis comfortable, with a fire."

" No," he says gloomily. " And, anyhow,  
 I can't give up the other woman now :  
 You should have talked like that in former days,  
 When I was last home." They go different ways  
 And the west dims, and yellow lamplights shine :  
 And soon above, like lamps more opaline,  
 White stars ghost forth, that care not for men's wives,  
 Or any other lives.

WEYMOUTH.

## VAGRANT'S SONG

(WITH AN OLD WESSEX REFRAIN)

### I

WHEN a dark-eyed dawn  
 Crawls forth, cloud-drawn,  
 And starlings doubt the night-time's close ;  
 And " three months yet,"  
 They seem to fret,  
 " Before we cease us slaves of snows,  
 And sun returns  
 To loose the burns,  
 And this wild woe called Winter goes ! "—  
 O a hollow tree  
 Is as good for me  
 As a house where the back-brand<sup>1</sup> glows !  
*Che-hane, mother; che-hane, mother,*  
 As a house where the back-brand glows !

<sup>1</sup> " Back-brand "—the log which used to be laid at the back of a wood fire.

## II

When autumn brings  
 A whirr of wings  
 Among the evergreens around,  
 And sundry thrills  
 About their quills  
 Awe rooks, and misgivings abound,  
 And the joyless pines  
 In leaning lines  
 Protect from gales the lower ground,  
 O a hollow tree  
 Is as good for me  
 As a house of a thousand pound !  
*Che-hane, mother; che-hane, mother,*  
 As a house of a thousand pound !

## FARMER DUNMAN'S FUNERAL

" BURY me on a Sunday,"  
 He said ; " so as to see  
 Poor folk there. 'Tis their one day  
 To spare for following me."

With forethought of that Sunday,  
 He wrote, while he was well,  
 On ten rum-bottles one day,  
 "*Drink for my funeral.*"

They buried him on a Sunday,  
 That folk should not be balked  
 His wish, as 'twas their one day :  
 And forty couple walked.

They said : " To have it Sunday  
 Was always his concern ;  
 His meaning being that one day  
 He'd do us a good turn.

" We must, had it been Monday,  
 Have got it over soon,  
 But now we gain, being Sunday,  
 A jolly afternoon."

## THE SEXTON AT LONGPUDDLE

HE passes down the churchyard track  
On his way to toll the bell ;  
And stops, and looks at the graves around,  
And notes each finished and greening mound  
Complacently,  
As their shaper he,  
And one who can do it well,  
And, with a prosperous sense of his doing,  
Thinks he'll not lack  
Plenty such work in the long ensuing  
Futurity.  
For people will always die,  
And he will always be nigh  
To shape their cell.

## THE HARVEST-SUPPER

(*Circa 1850*)

NELL and the other maids danced their best  
With the Scotch-Greys in the barn ;  
These had been asked to the harvest-feast ;  
Red shapes amid the corn.

Nell and the other maids sat in a row  
Within the benched barn-nook ;  
Nell led the songs of long ago  
She'd learnt from never a book.

She sang of the false Sir John of old,  
The lover who witched to win,  
And the parrot, and cage of glittering gold ;  
And the other maids joined in.

Then whispered to her a gallant Grey,  
" Dear, sing that ballet again !  
For a bonnier mouth in a bonnier way  
Has sung not anywhen ! "



As she loosed her lips anew there sighed  
 To Nell through the dark barn-door  
 The voice of her Love from the night outside,  
 Who was buried the month before :

“ O Nell, can you sing ballets there,  
 And I out here in the clay,  
 Of lovers false of yore, nor care  
 What you vowed to me one day !

“ O can you dance with soldiers bold,  
 Who kiss when dancing's done,  
 Your little waist within their hold,  
 As ancient troth were none ! ”

She cried : “ My heart is pierced with a wound !  
 There's something outside the wall  
 That calls me forth to a greening mound :  
 I can sing no more at all !

“ My old Love rises from the worms,  
 Just as he used to be,  
 And I must let gay gallants' arms  
 No more encircle me ! ”

They bore her home from the merry-making ;  
 Bad dreams disturbed her bed :  
 “ Nevermore will I dance and sing,”  
 Mourned Nell ; “ and never wed ! ”

## AT A PAUSE IN A COUNTRY DANCE

(MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY)

THEY stood at the foot of the figure,  
 And panted : they'd danced it down through—  
 That “ Dashing White Serjeant ” they loved so :—  
 A window, uncurtained, was nigh them  
 That end of the room. Thence in view

Outside it a valley updrew,  
Where the frozen moon lit frozen snow :  
At the furthestmost reach of the valley  
A light from a window shone low.  
“ They are inside that window,” said she,

As she looked. “ They sit up there for me ;  
And baby is sleeping there, too.”  
He glanced. “ Yes,” he said. “ Never mind,  
Let’s foot our way up again ; do !  
And dance down the line as before.

What’s the world to us, meeting once more ! ”  
“ —Not much, when your husband full trusts you,  
And thinks the child his that I bore ! ”  
He was silent. The fiddlers six-eighted  
With even more passionate vigour.

The pair swept again up the figure,  
The child’s cuckoo-father and she,  
And the next couples threaded below,  
And the twain wove their way to the top  
Of “ The Dashing White Serjeant ” they loved so,  
Restarting : right, left, to and fro.

—From the homestead, seen yon, the small glow  
Still adventured forth over the white,  
Where the child slept, unknowing who sired it,  
In the cradle of wicker tucked tight,  
And its grandparents, nodding, admired it  
In elbow-chairs through the slow night

## ON THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN ABOUT TO BE HANGED

COMELY and capable one of our race,  
Posing there in your gown of grace,  
Plain, yet becoming ;  
Could subtlest breast  
Ever have guessed  
What was behind that innocent face,  
Drumming, drumming !

Would that your Causer, ere knoll your knell  
 For this riot of passion, might deign to tell  
     Why, since It made you  
         Sound in the germ,  
     It sent a worm  
 To madden Its handiwork, when It might well  
     Not have assayed you,

Not have implanted, to your deep rue,  
 The Clytaemnestra spirit in you,  
     And with purblind vision  
         Sowed a tare  
     In a field so fair,  
 And a thing of symmetry, seemly to view,  
     Brought to derision !

*January 6, 1923.*

## THE CHURCH AND THE WEDDING

“ I’LL restore this old church for our marriage :  
     I’ve ordered the plans :  
 Style of wedding your choice—foot or carriage—  
     By licence, or banns.”

He restored it, as though built newly :  
     The bishop was won  
 To preach, who pronounced it truly  
     A thing well done.

But the wedding waits ; long, long has waited ;  
     And guesswork is dumb  
 Why those who were there to have mated  
     Do not come.

And when the nights moan like the wailings  
     Of souls sore-tried,  
 The folk say who pass the church-palings  
     They hear inside

Strange sounds as of anger and sadness  
That cut the heart's core,  
And shaken words bitter to madness ;  
And then no more.

## THE SHIVER

FIVE lone clangs from the house-clock nigh,  
And I woke with a sigh :  
Stars wore west like a slow tide flowing,  
And my lover had told yesternight of his going,—  
That at this gray hour he'd be hasting by,

Starting betimes on a journey afar :—  
So, casement ajar,  
I eyed in the upland pasture his figure,  
A dim dumb speck, growing darker and bigger,  
Then smalling to nought where the nut-trees are.

He could not bend his track to my window, he'd said,  
Being hurried ahead :  
But I wished he had tried to !—and then felt a shiver,  
Corpse-cold, as he sank toward the town by the river :  
And back I went sadly and slowly to bed

What meant my shiver while seeing him pass  
As a dot on the grass  
I surmised not then. But later I knew it  
When came again he ; and my words outdrew it,  
As said he : “ It's hard for your bearing, alas !

“ But I've seen, I have clasped, where the smart ships plough  
One of far brighter brow.  
A sea-goddess. Shiver not. One far rarer  
In gifts than I find thee ; yea, warmer and fairer —  
I seek her again ; and I love you not now.”

## “ NOT ONLY I ”

NOT only I  
Am doomed awhile to lie  
In this close bin with earthen sides ;  
But the things I thought, and the songs I sang,  
And the hopes I had, and the passioned pang  
For people I knew  
Who passed before me,  
Whose memory barely abides ;  
And the visions I drew  
That daily upbore me !

And the joyous springs and summers,  
And the jaunts with blithe newcomers,  
And my plans and appearances ; drives and rides  
That fanned my face to a lively red ;  
And the grays and blues  
Of the far-off views,  
That nobody else discerned outspread ;  
And little achievements for blame or praise ;  
Things left undone ; things left unsaid ;  
In brief, my days !

Compressed here in six feet by two,  
In secrecy  
To lie with me  
Till the Call shall be,  
Are all these things I knew,  
Which cannot be handed on ;  
Strange happenings quite unrecorded,  
Lost to the world and disregarded,  
That only thinks : “ Here moulders till Doom's-dawn  
A woman's skeleton.”

## SHE SAW HIM, SHE SAID

" WHY, I saw you with the sexton, outside the church-door,  
So I did not hurry me home,  
Thinking you'd not be come,  
Having something to him to say.—

Yes : 'twas you, Dear, though you seemed sad, heart-sore ;  
How fast you've got therefrom ! "

" I've not been out. I've watched the moon through the birch,  
And heard the bell toll. Yes,  
Like a passing soul in distress ! "

" —But no bell's tolled to-day ? " . . .

His face looked strange, like the face of him seen by the church,  
And she sank to musefulness.

## ONCE AT SWANAGE

THE spray sprang up across the cusps of the moon,  
And all its light loomed green  
As a witch-flame's weirdsome sheen  
At the minute of an incantation scene ;  
And it greened our gaze—that night at demilune.

Roaring high and roaring low was the sea  
Behind the headland shores :  
It symbolled the slamming of doors,  
Or a regiment hurrying over hollow floors. . . .  
And there we two stood, hands clasped ; I and she !

## THE FLOWER'S TRAGEDY

IN the bedchamber window, near the glass,  
Stood the little flower in the little vase,  
Unnoticed quite  
For a whole fortnight,  
And withered for lack of watering  
To a skeleton mere—a mummied thing.

But it was not much, mid a world of teen,  
That a flower should waste in a nook unseen !

One needed no thought to ascertain  
How it happened ; that when she went in the rain  
    To return here not,  
    She was mindless what  
She had left here to perish.—Ah, well : for an hour  
I wished I had not found the flower !

Yet it was not much. And she never had known  
Of the flower's fate ; nor it of her own.

### AT THE AQUATIC SPORTS

WITH their backs to the sea two fiddlers stand  
Facing the concourse on the strand,  
    And a third man who sings.  
The sports proceed ; there are crab-catchings ;  
The people laugh as levity spreads ;  
Yet these three do not turn their heads  
    To see whence the merriment springs.

They cease their music, but even then  
They stand as before, do those three men,  
    Though pausing, nought to do :  
They never face to the seaward view  
To enjoy the contests, add their cheer,  
So wholly is their being here  
    A business they pursue.

### A WATCHER'S REGRET

#### J. E.'S STORY

I SLEPT across the front of the clock,  
Close to the long case-door ;  
The hours were brought by their brazen knock  
    To my ear as the slow nights wore.

Thus did I, she being sick to death,  
That each hour as it belled  
Should wake me to rise, and learn by her breath  
Whether her strength still held.

Yet though throughout life's midnights all  
I would have watched till spent  
For her dear sake, I missed the call  
Of the hour in which she went.

### HORSES ABOARD

HORSES in horsecloths stand in a row  
On board the huge ship that at last lets go :  
Whither are they sailing ? They do not know,  
Nor what for, nor how.—

They are horses of war,  
And are going to where there is fighting afar ;  
But they gaze through their eye-holes unwitting they are.  
And that in some wilderness, gaunt and ghast,  
Their bones will bleach ere a year has passed,  
And the item be as " war-waste " classed.—  
And when the band booms, and the folk say " Good-bye ! "  
And the shore slides astern, they appear wrenched awry  
From the scheme Nature planned for them,—wondering wny.

### THE HISTORY OF AN HOUR

VAIN is the wish to try rhyming it, writing it !  
Pen cannot weld into words what it was ;  
Time will be squandered in toil at inditing it ;  
Clear is the cause !

Yea, 'twas too satiate with soul, too ethereal ;  
June-morning scents of a rose-bush in flower  
Catch in a clap-net of hempen material ;  
So catch ~~that~~ hour !



## THE MISSED TRAIN

How I was caught  
Hieing home, after days of allure,  
And forced to an inn—small, obscure—  
At the junction, gloom-fraught.

How civil my face  
To get them to chamber me there—  
A roof I had scorned, scarce aware  
That it stood at the place.

And how all the night  
I had dreams of the unwitting cause  
Of my lodgment. How lonely I was ;  
How consoled by her sprite !

Thus onetime to me . . .  
Dim wastes of dead years bar away  
Then from now. But such happenings to-day  
Fall to lovers, may be !

Years, years as shoaled seas,  
Truly, stretch now between ! Less and less  
Shrink the visions then vast in me.—Yes,  
Then in me : Now in these.

## UNDER HIGH-STOY HILL

FOUR climbed High-Stoy from Ivelwards,  
Where hedge meets hedge, and cart-ruts wind,  
Chattering like birds,  
And knowing not what lay behind.

We laughed beneath the moonlight blink,  
Said supper would be to our mind,  
And did not think  
Of Time, and what might lie behind. . . .

The moon still meets that tree-tipped height,  
The road—as then—still trails inclined :

But since that night  
We have well learnt what lay behind !

For all of the four then climbing here  
But one are ghosts, and he brow-lined ;

With him they fare,  
Yet speak not of what lies behind.

### AT THE MILL

O MILLER KNOX, whom we knew well,  
And the mill, and the floury floors,  
And the corn,—and those two women,  
And infants—yours !

The sun was shining when you rode  
To market on that day :  
The sun was set when home-along  
You ambled in the gray,  
And gathered what had taken place  
While you were away.

O Miller Knox, 'twas grief to see  
Your good wife hanging there  
By her own rash and passionate hand,  
In a throe of despair ;

And those two children, one by her,  
And one by the waiting-maid,  
Borne the same hour, and you afar,  
And she past aid.

And though sometimes you walk of nights,  
Sleepless, to Yalbury Brow,  
And glance the graveyard way, and grunt.  
“ 'Twas not much, anyhow :  
She shouldn't ha' minded ! ” nought it helps  
To say that now.

And the water dribbles down your wheel,  
 Your mead blooms green and gold,  
 And birds 'twit in your apple-boughs  
 Just as of old.

## ALIKE AND UNLIKE

(GREAT-ORME'S HEAD)

WE watched the selfsame scene on that long drive,  
 Saw the magnificent purples, as one eye,  
 Of those near mountains ; saw the storm arrive ;  
 Laid up the sight in memory, you and I,  
 As if for joint recallings by and by.

But our eye-records, like in hue and line,  
 Had superimposed on them, that very day,  
 Gravings on your side deep, but slight on mine !—  
 Tending to sever us thenceforth alway ;  
 Mine commonplace ; yours tragic, gruesome, gray.

## THE THING UNPLANNED

THE white winter sun struck its stroke on the bridge,  
 The meadow-rills rippled and gleamed  
 As I left the thatched post-office, just by the ridge,  
 And dropped in my pocket her long tender letter,  
 With : " This must be snapped ! it is more than it seemed :  
 And now is the opportune time ! "

But against what I willed worked the surging sublime  
 Of the thing that I did—the thing better !

## THE SHEEP-BOY

A YAWNING, sunned concave  
 Of purple, spread as an ocean wave  
 Entroughed on a morning of swell and sway  
 After a night when wind-fiends have been heard to rave :  
 Thus was the Heath called " Draäts," on an August day.

Suddenly there intunes a hum :  
 This side, that side, it seems to come.  
 From the purple in myriads rise the bees  
 With consternation mid their rapt employ.  
 So headstrongly each speeds him past, and flees,  
 As to strike the face of the shepherd-boy.  
 Awhile he waits, and wonders what they mean ;  
 Till none is left upon the shagged demesne.

To learn what ails, the sheep-boy looks around ;  
 Behind him, out of the sea in swirls  
 Flexuous and solid, clammy vapour-curles  
 Are rolling over Pokeswell Hills to the inland ground,  
 Into the heath they sail,  
 And travel up the vale  
 Like the moving pillar of cloud raised by the Israelite :—  
 In a trice the lonely sheep-boy seen so late ago,  
 Draats'-Hollow in gorgeous blow,  
 And Kite-Hill's regal glow,  
 Are viewless—folded into those creeping scrolls of white.

On RAINBARROWS.

## RETTY'S PHASES

### I

RETTY used to shake her head,  
 Look with wicked eye ;  
 Say, " I'd tease you, simple Ned,  
 If I cared to try ! "  
 Then she'd hot-up scarlet red,  
 Stilly step away,  
 Much afraid that what she'd said  
 Sounded bold to say.

### II

Retty used to think she loved  
 (Just a little) me.  
 Not untruly, as it proved  
 Afterwards to be

## HUMAN SHOWS

For, when weakness forced her rest  
 If we walked a mile,  
 She would whisper she was blest  
 By my clasp awhile.

## III

Retty used at last to say  
 When she neared the Vale,  
 " Mind that you, Dear, on that day  
 Ring my wedding peal ! "  
 And we all, with pulsing pride,  
 Vigorous sounding gave  
 Those six bells, the while outside  
 John filled in her grave.

## IV

Retty used to draw me down  
 To the turfy heaps,  
 Where, with yeoman, squire, and clown  
 Noticeless she sleeps.  
 Now her silent slumber-place  
 Seldom do I know,  
 For when last I saw her face  
 Was so long ago !

From an old draft of 1868.

NOTE.—In many villages it was customary after the funeral of an unmarried young woman to ring a peal as for her wedding while the grave was being filled in, as if Death were not to be allowed to balk her of bridal honours. Young unmarried men were always her bearers.

## A POOR MAN AND A LADY

WE knew it was not a valid thing,  
 And only sanct in the sight of God  
 (To use your phrase), as with fervent nod  
 You swore your assent when I placed the ring

On your pale slim hand. Our whispering  
Was soft as the fan of a turtledove  
That round our heads might have seemed to wing ;  
So solemn were we ; so sincere our love.

We could do no better ; and thus it stood  
Through a time of timorous secret bliss,  
Till we were divided, and never a kiss  
Of mine could touch you, or likelihood  
Illumed our sky that we might, or should  
Be each to each in the world's wide eye  
What we were unviewed ; and our vows make good  
In the presence of parents and standers by.

I was a striver with deeds to do,  
And little enough to do them with,  
And a comely woman of noble kith,  
With a courtly match to make, were you ;  
And we both were young ; and though sterling-true  
You had proved to our pledge under previous strains,  
Our " union," as we called it, grew  
Less grave to your eyes in your town campaigns.

Well : the woeful neared, you needn't be told :  
The current news-sheets clarioned soon  
That you would be wived on a summer noon  
By a man of illustrious line and old :  
Nor better nor worse than the manifold  
Of marriages made, had there not been  
Our faith-swearing when fervent-souled,  
Which, to me, seemed a breachless bar between.

We met in a Mayfair church, alone :  
(The request was mine, which you yielded to.)  
" But we were not married at all ! " urged you :  
" Why, of course we were ! " I said. Your tone,  
I noted, was world-wise. You went on :  
" 'Twas sweet while it lasted. But you well know  
That law is law. He'll be, anon,  
My husband *really*. You, Dear, weren't so."

“ I wished—but to learn if——” faltered I,  
 And stopped. “ But I’ll sting you not. Farewell ! ”  
 And we parted.—Do you recall the bell  
 That tolled by chance as we said good-bye ? . . .  
 I saw you no more. The track of a high,  
 Sweet, liberal lady you’ve doubtless trod.  
 —All’s past ! No heart was burst thereby,  
 And no one knew, unless it was God.

NOTE.—The foregoing was intended to preserve an episode in the story of “ The Poor Man and the Lady,” written in 1868, and, like these lines, in the first person ; but never printed, and ultimately destroyed.

## AN EXPOSTULATION

WHY want to go afar  
     Where pitfalls are,  
 When all we swains adore  
     Your featness more and more  
 As heroine of our artless masquings here,  
 And count few Wessex’ daughters half so dear :

Why paint your appealing face,  
     When its born grace  
 Is such no skill can match  
     With powder, puff, or patch,  
 Whose every touch defames your bloomfulness,  
 And with each stain increases our distress ?

Yea, is it not enough  
     That (rare or rough  
 Your lines here) all uphold you,  
     And as with wings enfold you,  
 But you must needs desert the kine-cropt vale  
 Wherein your foredames gaily filled the pail ?

## TO A SEA-CLIFF

(DURLSTON HEAD)

LEND me an ear  
While I read you here  
A page from your history,  
Old cliff—not known  
To your solid stone,  
Yet yours inseparably.

Near to your crown  
There once sat down  
A silent listless pair ;  
And the sunset ended,  
And dark descended,  
And still the twain sat there.

Past your jutting head  
Then a line-ship sped,  
Lit brightly as a city ;  
And she sobbed : “ There goes  
A man who knows  
I am his, beyond God’s pity ! ”

He slid apart  
Who had thought her heart  
His own, and not aboard  
A bark, sea-bound. . . .  
That night they found  
Between them lay a sword.

## THE ECHO-ELF ANSWERS

How much shall I love her ?  
For life, or not long ?  
“ Not long.”

Alas ! When forget her ?  
In years, or by June ?  
“ By June.”



## HUMAN SHOWS

And whom woo I after ?  
 No one, or a throng ?  
 " A throng."

Of these shall I wed one  
 Long hence, or quite soon ?  
 " Quite soon."

And which will my bride be ?  
 The right or the wrong ?  
 " The wrong."

And my remedy—what kind ?  
 Wealth-wove, or earth-hewn ?  
 " Earth-hewn."

## CYNIC'S EPITAPH

A RACE with the sun as he downed  
 I ran at evetide,  
 Intent who should first gain the ground  
 And there hide.

He beat me by some minutes then,  
 But I triumphed anon,  
 For when he'd to rise up again  
 I stayed on.

A BEAUTY'S SOLILOQUY DURING HER  
HONEYMOON

Too late, too late ! I did not know my fairness  
 Would catch the world's keen eyes so !  
 How the men look at me ! My radiant rareness  
 I deemed not they would prize so !

That I was a peach for any man's possession  
 Why did not some one say  
 Before I leased myself in an hour's obsession  
 To this dull mate for aye !

His days are mine. I am one who cannot steal her  
Ahead of his plodding pace :  
As he is, so am I. One doomed to feel her  
A wasted form and face !

I was so blind ! It did sometimes just strike me  
All girls were not as I,  
But, dwelling much alone, how few were like me  
I could not well descry ;

Till, at this Grand Hotel, all looks bend on me  
In homage as I pass  
To take my seat at breakfast, dinner,—con me  
As poorly spoused, alas !

I was too young. I dwelt too much on duty :  
If I had guessed my powers  
Where might have sailed this cargo of choice beauty  
In its unanchored hours !

Well, husband, poor plain man ; I've lost life's battle !—  
Come—let them look at me.  
O damn, don't show in your looks that I'm your chattel  
Quite so emphatically !  
In a London Hotel, 1892.

## DONAGHADEE

(SONG)

I'VE never gone to Donaghadee,  
That vague far townlet by the sea ;  
In Donaghadee I shall never be :  
Then why do I sing of Donaghadee,  
That I know not in a faint degree ? . . .  
—Well, once a woman wrote to me  
With a tender pen from Donaghadee.

“ Susan,” I've sung, “ Pride of Kildare,”  
Because I'd heard of a Susan there,  
The “ Irish Washerwoman's ” capers  
I've shared for hours to midnight tapers,

And "Kitty O'Linch" has made me spin  
 Till dust rose high, and day broke in :  
 That other "Kitty, of Coleraine,"  
 Too, set me aching in heart and brain :  
 While "Kathleen Mavourneen," of course, would ring  
 When that girl learnt to make me sing.  
 Then there was "Irish Molly O"  
 I tuned as "the fairest one I know,"  
 And "Nancy Dawson," if I remember,  
 Rhymed sweet in moonlight one September.

But the damsel who once wrote so free  
 And tender-toned from Donaghadee,  
 Is a woman who has no name for me—  
 Moving sylph-like, mysteriously,  
 (For doubtless, of that sort is she)  
 In the pathways of her destiny ;  
 But that is where I never shall be ;—  
 And yet I sing of Donaghadee !

## HE INADVERTENTLY CURES HIS LOVE-PAINS

(SONG)

I SAID : "O let me sing the praise  
 Of her who sweetly racks my days,—  
     Her I adore ;  
 Her lips, her eyes, her moods, her ways !"

In miseries of pulse and pang  
 I strung my harp, and straightway sang  
     As none before :—  
 To wondrous words my quavers rang !

Thus I let heartaches lilt my verse,  
 Which suaged and soothed, and made disperse  
     The smarts I bore  
 To stagnance like a sepulchre's.

But, eased, the days that thrilled ere then  
 Lost value ; and I ask, O when,  
     And how, restore  
 Those old sweet agonies again !

## THE PEACE PEAL

(AFTER FOUR YEARS OF SILENCE)

SAID a wistful daw in Saint Peter's tower,  
 High above Casterbridge slates and tiles,  
 " Why do the walls of my Gothic bower  
 Shiver, and shrill out sounds for miles ?  
     This gray old rubble  
     Has scorned such din  
     Since I knew trouble  
     And joy herein.  
     How still did abide them  
     These bells now swung,  
     While our nest beside them  
     Securely clung ! . . .  
     It means some snare  
     For our feet or wings ;  
     But I'll be ware  
     Of such baleful things ! "

And forth he flew from his louvred niche  
 To take up life in a damp dark ditch.  
 —So mortal motives are misread,  
 And false designs attributed,  
 In upper spheres of straws and sticks,  
 Or lower, of pens and politics.

At the end of the War.

## LADY VI

THERE goes the Lady Vi. How well,  
     How well I know the spectacle  
     The earth presents  
     And its events  
     To her sweet sight  
     Each day and night !

“ Life is a wheeling show, with *me*  
 As its pivot of interest constantly.  
 Below in the hollows of towns is sin,  
 Like a blue brimstone mist therein,  
 Which makes men lively who plunge amid it,  
 But wrongfully, and wives forbid it.  
 London is a place for prancing  
 Along the Row and, later, dancing  
 Till dawn, with tightening arm-embowments  
 As hours warm up to tender moments.

“ Travel is piquant, and most thrilling  
 If, further, joined to big-game killing :  
 At home, too, hunting, hounds full cry,  
 When Reynard nears his time to die,  
 'Tis glee to mark his figure flag,  
 And how his brush begins to drag,  
 Till, his earth reached by many a wend,  
 He finds it *stopped*, and meets his end.

“ Religion is good for all who are meek ;  
 It stays in the Bible through the week,  
 And floats about the house on Sundays,  
 But does not linger on till Mondays.  
 The ten Commandments in one's prime  
 Are matter for another time,  
 While griefs and graves and things allied  
 In well-bred talk one keeps outside.”

## A POPULAR PERSONAGE AT HOME

“ I LIVE here : ‘ Wessex ’ is my name :  
 I am a dog known rather well :  
 I guard the house ; but how that came  
 To be my whim I cannot tell.

“ With a leap and a heart elate I go  
 At the end of an hour's expectancy  
 To take a walk of a mile or so  
 With the folk I let live here with me.

“ Along the path, amid the grass  
I sniff, and find out rarest smells  
For rolling over as I pass  
The open fields towards the dells.

“ No doubt I shall always cross this sill,  
And turn the corner, and stand steady,  
Gazing back for my mistress till  
She reaches where I have run already,

“ And that this meadow with its brook,  
And bulrush, even as it appears  
As I plunge by with hasty look,  
Will stay the same a thousand years.”

Thus “ Wessex.” But a dubious ray  
At times informs his steadfast eye,  
Just for a trice, as though to say,  
“ Yet, will this pass, and pass shall I ? ”

1924.

## INSCRIPTIONS FOR A PEAL OF EIGHT BELLS

### AFTER A RESTORATION

- I. THOMAS TREMBLE new-made me  
Eighteen hundred and fifty-three :  
Why he did I fail to see.
- II. I was well-toned by William Brine,  
Seventeen hundred and twenty-nine ;  
Now, re-cast, I weakly whine !

- III. Fifteen hundred used to be  
My date, but since they melted me  
'Tis only eighteen fifty-three.
- IV. Henry Hopkins got me made,  
And I summon folk as bade ;  
Not to much purpose, I'm afraid !
- V. I likewise ; for I bang and bid  
In commoner metal than I did,  
Some of me being stolen and hid.
- VI. I, too, since in a mould they flung me,  
Drained my silver, and rehung me,  
So that in tin-like tones I tongue me.
- VII. In nineteen hundred, so 'tis said,  
They cut my canon off my head,  
And made me look scalped, scraped, and dead
- VIII. I'm the peal's tenor still, but rue it !  
Once it took two to swing me through it :  
Now I'm rehung, one dolt can do it.

## A REFUSAL

SAID the grave Dean of Westminster :  
Mine is the best minster  
Seen in Great Britain,  
As many have written :  
So therefore I cannot  
Rule here if I ban not  
Such liberty-taking  
As movements for making

Its grayness environ  
The memory of Byron,  
Which some are demanding  
Who think them of standing,  
But in my own viewing  
Require some subduing  
For tendering suggestions  
On Abbey-wall questions  
That must intertere here  
With my proper sphere here,  
And bring to disaster  
This fane and its master,  
Whose dict is but Christian  
Though nicknamed Philistian.

A lax Christian charity—  
No mental clarity  
Ruling its movements  
For fabric improvements—  
Demands admonition  
And strict supervision  
When bent on enshrining  
Rapscallions, and signing  
Their names on God's stonework.  
As if like His own work  
Were their lucubrations :  
And passed is my patience  
That such a creed-scorner  
(Not mentioning horner)  
Should claim Poet's Corner.

'Tis urged that some sinners  
Are here for worms' dinners  
Already in person ;  
That he could not worsen  
The walls by a name mere  
With men of such fame here.  
Yet nay ; they but leaven  
The others in heaven  
In just true proportion,  
While more mean distortion.



'Twill next be expected  
 That I get erected  
 To Shelley a tablet  
 In some niche or gablet.  
 Then—what makes my skin burn,  
 Yea, forehead to chin burn—  
 That I ensconce Swinburne !

*August 1924.*

### EPITAPH ON A PESSIMIST

I'M Smith of Stoke, aged sixty-odd,  
 I've lived without a dame  
 From youth-time on ; and would to God  
 My dad had done the same.  
 From the French and Greek.

### THE PROTEAN MAIDEN

(SONG)

THIS single girl is two girls :  
 How strange such things should be  
 One noon eclipsed by few girls,  
 The next no beauty she.

And daily cries the lover,  
 In voice and feature vext :  
 " My last impression of her  
 Is never to be the next !

" She's plain : I will forget her !  
 She's turned to fair. Ah no,  
 Forget ?—not I ! I'll pet her  
 With kisses swift and slow."

## A WATERING-PLACE LADY INVENTORIED

A SWEETNESS of temper unsurpassed and unforgettable,  
 A mole on the cheek whose absence would have been regrettable,  
 A ripple of pleasant converse full of modulation,  
 A bearing of inconveniences without vexation,  
 Till a cynic would find her amiability provoking,  
 Tempting him to indulge in mean and wicked joking.

Flawlessly oval of face, especially cheek and chin,  
 With a glance of a quality that beckoned for a glance akin,  
 A habit of swift assent to any intelligence broken,  
 Before the fact to be conveyed was fully spoken  
 And she could know to what her colloquist would win her,—  
 This from a too alive impulsion to sympathy in her,—  
 All with a sense of the ridiculous, keen yet charitable ;  
 In brief, a rich, profuse attractiveness unnarratable.

I should have added her hints that her husband prized her but  
 slenderly,  
 And that (with a sigh) 'twas a pity she'd no one to treat her  
 tenderly.

## THE SEA FIGHT

31 May : 1916

IN MEMORIAM CAPTAIN PROWSE

DOWN went the grand " Queen Mary,"  
 " Queen Mary's " captain, and her crew ;  
 The brunt of battle bare he,  
 And he died ;  
 And he died, as heroes do.

More really now we view him,  
 More really lives he, moves with men,  
 Than while on earth we knew him  
 As our fellow,  
 As our fellow-denizen.

Maybe amid the changes  
 Of ocean's caverned dim profound,  
 Gaily his spirit ranges  
     With his comrades,  
 With his comrades all around.  
 1916.

## PARADOX

(M. H.)

THOUGH out of sight now, and as 'twere not the least to us ;  
 Comes she in sorrows, as one bringing peace to us ?  
 Lost to each meadow, each hill-top, each tree around.  
 Yet the whole truth may her largened sight see around ?  
     Always away from us  
     She may not stray from us !  
 Can she, then, know how men's fatings befall ?  
 Yea indeed, may know well ; even know thereof all.

## THE ROVER COME HOME

HE'S journeyed through America  
 From Canso Cape to Horn,  
 And from East Indian Comorin  
     To Behring's Strait forlorn ;  
 He's felled trees in the backwoods,  
     In swamps has gasped for breath ;  
 In Tropic heats, in Polar ice,  
     Has often prayed for death.

He has fought and bled in civil wars  
 Of no concern to him,  
 Has shot his fellows—beasts and men---  
     At risk of life and limb.  
 He has suffered fluxes, fevers,  
     Agues, and ills allied,  
 And now he's home. You look at him  
     As he talks by your fireside.

And what is written in his glance  
Stressed by such foreign wear,  
After such alien circumstance  
What does his face declare ?  
His mother's ; she who saw him not  
After his starting year,  
Who never left her native spot,  
And lies in the churchyard near.

## “ KNOWN HAD I ”

(SONG)

KNOWN had I what I knew not  
When we met eye to eye,  
That thenceforth I should view **not**  
Again beneath the sky  
So truefooted a farer  
As you who faced me then,  
My path had been a rarer  
Than it figures among men !

I would have trod beside you  
To guard your feet all day,  
And borne at night to guide you  
A lantern on your way :  
Would not have left you lonely  
With wringing doubt, to cow  
Old hope, if I could only  
Have known what I know now.

## THE PAT OF BUTTER

ONCE, at the Agricultural Show,  
We tasted—all so yellow—  
Those butter-pats, cool and mellow !  
Each taste I still remember, though  
It was so long ago.

## HUMAN SHOWS

This spoke of the grass of Netherhay,  
And this of Kingcomb Hill,  
And this of Coker Rill :  
Which was the prime I could not say  
Of all those tried that day,

Till she, the fair and wicked-eyed,  
Held out a pat to me :  
Then felt I all Yeo-Lea  
Was by her sample sheer outvied ;  
And, " This is the best," I cried.

## BAGS OF MEAT

" HERE'S a fine bag of meat,"  
Says the master-auctioneer,  
As the timid, quivering steer,  
Starting a couple of feet  
At the prod of a drover's stick,  
And trotting lightly and quick,  
A ticket stuck on his rump,  
Enters with a bewildered jump.

" Where he's lived lately, friends,  
I'd live till lifetime ends :  
They've a whole life everyday  
Down there in the Vale, have they !  
He'd be worth the money to kill  
And give away Christmas for good-will."

" Now here's a heifer—worth more  
Than bid, were she bone-poor ;  
Yet she's round as a barrel of beer " ;  
" She's a plum," said the second auctioneer.

" Now this young bull—for thirty pound ?  
Worth that to manure your ground ! "  
" Or to stand," chimed the second one,  
" And have his picter done ! "

The beast was rapped on the horns and snout  
To make him turn about.  
“ Well,” cried a buyer, “ another crown—  
Since I’ve dragged here from Taunton Town ! ”

“ That calf, she sucked three cows,  
Which is not matched for bouse  
In the nurseries of high life  
By the first-born of a nobleman’s wife ! ”  
The stick falls, meaning, “ A true tale’s told,”  
On the buttock of the creature sold,  
And the buyer leans over and snips  
His mark on one of the animal’s hips.

Each beast, when driven in,  
Looks round at the ring of bidders there  
With a much-amazed reproachful stare,  
As at unnatural kin,  
For bringing him to a sinister scene  
So strange, unhomelike, hungry, mean ;  
His fate the while suspended between  
A butcher, to kill out of hand,  
And a farmer, to keep on the land ;  
One can fancy a tear runs down his face  
When the butcher wins, and he’s driven from the place.

## THE SUNDIAL ON A WET DAY

I DRIP, drip here  
In Atlantic rain,  
Falling like handfuls  
Of winnowed grain,  
Which, tear-like, down  
My gnomon drain,  
And dim my numerals  
With their stain,—  
Till I feel useless,  
And wrought in vain !

## HUMAN SHOWS

And then I think  
 In my despair  
 That, though unseen,  
*He* is still up there,  
 And may gaze out  
 Anywhen, anywhere ;  
 Not to help clockmen  
 Quiz and compare,  
 But in kindness to let me  
 My trade declare.  
 ST. JULIOT.

## HER HAUNTING-GROUND

CAN it be so ? It must be so,  
 That visions have not ceased to be  
 In this the chiefest sanctuary  
 Of her whose form we used to know.  
 —Nay, but her dust is far away,  
 And “ where her dust is, shapes her shade,  
 If spirit clings to flesh,” they say :  
 Yet here her life-parts most were played !

Her voice explored this atmosphere,  
 Her foot impressed this turf around,  
 Her shadow swept this slope and mound,  
 Her fingers fondled blossoms here ;  
 And so, I ask, why, why should she  
 Haunt elsewhere, by a slighted tomb,  
 When here she flourished sorrow-free,  
 And, save for others, knew no gloom ?

## A PARTING-SCENE

THE two pale women cried,  
 But the man seemed to suffer more,  
 Which he strove hard to hide.  
 They stayed in the waiting-room, behind the door,  
 Till startled by the entering engine-roar,  
 As if they could not bear to have unfurled  
 Their misery to the eyes of all the world.

A soldier and his young wife  
 Were the couple ; his mother the third,  
 Who had seen the seams of life.  
 He was sailing for the East I later heard.  
 —They kissed long, but they did not speak a word ;  
 Then, strained, he went. To the elder the wife in tears  
 “ Too long ; too long ! ” burst out. (’Twas for five years.)

### SHORTENING DAYS AT THE HOMESTEAD

THE first fire since the summer is lit, and is smoking into the room:  
 The sun-rays thread it through, like woof-lines in a loom.  
 Sparrows spurt from the hedge, whom misgivings appal  
 That winter did not leave last year for ever, after all.  
 Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired,  
 Stand pollard willows, their twigs just bared.

Who is this coming with pondering pace,  
 Black and ruddy, with white embossed,  
 His eyes being black, and ruddy his face  
 And the marge of his hair like morning frost ?  
 It’s the cider-maker,  
 And appletree-shaker,  
 And behind him on wheels, in readiness,  
 His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

### DAYS TO RECOLLECT

Do you recall  
 That day in Fall  
 When we walked towards Saint Alban’s Head,  
 On thistledown that summer had shed,  
 Or must I remind you ?  
 Winged thistle-seeds which hitherto  
 Had lain as none were there. or few,  
 But rose at the brush of your petticoat-seam  
 (As ghosts might rise of the recent dead),  
 And sailed on the breeze in a nebulous stream  
 Like a comet’s tail behind you :  
 You don’t recall  
 That day in Fall ?



## HUMAN SHOWS

Then do you remember  
 That sad November  
 When you left me never to see me more,  
 And looked quite other than theretofore,  
     As if it could not *be* you ?  
 And lay by the window whence you had gazed  
 So many times when blamed or praised,  
 Morning or noon, through years and years,  
 Accepting the gifts that Fortune bore,  
 Sharing, enduring, joys, hopes, fears !  
     Well : I never more did see you.—  
     Say you remember  
     That sad November !

TO C. F. H.

## ON HER CHRISTENING-DAY

FAIR Caroline, I wonder what  
 You think of earth as a dwelling-spot,  
 And if you'd rather have come, or not ?

To-day has laid on you a name  
 That, though unasked for, you will claim  
 Lifelong, for love or praise or blame.

May chance and change impose on you  
 No heavier burthen than this new  
 Care-chosen one your future through !

Dear stranger here, the prayer is mine  
 That your experience may combine  
 Good things with glad. . . . Yes, Caroline !

## THE HIGH-SCHOOL LAWN

GRAY prinked with rose,  
 White tipped with blue,  
 Shoes with gay hose,  
 Sleeves of chrome hue ;

Fluffed frills of white,  
Dark bordered light ;  
Such shimmerings through  
Trees of emerald green are eyed  
This afternoon, from the road outside.

They whirl around :  
Many laughters run  
With a cascade's sound ;  
Then a mere one.

A bell : they flee :  
Silence then :—  
So it will be  
Some day again  
With them,—with me.

## THE FORBIDDEN BANNS

### A BALLAD OF THE EIGHTEEN-THIRTIES

#### I

“ O WHAT'S the gain, my worthy Sir,  
In stopping the banns to-day !  
Your son declares he'll marry her  
If a thousand folk say Nay.”

“ I'll do't ; I'll do't ; whether or no !  
And, if I drop down dead,  
To church this morning I will go,  
And say they shall not wed ! ”

That day the parson clear outspoke  
The maid's name and the man's :  
His father, mid the assembled folk,  
Said, “ I forbid the banns ! ”

Then, white in face, lips pale and cold,  
He turned him to sit down,  
When he fell forward ; and behold,  
They found his life had flown.

## II

'Twas night-time, towards the middle part,  
When low her husband said,  
“ I would from the bottom of my heart  
That father was not dead ! ”

She turned from one to the other side,  
And a sad woman was she  
As he went on : “ He'd not have died  
Had it not been for me ! ”

She brought him soon an idiot child,  
And then she brought another :  
His face waned wan, his manner wild  
With hatred of their mother.

“ Hearken to me, my son. No : no :  
There's madness in her blood ! ”  
Those were his father's words ; and lo,  
Now, now he understood.

What noise is that ? One noise, and two  
Resound from a near gun.  
Two corpses found : and neighbours knew  
By whom the deed was done.

## THE PAPHIAN BALL

## ANOTHER CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE OF THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE

WE went our Christmas rounds once more,  
With quire and viols as theretofore.

Our path was near by Rushy-Pond,  
Where Egdon-Heath outstretched beyond.

There stood a figure against the moon,  
Tall, spare, and humming a weirdsome tune.

" You tire of Christian carols," he said :  
" Come and lute at a ball instead.

" 'Tis to your gain, for it ensures  
That many guineas will be yours.

" A slight condition hangs on't, true,  
But you will scarce say nay thereto .

" That you go blindfold ; that anon  
The place may not be gossiped on."

They stood and argued with each other :  
" Why sing from one house to another

" These ancient hymns in the freezing night,  
And all for nought ? 'Tis foolish, quite ! "

" —'Tis serving God, and shunning evil :  
Might not elsedoing serve the devil ? "

" But grand pay ! " . . . They were lured by his call,  
Agreeing to go blindfold all.

They walked, he guiding, some new track,  
Doubting to find the pathway back.

in a strange hall they found them when  
They were unblinded all again.

Gilded alcoves, great chandeliers,  
Voluptuous paintings ranged in tiers,

In brief, a mansion large and rare,  
With rows of dancers waiting there.

They tuned and played ; the couples danced ;  
Half-naked women tripped, advanced,

With handsome partners footing fast,  
Who swore strange oaths, and whirled them past.

And thus and thus the slow hours wore them :  
While shone their guineas heaped before them.

Drowsy at length, in lieu of the dance  
“ *While Shepherds watched . . .* ” they bowed by chance ;

And in a moment, at a blink,  
There flashed a change ; ere they could think

The ball-room vanished and all its crew :  
Only the well-known heath they view—

The spot of their crossing overnight,  
When wheedled by the stranger’s sleight.

There, east, the Christmas dawn hung red,  
And dark Rainbarrow with its dead

Bulged like a supine negress’ breast  
Against Clyffe-Clump’s faint far-off crest.

Yea ; the rare mansion, gorgeous, bright,  
The ladies, gallants, gone were quite.

The heaped-up guineas, too, were gone  
With the gold table they were on.

“ Why did not grasp we what was owed ! ”  
Cried some, as homeward, shamed, they strode.

Now comes the marvel and the warning :  
When they had dragged to church next morning,

With downcast heads and scarce a word,  
They were astound at what they heard.

Praises from all came forth in showers  
For how they’d cheered the midnight hours.

“ We’ve heard you many times,” friends said,  
“ But like *that* never have you played !

*" Rejoice, ye tenants of the earth,  
And celebrate your Saviour's birth*

" Never so thrilled the darkness through,  
Or more inspired us so to do ! " . . .

—The man who used to tell this tale  
Was the tenor-viol, Michael Mail ;

Yes ; Mail the tenor, now but earth ! -  
I give it for what it may be worth.

## ON MARTOCK MOOR

### I

My deep-dyed husband trusts me,  
He feels his mastery sure,  
Although I leave his evening hearth  
To walk upon the moor.

### II

—I had what wealth I needed,  
And of gay gowns a score  
And yet I left my husband's house  
To muse upon the moor.

### III

O how I loved a dear one  
Who, save in soul, was poor !  
O how I loved the man who met  
Me nightly on the moor.

### IV

I'd feather-beds and couches  
And carpets for the floor,  
Yet brighter to me was at eves,  
The bareness of the moor.

## HUMAN SHOWS

## V

There was a dogging figure,  
 There was a hiss of " Whore ! "  
 There was a flounce at Weir-water  
 One night upon the moor. . . .

## VI

Yet do I haunt there, knowing  
 By rote each rill's low pour,  
 But only a fitful phantom now  
 Meets me upon the moor.  
 1899.

## THAT MOMENT

THE tragedy of that moment  
 Was deeper than the sea,  
 When I came in that moment  
 And heard you speak to me !

What I could not help seeing  
 Covered life as a blot ;  
 Yes, that which I was seeing,  
 And knew that you were not

## PREMONITIONS

" THE bell went heavy to-day  
 At afternoon service, they say,  
 And a screech-owl cried in the boughs,  
 And a raven flew over the house,  
 And Betty's old clock with one hand,  
 That's worn out, as I understand,  
 And never goes now, never will,  
 Struck twelve when the night was dead still,  
 Just as when my last loss came to me. . . .  
 Ah ! I wonder who next it will be ! "

## THIS SUMMER AND LAST

UNHAPPY summer you,  
Who do not see  
What your yester-summer saw !  
Never, never will you be  
Its match to me,  
Never, never draw  
Smiles your forerunner drew,  
Know what it knew !

Divine things done and said  
Illumined it,  
Whose rays crept into corn-brown curls,  
Whose breezes heard a humorous wit  
Of fancy flit.—  
Still the alert brook purls,  
Though feet that there would tread  
Elsewhere have sped.

So, bran-new summer, you  
Will never see  
All that yester-summer saw !  
Never, never will you be  
In memory  
Its rival, never draw  
Smiles your forerunner drew,  
Know what it knew !

1913 ?

## “ NOTHING MATTERS MUCH ”

(B. F. L.)

“ NOTHING matters much,” he said  
Of something just befallen unduly :  
He, then active, but now dead,  
Truly, truly !



He knew the letter of the law  
 As voiced by those of wig and gown,  
 Whose slightest syllogistic flaw  
     He hammered down.

And often would he shape in word  
 That nothing needed much lamenting ;  
 And she who sat there smiled and heard,  
     Sadly assenting.

Facing the North Sea now he lies,  
 Toward the red altar of the East,  
 The Flamborough roar his psalmodies,  
     The wind his priest.

And while I think of his bleak bed,  
 Of Time that builds, of Time that shatters,  
 Lost to all thought is he, who said  
     " Nothing much matters."

## IN THE EVENING

IN MEMORIAM FREDERICI TREVES, 1853-1923  
*(Dorchester Cemetery, Jan. 2, 1924)*

IN the evening, when the world knew he was dead,  
     He lay amid the dust and hoar  
 Of ages ; and to a spirit attending said :  
     " This chalky bed ?—  
 I surely seem to have been here before ? "

" O yes. You have been here. You knew the place,  
     Substanted as you, long ere your call ;  
 And if you cared to do so you might trace  
     In this gray space  
 Your being, and the being of men all."

Thereto said he : " Then why was I called away ?  
     I knew no trouble or discontent :  
 Why did I not prolong my ancient stay  
     Herein for aye ? "  
 The spirit shook its head. " None knows : you went.

“ And though, perhaps, Time did not sign to you  
The need to go, dream-vision sees  
How Aesculapius' phantom hither flew,  
With Galen's, too,  
And his of Cos—plague-proof Hippocrates,

“ And beckoned you forth, whose skill had read as theirs.  
Maybe, had Science chanced to spell  
In their day, modern modes to stem despair  
That mankind bears ! . . .  
Enough. You have returned. And all is well.”

### THE SIX BOARDS

SIX boards belong to me :  
I do not know where they may be ;  
If growing green, or lying dry  
In a cockloft nigh.

Some morning I shall claim them,  
And who may then possess will aim them  
To bring to me those boards I need  
With thoughtful speed.

But though they hurry so  
To yield me mine, I shall not know  
How well my want they'll have supplied  
When notified.

Those boards and I—how much  
In common we, of feel and touch  
Shall share thence on,—earth's far core-quakings,  
Hill-shocks, tide-shakings—

Yea, hid where none will note,  
The once live tree and man, remote  
From mundane hurt as if on Venus, Mars,  
Or furthest stars.

## BEFORE MY FRIEND ARRIVED

I SAT on the eve-lit weir,  
 Which gurgled in sobs and sighs ;  
 I looked across the meadows near  
 To the towered church on the rise.  
 Overmuch cause had my look !  
 I pulled out pencil and book,  
 And drew a white chalk mound,  
 Outthrown on the sepulchred ground.

Why did I pencil that chalk ?  
 It was fetched from the waiting grave,  
 And would return there soon,  
 Of one who had stilled his walk  
 And sought oblivion's cave.  
 He was to come on the morrow noon  
 And take a good rest in the bed so hewn.

He came, and there he is now, although  
 This was a wondrous while ago.  
 And the sun still dons a ruddy dye ;  
 The weir still gurgles nigh ;  
 The tower is dark on the sky.

## COMPASSION

## AN ODE

IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY  
 FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

## I

BACKWARD among the dusky years  
 A lonesome lamp is seen arise,  
 Lit by a few fain pioneers  
 Before incredulous eyes.--  
 We read the legend that it lights :  
 " Wherefore beholds this land of historied rights

Mild creatures, despot-doomed, bewildered, plead  
 Their often hunger, thirst, pangs, prisonment,  
 In deep dumb gaze more eloquent  
 Than tongues of widest heed ? ”

II

What was faint-written, read in a breath  
 In that year—ten times ten away—  
 A larger louder conscience saith  
 More sturdily to-day.—  
 But still those innocents are thralls  
 To throbless hearts, near, far, that hear no calls  
 Of honour towards their too-dependent frail,  
 And from Columbia Cape to Ind we see  
 How helplessness breeds tyranny  
 In power above assail.

III

Cries still are heard in secret nooks,  
 Till hushed with gag or slit or thud ;  
 And hideous dens whereon none looks  
 Are sprayed with needless blood.  
 But here, in battlings, patient, slow,  
 Much has been won—more, maybe, than we know—  
 And on we labour hopeful. “ Ailino ! ”  
 A mighty voice calls : “ But may the good prevail ! ”  
 And “ Blessed are the merciful ! ”  
 Calls a yet mightier one.

*January 22, 1924.*

# “ WHY SHE MOVED HOUSE ”

(THE DOG MUSES)

WHY she moved house, without a word,  
 I cannot understand ;  
 She'd mirrors, flowers, she'd book and bird,  
 And callers in a band.

And where she is she gets no sun.  
No flowers, no book, no glass ;  
Of callers I am the only one.  
And I but pause and pass.

## TRAGEDIAN TO TRAGEDIENNE

SHALL I leave you behind me  
When I play  
In earnest what we've played in mock to-day ?

Why, yes ; most surely shall I  
Leave you behind  
In yet full orbit, when my years upwind.

I may creep off in the night-time,  
And none know  
Till comes the morning, bringing news 'tis so.

Will you then turn for a moment  
White or red,  
Recall those spells of ours ; things done, things said ?

Aye, those adventurous doings  
And those days  
Of stress, when I'd the blame and you the praise ?

Still you will meet adventure—  
None knows what—  
Still you will go on changing : I shall not.

Still take a call at the mummings  
Daily or nightly,  
Yielding to custom, calmly, gloomily, brightly.

Last, you will flag, and finish  
Your masquings too :  
Yes : end them : I not there to succour you.

## THE LADY OF FOREBODINGS

“WHAT do you so regret, my lady,  
Sitting beside me here ?  
Are there not days as clear  
As this to come—ev’n shaped less shady ? ’  
“O no,” said she. “Come what delight  
To you, by voice or pen,  
To me will fall such day, such night,  
Not, not again ! ”

The lamps above and round were fair,  
The tables were aglee,  
As if ’twould ever be  
That we should smile and sit on there.  
But yet she said, as though she must,  
“Yes : it will soon be gone,  
And all its dearness leave but dust  
To muse upon.”

## THE BIRD-CATCHER’S BOY

“FATHER, I fear your trade :  
Surely it’s wrong !  
Little birds limed and made  
Captive life-long.

“Larks bruise and bleed in jail,  
Trying to rise ;  
Every caged nightingale  
Soon pines and dies.”

“Don’t be a dolt, my boy !  
Birds must be caught ;  
My lot is such employ,  
Yours to be taught.

## HUMAN SHOWS

“ Soft shallow stuff as that  
Out from your head !  
Just learn your lessons pat,  
Then off to bed.”

Lightless, without a word  
Bedwise he fares ;  
Groping his way is heard  
Seek the dark stairs

Through the long passage, where  
Hang the caged choirs :  
Harp-like his fingers there  
Sweep on the wires.

Next day, at dye of dawn,  
Freddy was missed :  
Whither the boy had gone  
Nobody wist.

That week, the next one, whiled :  
No news of him :  
Weeks up to months were piled :  
Hope dwindled dim.

Yet not a single night  
Locked they the door,  
Waiting, heart-sick, to sight  
Freddy once more.

Hopping there long anon  
Still the birds hung :  
Like those in Babylon  
Captive, they sung.

One wintry Christmastide  
Both lay awake ;  
All cheer within them dried,  
Each hour an ache.

Then some one seemed to flit  
Soft in below ;  
“ Freddy’s come ! ” Up they sit,  
Faces aglow.

Thereat a groping touch  
Dragged on the wires  
Lightly and softly—much  
As they were lyres ;

“ Just as it used to be  
When he came in,  
Feeling in darkness the  
Stairway to win ! ”

Waiting a trice or two  
Yet, in the gloom,  
Both parents pressed into  
Freddy’s old room.

There on the empty bed  
White the moon shone,  
As ever since they’d said,  
“ Freddy is gone ! ”

That night at Durdle-Door <sup>1</sup>  
Foundered a hoy,  
And the tide washed ashore  
One sailor boy.

*November 21, 1912.*

## A HURRIED MEETING

It is August moonlight in the tall plantation,  
Whose elms, by aged squirrels’ footsteps worn,  
Outscreen the noon, and eve, and morn.  
On the facing slope a faint irradiation

<sup>1</sup> Durdle-Door, a rock on the south coast.



From a mansion's marble front is borne,  
 Mute in its woodland wreathing.  
 Up here the night-jar whirrs forlorn,  
 And the trees seem to withhold their softest breathing.

To the moonshade slips a woman in muslin vesture :  
 Her naked neck the gossamer-web besmears,  
 And she sweeps it away with a hasty gesture  
 Again it touches her forehead, her neck, her ears,  
 Her fingers, the backs of her hands.  
 She sweeps it away again  
 Impatiently, and then  
 She takes no notice ; and listens, and sighs, and stands.

The night-hawk stops. A man shows in the obscure :  
 They meet, and passively kiss,  
 And he says : " Well, I've come quickly. About this—  
 Is it really so ? You are sure ? "  
 " I am sure. In February it will be.  
 That such a thing should come to me !  
 We should have known. We should have left off meeting.  
 Love is a terrible thing : a sweet allure  
 That ends in heart-outeating ! "

" But what shall we do, my Love, and how ? "  
 " You need not call me by that name now."  
 Then he more coldly : " What is your suggestion ? "  
 " I've told my mother, and she sees a way,  
 Since of our marriage there can be no question.  
 We are crossing South—near about New Year's Day  
 The event will happen there.  
 It is the only thing that we can dare  
 To keep them unaware ! "  
 " Well, you can marry me."  
 She shook her head. " No : that can never be.

" 'Twill be brought home as hers. She's forty-one,  
 When many a woman's bearing is not done,  
 And well might have a son.—  
 We should have left off specious self-deceiving :

I feared that such might come,  
And knowledge struck me numb.  
Love is a terrible thing : witching when first begun,  
To end in grieving, grieving ! ”

And with one kiss again the couple parted :  
Inferior clearly he ; she haughty-hearted.  
He watched her down the slope to return to her place.  
The marble mansion of her ancient race,  
And saw her brush the gossamers from her face  
As she emerged from shade to the moonlight ray.  
And when she had gone away  
The night-jar seemed to imp, and say,  
“ You should have taken warning :  
Love is a terrible thing : sweet for a space,  
And then all mourning, mourning ! ”

### DISCOURAGEMENT

To see the Mother, naturing Nature, stand  
All racked and wrung by her unfaithful lord,  
Her hopes dismayed by his defiling hand,  
Her passioned plans for bloom and beauty marred.

Where she would mint a perfect mould, an ill ;  
Where she would don divinest hues, a stain,  
Over her purposed genial hour a chill,  
Upon her charm of flawless flesh a blain :

Her loves dependent on a feature's trim,  
A whole life's circumstance on hap of birth,  
A soul's direction on a body's whim,  
Eternal Heaven upon a day of Earth,  
Is frost to flower of heroism and worth,  
And fosterer of visions ghast and grim,

WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS, 1863-7.  
(From old MS.)

## A LEAVING

KNOWING what it bore  
I watched the rain-smitten back of the car—  
(Brown-curtained, such as the old ones were)—  
When it started forth for a journey afar  
Into the sullen November air,  
And passed the glistening laurels and round the bend

I have seen many gayer vehicles turn that bend  
In autumn, winter, and summer air,  
Bearing for journeys near or afar  
Many who now are not, but were,  
But I don't forget that rain-smitten car,  
Knowing what it bore !

## SONG TO AN OLD BURDEN

THE feet have left the wormholed flooring,  
That danced to the ancient air,  
The fiddler, all-ignoring,  
Sleeps by the gray-grassed 'cello player :  
Shall I then foot around around around,  
As once I footed there !

The voice is heard in the room no longer  
That trilled, none sweetlier,  
To gentle stops or stronger,  
Where now the dust-draped cobwebs stir :  
Shall I then sing again again again,  
As once I sang with her !

The eyes that beamed out rapid brightness  
Have longtime found their close,  
The cheeks have wanned to whiteness  
That used to sort with summer rose :  
Shall I then joy anew anew anew,  
As once I joyed in those !

O what's to me this tedious Maying,  
What's to me this June ?  
O why should viols be playing  
To catch and reel and rigadoon ?  
Shall I sing, dance around around around,  
When phantoms call the tune !

“ WHY DO I ? ”

WHY do I go on doing these things ?  
Why not cease ?  
Is it that you are yet in this world of welterings  
And unease,  
And that, while so, mechanic repetitions please ?

When shall I leave off doing these things ?—  
When I hear  
You have dropped your dusty cloak and taken you wondrous  
wings  
To another sphere,  
Where no pain is : Then shall I hush this dinning gear.



WINTER WORDS  
IN VARIOUS MOODS AND METRES



*["Winter Words," though prepared for the press, would have undergone further revision, had the author lived to issue it on the birthday of which he left the number uninserted below.]*

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

So far as I am aware, I happen to be the only English poet who has brought out a new volume of his verse on his . . . birthday, whatever may have been the case with the ancient Greeks, for it must be remembered that poets did not die young in those days.

This, however, is not the point of the present few preliminary words. My last volume of poems was pronounced wholly gloomy and pessimistic by reviewers—even by some of the more able class. My sense of the oddity of this verdict may be imagined when, in selecting them, I had been, as I thought, rather too liberal in admitting flippant, not to say farcical, pieces into the collection. However, I did not suppose that the licensed tasters had wilfully misrepresented the book, and said nothing, knowing well that they could not have read it.

As labels stick, I foresee readily enough that the same perennial inscription will be set on the following pages, and therefore take no trouble to argue on the proceeding, notwithstanding the surprises to which I could treat my critics by uncovering a place here and there to them in the volume.

This being probably my last appearance on the literary stage, I would say, more seriously, that though, alas, it would



be idle to pretend that the publication of these poems can have much interest for me, the track having been adventured so many times before to-day, the pieces themselves have been prepared with reasonable care, if not quite with the zest of a young man new to print.

I also repeat what I have often stated on such occasions, that no harmonious philosophy is attempted in these pages—or in any bygone pages of mine, for that matter.

T. H.

## THE NEW DAWN'S BUSINESS

WHAT are you doing outside my walls,  
O Dawn of another day ?  
I have not called you over the edge  
Of the heathy ledge,  
So why do you come this way,  
With your furtive footstep without sound here,  
And your face so deedly gray ?

“ I show a light for killing the man  
Who lives not far from you,  
And for bringing to birth the lady's child,  
Nigh domiciled,  
And for earthing a corpse or two,  
And for several other such odd jobs round here  
That Time to-day must do.

“ But you he leaves alone (although,  
As you have often said,  
You are always ready to pay the debt  
You don't forget  
You owe for board and bed) :  
The truth is, when men willing are found here  
He takes those loth instead.”

## PROUD SONGSTERS

THE thrushes sing as the sun is going,  
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,  
And as it gets dark loud nightingales  
In bushes  
Pipe, as they can when April wears,  
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months' growing,  
Which a year ago, or less than twain,  
No finches were, nor nightingales,  
Nor thrushes,  
But only particles of grain,  
And earth, and air, and rain.

## THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT

MANKIND, you dismay me  
When shadows waylay me !—  
Not by your splendours  
Do you affray me,  
Not as pretenders  
To demonic keenness,  
Not by your meanness,  
Nor your ill-teachings,  
Nor your false preachings,  
Nor your banalities  
And immoralities,  
Nor by your daring  
Nor sinister bearing ;  
But by your madnesses  
Capping cool badnesses,  
Acting like puppets  
Under Time's buffets ;  
In superstitions  
And ambitions  
Moved by no wisdom,  
Far-sight, or system,  
Led by sheer senselessness  
And presciencelessness  
Into unreason  
And hideous self-treason. . . .  
God, look he on you,  
Have mercy upon you !

Part written 25th May 1906.

" I AM THE ONE "

I AM the one whom ringdoves see  
 Through chinks in boughs  
 When they do not rouse  
 In sudden dread,  
 But stay on cooing, as if they said :  
 " Oh ; it's only he."

I am the passer when up-eared hares,  
 Stirred as they eat  
 The new-sprung wheat,  
 Their munch resume  
 As if they thought : " He is one for whom  
 Nobody cares."

Wet-eyed mourners glance at me  
 As in train they pass  
 Along the grass  
 To a hollowed spot,  
 And think : " No matter ; he quizzes not  
 Our misery."

I hear above : " We stars must lend  
 No fierce regard  
 To his gaze, so hard  
 Bent on us thus,—  
 Must scathe him not    He is one with us  
 Beginning and end."

THE PROPHETESS

I

" Now shall I sing  
 That pretty thing  
 ' The Mocking-Bird ' ? "—And sing it straight did she.  
 I had no cause  
 To think it was  
 A Mocking-bird in truth that sang to me.

## 2

Not even the glance  
 She threw askance  
 Foretold to me, nor did the tune or rhyme,  
 That the words bore  
 A meaning more  
 Than that they were a ditty of the time.

## 3

But after years  
 Of hopes and fears,  
 And all they bring, and all they take away,  
 I found I had heard  
 The Mocking-bird  
 In person singing there to me that day.

## A WISH FOR UNCONSCIOUSNESS

IF I could but abide  
 As a tablet on a wall,  
 Or a hillock daisy-pied,  
 Or a picture in a hall,  
 And as nothing else at all,  
 I should feel no doleful achings,  
 I should hear no judgment-call,  
 Have no evil dreams or wakings,  
 No uncouth or grisly care ;  
 In a word, no cross to bear.

## THE BAD EXAMPLE

FIE, Aphrodite, shamming you are no mother,  
 And your maternal markings trying to smother,  
 As you were maiden, now you love another ! . . .  
 If one like you need such pretence to noose him,  
 Indulgence in too early fires beware you,  
 All girls yet virgin, and have constant care you  
 Become not staled by use as she has, ere you  
 Meet your most-loved ; lest, tumbled, you should lose him  
 Partly from Meleager.

## TO LOUISA IN THE LANE

MEET me again as at that time  
In the hollow of the lane ;  
I will not pass as in my prime  
I passed at each day's wane.  
—Ah, I remember !  
To do it you will have to see  
Anew this sorry scene wherein you have ceased to be !

But I will welcome your aspen form  
As you gaze wondering round  
And say with spectral frail alarm,  
“ Why am I still here found ?  
—Ah, I remember !  
It is through him with blitheful brow  
Who did not love me then, but loves and draws me now ! ”

And I shall answer : “ Sweet of eyes,  
Carry me with you, Dear,  
To where you donned this spirit-guise ;  
It's better there than here ! ”  
—Till I remember  
Such is a deed you cannot do :  
Wait must I, till with flung-off flesh I follow you.

## LOVE WATCHES A WINDOW

“ HERE in the window beaming across  
Is he—the lineaments like him so !—  
The saint whose name I do not know,  
With the holy robe and the cheek aglow.  
Here will I kneel as if worshipping God  
When all the time I am worshipping you,  
Whose Love I was—  
You that with me will nevermore tread anew  
The paradise-paths we trod ! ”

She came to that prominent pew each day,  
 And sat there. Zealously she came  
 And watched her Love—looking just the same  
 From the rubied eastern tracery-frame—  
 The man who had quite forsaken her  
 And followed another, it was thought.—

Be 't as it may,  
 Thinner, more thin, was the lady's figure wrought  
 By some ache, year on year.

Well, now she's dead, and dead is he  
 From whom her heart once drew delight,  
 Whose face glowed daily, lover-bright,  
 High in the glass before her sight.  
 And still the face is seen as clear  
 In the rubied eastern window-gleam  
 As formerly ;  
 But not seen now is a passioned woman's dream  
 Glowing beside it there.

## THE LOVE-LETTERS

(IN MEMORIAM H. R.)

I MET him quite by accident  
 In a bye-path that he'd frequent.  
 And, as he neared, the sunset glow  
 Warmed up the smile of pleasantry  
 Upon his too thin face, while he  
 Held a square packet up to me,  
 Of what, I did not know.

" Well," said he then ; " they are my old letters.  
 Perhaps she—rather felt them fetters. . . .  
 You see, I am in a slow decline,  
 And she's broken off with me. Quite right  
 To send them back, and true foresight ;  
 I'd got too fond of her ! To-night  
 I burn them—stuff of mine ! "

He laughed in the sun—an ache in his laughter—  
 And went. I heard of his death soon after.

## AN UNKINDLY MAY

A SHEPHERD stands by a gate in a white smock-frock :  
He holds the gate ajar, intently counting his flock.

The sour spring wind is blurting boisterous-wise,  
And bears on it dirty clouds across the skies ;  
Plantation timbers creak like rusty cranes,  
And pigeons and rooks, dishevelled by late rains,  
Are like gaunt vultures, sodden and unkempt,  
And song-birds do not end what they attempt :  
The buds have tried to open, but quite failing  
Have pinched themselves together in their quailing.  
The sun frowns whitely in eye-trying flaps  
Through passing cloud-holes, mimicking audible taps.  
" Nature, you're not commendable to-day ! "  
I think. " Better to-morrow ! " she seems to say.

That shepherd still stands in that white smock-frock,  
Unnoting all things save the counting his flock.

## UNKEPT GOOD FRIDAYS

THERE are many more Good Fridays  
Than this, if we but knew  
The names, and could relate them,  
Of men whom rulers slew  
For their goodwill, and date them  
As runs the twelvemonth through.

These nameless Christs' Good Fridays,  
Whose virtues wrought their end,  
Bore days of bonds and burning,  
With no man to their friend,  
Of mockeries, and spurning ;  
Yet they are all unpenned.



When they had their Good Fridays  
 Of bloody sweat and strain  
 Oblivion hides. We quote not  
 Their dying words of pain,  
 Their sepulchres we note not,  
 Unwitting where they have lain.

No annual Good Fridays  
 Gained they from cross and cord,  
 From being sawn asunder,  
 Disfigured and abhorred,  
 Smitten and trampled under :  
 Such dates no hands have scored.

Let be. Let lack Good Fridays  
 These Christs of unwrit names ;  
 The world was not even worthy  
 To taunt their hopes and aims,  
 As little of earth, earthy,  
 As his mankind proclaims.

*Good Friday, 1927.*

## THE MOUND

FOR a moment pause :—  
 Just here it was ;  
 And through the thin thorn hedge, by the rays of the moon,  
 I can see the tree in the field, and beside it the mound—  
 Now sheeted with snow—whereon we sat that June  
 When it was green and round,  
 And she crazed my mind by what she coolly told—  
 The history of her undoing,  
 (As I saw it), but she called " comradeship,"  
 That bred in her no rueing :  
 And saying she'd not be bound  
 For life to one man, young, ripe-yearred, or old,  
 Left me—an innocent simpleton to her viewing ;

For, though my accout of years outscored her own,  
Hers had more hotly flown. . . .  
We never met again by this green mound,  
To press as once so often lip on lip,  
And palter, and pause :—  
Yes ; here it was !

## LIDDELL AND SCOTT

ON THE COMPLETION OF THEIR LEXICON

*(Written after the death of Liddell in 1898. Scott had  
died some ten years earlier.)*

“ WELL, though it seems  
Beyond our dreams,”  
Said Liddell to Scott,  
“ We’ve really got  
To the very end,  
All inked and penned  
Blotless and fair  
Without turning a hair,  
This sultry summer day, A.D.  
Eighteen hundred and forty-three.

“ I’ve often, I own,  
Belched many a moan  
At undertaking it,  
And dreamt forsaking it.  
—Yes, on to Pi,  
When the end loomed nigh,  
And friends said : ‘You’ve as good as done,’  
I almost wished we’d not begun.  
Even now, if people only knew  
My sinkings, as we slowly drew  
Along through Kappa, Lambda, Mu,

They'd be concerned at my misgiving,  
 And how I mused on a College living  
     Right down to Sigma,  
     But feared a stigma  
 If I succumbed, and left old Donnegan  
 For weary freshmen's eyes to con again :  
 And how I often, often wondered  
 What could have led me to have blundered  
 So far away from sound theology  
 To dialects and etymology ;  
 Words, accents not to be breathed by men  
 Of any country ever again ! ”

“ My heart most failed,  
 Indeed, quite quailed,”  
 Said Scott to Liddell,  
 “ Long ere the middle ! . . .  
 'Twas one wet dawn  
 When, slippers on,  
 And a cold in the head anew,  
 Gazing at Delta  
 I turned and felt a  
 Wish for bed anew,  
 And to let supersedings  
 Of Passow's readings  
 In dialects go.  
 ‘ That German has read  
 More than we ! ’ I said ;  
 Yea, several times did I feel so ! . . .

“ O that first morning, smiling bland,  
 With sheets of foolscap, quills in hand,  
 To write *ῥῆμα* and *ἀγάς*,  
 Followed by fifteen hundred pages,  
     What nerve was ours  
     So to back our powers,  
 Assured that we should reach *ῥῶδης*  
 While there was breath left in our bodies ! ”

Liddell replied : “ Well, that's past now ;  
 The job's done, thank God, anyhow.”

“ And yet it's not,”  
Considered Scott,  
“ For we've to get  
Subscribers yet  
We must remember ;  
Yes ; by September.”

“ O Lord ; dismiss that. We'll succeed.  
Dinner is my immediate need.  
I feel as hollow as a fiddle,  
Working so many hours,” said Liddell.

### CHRISTMASTIDE

THE rain-shafts splintered on me  
As despondently I strode ;  
The twilight gloomed upon me  
And bleared the blank high-road.  
Each bush gave forth, when blown on  
By gusts in shower and shower,  
A sigh, as it were sown on  
In handfuls by a sower.

A cheerful voice called, nigh me,  
“ A merry Christmas, friend ! ”—  
There rose a figure by me,  
Walking with townward trend,  
A sodden tramp's, who, breaking  
Into thin song, bore straight  
Ahead, direction taking  
Toward the Casuals' gate.

### RELUCTANT CONFESSION

“ WHAT did you do ? Cannot you let me know ? ”  
“ Don't ask ! . . . 'Twas midnight, and I'd lost at cards.”  
“ Ah. Was it crime—or seemed it to be so ? ”  
“ No—not till afterwards.”  
“ But *what*, then, did you do ? ”

" Well—that was the beginning—months ago ;  
 You see, I had lost, and could not pay but—so.  
 And there flashed from him strange and strong regards  
 That you only see when scruples smash to shards ;  
 And thus it happened—O it rained and blew !—  
 But I can't tell. 'Twas all so lurid in hue !  
 And what was worst came after, when I knew  
     What first crossed not my mind,  
 And he has never divined ! " . . .  
 " But he must have, if he proposed it you ? "  
 " I mean, that—I got rid of what resulted  
 In a way a woman told me I consulted :  
     'Tis that he does not know ;  
     Great God, it harrows me so !  
     I did not mean to. Every night—  
         In hell-dark dreams  
     I see an appealing figure in white—  
         That somehow seems  
 A newborn child in the clothes I set to make,  
 But left off, for my own depraved name's sake ! "

## EXPECTATION AND EXPERIENCE

" I HAD a holiday once," said the woman —  
     Her name I did not know—  
 " And I thought that where I'd like to go,  
 Of all the places for being jolly,  
 And getting rid of melancholy,  
     Would be to a good big fair :  
 And I went. And it rained in torrents, drenching  
 Every horse, and sheep, and yeoman,  
     And my shoulders, face and hair ;  
 And I found that I was the single woman  
     In the field—and looked quite odd there !  
 Everything was spirit-quenching :  
 I crept and stood in the lew of a wall  
 To think, and could not tell at all  
     What on earth made me plod there ! "

## ARISTODEMUS THE MESSENIAN

(DRAMATIC HENDECASYLLABICS)

*Scene : BEFORE THE STRONGHOLD OF ITHOME,  
MESSENIAN, 735 B.C.*

*His daughter's lover discovered, in the disguise of a soothsayer ;  
to whom enters ARISTODEMUS.*

ARISTODEMUS (*apostrophically*)

Straightway let it be done !

LOVER

Let what be done, chief ?

ARISTODEMUS

Who art thou that art speaking ? Some sage prophet ?—  
She, my daughter's to perish on the altar !

LOVER

Thou cailed hero !—a myth thy vaunted power,  
If it fail to redeem thy best beloved.

ARISTODEMUS

Power is nought to the matter. What the Sibyl  
Bids, must be !

LOVER

But I doubt such bidding thereto.

ARISTODEMUS

Nay. White lippings above the Delphic tripod  
Mangle never their message ! And they lip such.  
Thriving, conquering shall Messene be forthwith—  
Future worthy my gift of this intact one.  
Yea, and who of the Aépýtids' renowned house  
Weigh can greater with Zeus than she my offspring ?  
Shall these Spartiats sway to save me reavement ?  
What is fatherhood when they march in hearing ?  
Hark ! E'en now they are here !

(*Marching soldiers heard afar.*)

LOVER (*after a silence*)

And mean you to warn her ?

ARISTODEMUS

Not till evening shades can cover pallor.

[*Exit.*

*Lover stands motionless. Enter the daughter of ARISTODEMUS.*

DAUGHTER

Ah ! Thou comest to me, Love, not as earlier !

*Lover, as it were waking, approaches, unhoods his face, and embraces her.*

Why not speak to me ?

LOVER

Sweetest, thou'rt a doomed one !

DAUGHTER

How ?

LOVER

Thy sacrifice by thy father waits thee—  
Thee, as offering for the State's salvation.

DAUGHTER

Not the slaying of me ?

LOVER

Fail I to stay him—

(*She droops in his arms*)

Whereto bursts in a flame a means upon me !

DAUGHTER

How ? My father is mighty. Thou'rt so powerless.

LOVER

Thus and now it adumbrates. Haste I to him,  
Vowing love for thee !

DAUGHTER

Which he'll value wryly—  
Less than nought, as I know.

LOVER

Till comes my sequel ;  
This, to wit. Thou art got with child by me. Ay,  
List : the Sibylline utterance asks a virgin ;  
So th'rt saved !

DAUGHTER

But a maid's the thing I am, Love !  
Gods ! With child I am not, but veriest virgin—  
Who knows surer than thou ?

LOVER

I'll make him think so,  
Though no man upon earth more knows its falseness,  
Such will I.

DAUGHTER

But alas, thou canst not make him :  
Me he knows to the core. He'll not believe thee.

LOVER

Then thou canst. He'll accept thy vouching, sure, Sweet,  
And another intact one, equal serving,  
Straightway find for the knife.

DAUGHTER

My Love, I must not !

LOVER

Not ? And yet there is pending for thee, likewise,  
Dark destruction, and all thy burning being  
Dungeoned in an eternal nescientness !

*She shudders, but weepingly shows unwillingness.*

Stay. I'll make the asseverance first. Thou'lt clinch it ?

DAUGHTER (*with white cheeks, after a pause*)

Be it so ! . . .

*The Messenian army is heard going out to meet the Spartans.  
Lover hoods himself as ARISTODEMUS enters from the  
stronghold.*



ARISTODEMUS (*looking strangely at his daughter*)

Stay you yet at the gate ? The old man also ?  
Hath indeed he disclosed the sore pronouncement ?

DAUGHTER (*falteringly*)

Sore pronouncement ? And what is, sire, its substance ?

*Messenger enters.*

MESSENGER

King Euphaes is just found slain in combat :  
Thereby King is the Chief, Aristodemus,  
E'en ere falters the strife—still hard against us !

ARISTODEMUS

Ha ! And is it in balance yet !—The deed, then !

*Daughter looks at her lover, who throws off his disguise ,  
and they go up to ARISTODEMUS together.*

Who's this man ? And to what tends all this feigning ?

DAUGHTER

He—my lover—who thinks to be my husband—  
O my father, thy pardon ! Know a secret !

ARISTODEMUS

Lover ? Secret ? And what ? But such is nought now :  
Husband he nor another can be to thee,  
Let him think as he may ! And though I meant not  
Death to broach till the eve, let doom be dealt now.  
Hark, the Spartan assays ! It straight behoves me,  
Cost it what to my soul, to give deliverance  
To my country the instant. Thou, my daughter,  
Foremost maiden of all the maidens round us—

DAUGHTER

O but save me, I pray, sire ! And to that end  
There has now to be spoke a thing immediate,  
And I fain would be speaker. But I cannot !  
What he now will reveal, receive as vouched for !

*(She rushes into the castle.)*

ARISTODEMUS (*to lover*)

What means this in her ? Reads she what's impending ?

LOVER

King, its meaning is much ! That she's with child. Yea,  
By me ! Hence there is called for immolation  
One who's what she is not—a sure-sealed virgin—  
If you'd haste to deliver stressed Ithome,  
Bulking yet overhead as though unweakened !

ARISTODEMUS *sinks on to a projection of the rock, and covers his eyes.*

ARISTODEMUS (*brokenly*)

Better had she been made the purposed victim  
Than that this should have so befallen to save her !  
Foul disaster of fatherhood and home-pride ! . . .  
Let this citadel fall ; the Spartan army  
Trample over its dust, and enter in here !  
She is worse than a martyr for the State-weal,  
[ than one of the slain. And king to-morrow !

(*He pauses*)

Tis not true !

*He makes as if to fall upon her lover with his sword. Lover defends himself with his dagger. ARISTODEMUS turns to rush into the castle after his daughter.*

I misdoubt it ! They speak falsely !

[*Exit* ARISTODEMUS.

*Lover walks up and down in strained suspense. Interval. A groan is heard. Lover is about to rush out, but re-enter ARISTODEMUS sword in hand, now bloody.*

ARISTODEMUS

I have proved me her honour, shown the falsehood  
Ye twain both have declared me !

LOVER

That canst not do !

## WINTER WORDS

## ARISTODEMUS

I say I have outshown it ; proved her even  
Until death very virgin pure and spotless !

*Enter Attendants.*

ATTENDANTS (*severally*)

Horror, horror indeed ! He's ripped her up—yea,  
With his sword ! He hath split her beauteous body  
To prove her maid !

ARISTODEMUS (*to lover*)

Now diest thou for thy lying, like as she died !

*He turns his sword on lover, but falls from exhaustion.  
Lover seizes ARISTODEMUS' sword, and is about to run  
him through with it ; but he checks his hand, and turn  
the sword upon himself.*

*(Lover dies.)*

## EVENING SHADOWS

THE shadows of my chimneys stretch afar  
Across the plot, and on to the privet bower,  
And even the shadows of their smokings show,  
And nothing says just now that where they are  
They will in future stretch at this same hour,  
Though in my earthen cyst I shall not know.

And at this time the neighbouring Pagan mound,  
Whose myths the Gospel news now supersede,  
Upon the greensward also throws its shade,  
And nothing says such shade will spread around  
Even as to-day when men will no more heed  
The Gospel news than when the mound was made.

## THE THREE TALL MEN

## THE FIRST TAPPING

“ WHAT'S that tapping at night : tack, tack,  
In some house in the street at the back ? ”

" O, 'tis a man who, when he has leisure,  
Is making himself a coffin to measure.  
He's so very tall that no carpenter  
Will make it long enough, he's in fear.  
His father's was shockingly short for his limb—  
And it made a deep impression on him."

## THE SECOND TAPPING

" That tapping has begun again,  
Which ceased a year back, or near then ? "

" Yes, 'tis the man you heard before  
Making his coffin. The first scarce done  
His brother died—his only one—  
And, being of his own height, or more,  
He used it for him ; for he was afraid  
He'd not get a long enough one quick made.  
He's making a second now, to fit  
Himself when there shall be need for it.  
Carpenters work so by rule of thumb  
That they make mistakes when orders come."

## THE THIRD TAPPING

" It's strange, but years back, when I was here,  
I used to notice a tapping near ;  
A man was making his coffin at night,  
And he made a second, if I am right ?  
I have heard again the self-same tapping—  
Yes, late last night—or was I napping ? "

" O no. It's the same man. He made one  
Which his brother had ; and a second was done—  
For himself, as he thought. But lately his son,  
As tall as he, died ; aye, and as trim,  
And his sorrowful father bestowed it on him.  
And now the man is making a third,  
To be used for himself when he is interred."

" Many years later was brought to me  
News that the man had died at sea."

## THE LODGING-HOUSE FUCHSIAS

MRS. MASTERS'S fuchsias hung  
 Higher and broader, and brightly swung,  
     Bell-like, more and more  
 Over the narrow garden-path,  
 Giving the passer a sprinkle-bath  
     In the morning.

She put up with their pushful ways,  
 And made us tenderly lift their sprays,  
     Going to her door :  
 But when her funeral had to pass  
 They cut back all the flowery mass  
     In the morning.

## THE WHALER'S WIFE

I NEVER pass that inn " The Ring of Bells "  
 Without recalling what its signpost tells  
     To recollection :  
 A tale such as all houses yield, maybe,  
 That ever have known of fealties, phantasy,  
     Hate, or affection.

He has come from a whaling cruise to settle down  
 As publican in his small native town,  
     Where his wife dwells.  
 It is a Sunday morning ; she has gone  
 To church with others. Service still being on,  
     He seeks " The Bells."

" Yes : she's quite thriving ; very much so, they say  
 I don't believe in tales ; 'tis not my way !  
     I hold them stuff.  
 But—as you press me—certainly we know  
 He visits her once at least each week or so,  
     Fair weather or rough.

“ And, after all, he’s quite a gentleman,  
And lonely wives must friend them where they can.  
    She’ll tell you all,  
No doubt, when prayers are done and she comes home.  
I’m glad to hear your early taste to roam  
    Begins to pall.”

“ I’ll stroll out and await her,” then said he.  
Anon the congregation passed, and she  
    Passed with the rest,  
Unconscious of the great surprise at hand  
And bounding on, and smiling—fair and bland—  
    In her Sunday best.

Straight she was told. She fainted at the news,  
But rallied, and was able to refuse  
    Help to her home.  
There she sat waiting all day—with a look—  
A look of joy, it seemed, if none mistook . . .  
    But he did not come.

Time flew : her husband kept him absent still,  
And by slow slips the woman pined, until,  
    Grown thin, she died—  
Of grief at loss of him, some would aver,  
But how could that be ? They anyway buried her  
    By her mother’s side.

And by the grave stood, at the funeral,  
A tall man, elderly and grave withal ;  
    Gossip grew grim :  
He was the same one who had been seen before ;  
He paid, in cash, all owing ; and no more  
    Was heard of him.

At the pulling down of her house, decayed and old,  
Many years after, was the true tale told  
    By an ancient swain.  
The tall man was the father of the wife.  
He had beguiled her mother in maiden life,  
    And to cover her stain,

Induced to wive her one in his service bred,  
Who brought her daughter up as his till wed.  
—This the girl knew,  
But hid it close, to save her mother's name,  
Even from her seaman spouse, and ruined her fame  
With him, though true.

## THROWING A TREE

### NEW FOREST

THE two executioners stalk along over the knolls,  
Bearing two axes with heavy heads shining and wide,  
And a long limp two-handled saw toothed for cutting great  
boles,  
And so they approach the proud tree that bears the death-mark on  
its side.

Jackets doffed they swing axes and chop away just above  
ground,  
And the chips fly about and lie white on the moss and fallen  
leaves ;  
Till a broad deep gash in the bark is hewn all the way round,  
And one of them tries to hook upward a rope, which at last he  
achieves.

The saw then begins, till the top of the tall giant shivers :  
The shivers are seen to grow greater each cut than before :  
They edge out the saw, tug the rope ; but the tree only quivers,  
And kneeling and sawing again, they step back to try pulling once  
more.

Then, lastly, the living mast sways, further sways : with a  
shout  
Job and Ike rush aside. Reached the end of its long staying  
powers  
The tree crashes downward : it shakes all its neighbours  
throughout,  
And two hundred years' steady growth has been ended in less than  
two hours.

## THE WAR-WIFE OF CATKNOLL

“ WHAT crowd is this in Catknoll Street,  
Now I am just come home ?  
What crowd is this in my old street,  
That flings me such a glance ?  
A stretcher—and corpse ? A sobering sight  
To greet me, when my heart is light  
With thoughts of coming cheer to-night  
Now I am back from France.”

“ O ’tis a woman, soldier-man,  
Who seem to be new come :  
O ’tis a woman, soldier-man,  
Found in the river here,  
Whither she went and threw her in,  
And now they are carrying her within :  
She’s drowned herself for a sly sin  
Against her husband dear.

“ ’A said to me, who knew her well,  
‘ O why was I so weak ! ’  
’A said to me, who knew her well,  
And have done all her life,  
With a downcast face she said to me,  
‘ O why did I keep company  
Wi’ them that practised gallantry,  
When vowed a faithful wife ! ’

“ ‘ O God, I’m driven mad ! ’ she said,  
‘ To hear he’s coming back ;  
I’m fairly driven mad ! ’ she said :  
‘ He’s been two years agone,  
And now he’ll find me in this state,  
And not forgive me. Had but fate  
Kept back his coming three months late,  
Nothing of it he’d known ! ’

“ We did not think she meant so much,  
And said : ‘ He may forgive.’  
O never we thought she meant so much  
As to go doing this.



And now she must be crowned !—so fair !—  
 Who drew men's eyes so everywhere !—  
 And love-letters beyond compare  
     For coaxing to a kiss.

“ She kept her true a year or more  
     Against the young men all ;  
 Yes, kept her true a year or more,  
     And they were most to blame.  
 There was Will Peach who plays the flute,  
 And Waywell with the dandy suit,  
 And Nobb, and Knight. . . . But she's been mute  
     As to the father's name.”

NOTE : verse 5.—“ She must be crowned.” Old English for “ there must be a coroner's inquest over her.”

## CONCERNING HIS OLD HOME

### MOOD I

I WISH to see it never—  
     That dismal place  
     With cracks in its floor—  
 I would forget it ever !

### MOOD II

To see it once, that sad  
     And memored place—  
     Yes, just once more—  
 I should be faintly glad !

### MOOD III

To see it often again—  
     That friendly place  
     With its green low door—  
 I'm willing anywhen !

## MOOD IV

I'll haunt it night and day—  
That loveable place,  
With its flowers' rich store  
That drives regret away !

## HER SECOND HUSBAND HEARS HER STORY

" STILL, Dear, it is incredible to me  
That here, alone,  
You should have sewed him up until he died,  
And in this very bed. I do not see  
How you could do it, seeing what might betide."

" Well, he came home one midnight, liquored deep—  
Worse than I'd known—  
And lay down heavily, and soundly slept :  
Then, desperate driven, I thought of it, to keep  
Him from me when he woke. Being an adept

" With needle and thimble, as he snored, click-click  
An hour I'd sewn,  
Till, had he roused, he couldn't have moved from bed,  
So tightly laced in sheet and quilt and tick  
He lay. And in the morning he was dead.

" Ere people came I drew the stitches out,  
And thus 'twas shown  
To be a stroke."—" It's a strange tale ! " said he.  
" And this same bed ? "—" Yes, here it came about."  
" Well, it sounds strange—told here and now to me.

" Did you intend his death by your tight lacing ? "  
" O, that I cannot own.  
I could not think of else that would avail  
When he should wake up, and attempt embracing."—  
" Well, it's a cool queer tale ! "

## YULETIDE IN A YOUNGER WORLD

WE believed in highdays then,  
 And could glimpse at night  
 On Christmas Eve  
 Imminent oncomings of radiant revel—  
 Doings of delight :—  
 Now we have no such sight.

We had eyes for phantoms then,  
 And at bridge or stile  
 On Christmas Eve  
 Clear beheld those countless ones who had crossed it  
 Cross again in file :—  
 Such has ceased longwhile !

We liked divination then,  
 And, as they homeward wound  
 On Christmas Eve,  
 We could read men's dreams within them spinning  
 Even as wheels spin round :—  
 Now we are blinker-bound.

We heard still small voices then,  
 And, in the dim serene  
 Of Christmas Eve,  
 Caught the fartime tones of fire-filled prophets  
 Long on earth unseen. . . .  
 —Can such ever have been ?

## AFTER THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

YOU died, and made but little of it !—  
 Why then should I, when called to doff it,  
 Drop, and renounce this worm-holed raiment.  
 Shrink edgewise off from its grey claimant ?  
 Rather say, when I am Time-outrun,  
 As you did : Take me, and have done,  
 Inexorable, insatiate one !

## THE SON'S PORTRAIT

I WALKED the streets of a market town,  
And came to a lumber-shop,  
Which I had known ere I met the frown  
Of fate and fortune,  
And habit led me to stop.

In burrowing mid this chattel and that,  
High, low, or edgewise thrown,  
I lit upon something lying flat—  
A fly-flecked portrait,  
Framed. 'Twas my dead son's own.

"That photo? . . . A lady—I know not whence—  
Sold it me, Ma'am, one day,  
With more. You can have it for eighteenpence :  
The picture's nothing ;  
It's but for the frame you pay."

He had given it her in their heyday shine,  
When she wedded him, long her wooer :  
And then he was sent to the front-trench-line,  
And fell there fighting ;  
And she took a new bridegroom to her.

I bought the gift she had held so light,  
And *buried it*—as 'twere he.—  
Well, well ! Such things are trifling, quite,  
But when one's lonely  
How cruel they can be !

## LYING AWAKE

You, Morningtide Star, now are steady-eyed, over the east,  
I know it as if I saw you ;  
You, Beeches, engrave on the sky your thin twigs, even the least ;  
Had I paper and pencil I'd draw you.

You, Meadow, are white with your counterpane cover of dew,  
I see it as if I were there ;

You, Churchyard, are lightening faint from the shade of the yew,  
The names creeping out everywhere.

### THE LADY IN THE FURS

“ I'm a lofty lovely woman,”  
Says the lady in the furs,  
In the glance she throws around her  
On the poorer dames and sirs :  
“ This robe, that cost three figures,  
Yes, is mine,” her nod avers.

“ True, my money did not buy it,  
But my husband's, from the trade ;  
And they, they only got it  
From things feeble and afraid  
By murdering them in ambush  
With a cunning engine's aid.

“ True, my hands, too, did not shape it  
To the pretty cut you see,  
But the hands of midnight workers  
Who are strangers quite to me :  
It was fitted, too, by dressers  
Ranged around me toilsomely.

“ But I am a lovely lady,  
Though sneerers say I shine  
By robbing Nature's children  
Of apparel not mine,  
And that I am but a broom-stick,  
Like a scarecrow's wooden spine.”

## CHILDHOOD AMONG THE FERNS

I SAT one sprinkling day upon the lea,  
Where tall-stemmed ferns spread out luxuriantly,  
And nothing but those tall ferns sheltered me.

The rain gained strength, and damped each lopping frond,  
Ran down their stalks beside me and beyond,  
And shaped slow-creeping rivulets as I conned,

With pride, my spray-roofed house. And though anon  
Some drops pierced its green rafters, I sat on,  
Making pretence I was not rained upon.

The sun then burst, and brought forth a sweet breath  
From the limp ferns as they dried underneath :  
I said : " I could live on here thus till death " ;

And queried in the green rays as I sate :  
" Why should I have to grow to man's estate,  
And this afar-noised World perambulate ? "

## A COUNTENANCE

HER laugh was not in the middle of her face quite,  
As a gay laugh springs,  
It was plain she was anxious about some things  
I could not trace quite.  
Her curls were like fir-cones—piled up, brown—  
Or rather like tight-tied sheaves :  
It seemed they could never be taken down. . . .

And her lips were too full, some might say :  
I did not think so. Anyway,  
The shadow her lower one would cast  
Was green in hue whenever she passed  
Bright sun on midsummer leaves.  
Alas, I knew not much of her,  
And lost all sight and touch of her !

If otherwise, should I have minded  
 The shy laugh not in the middle of her mouth quite,  
 And would my kisses have died of drouth quite  
     As love became unblinded ?

1884.

### A POET'S THOUGHT

It sprang up out of him in the dark,  
 And took on the lightness of a lark :  
 It went from his chamber along the city strand,  
 Lingered awhile, then leapt all over the land.

It came back maimed and mangled. And the poet  
 When he beheld his offspring did not know it :  
 Yea, verily, since its birth Time's tongue had tossed to him  
 Such travesties that his old thought was lost to him.

### SILENCES

THERE is the silence of a copse or croft  
     When the wind sinks dumb,  
     And of a belfry-loft  
 When the tenor after tolling stops its hum.

And there's the silence of a lonely pond  
     Where a man was drowned,  
     Nor nigh nor yond  
 A newt, frog, toad, to make the merest sound.

But the rapt silence of an empty house  
     Where oneself was born,  
     Dwelt, held carouse  
 With friends, is of all silences most forlorn !

Past are remembered songs and music-strains  
     Once audible there :  
     Roof, rafters, panes  
 Look absent-thoughted, tranced, or locked in prayer.

It seems no power on earth can waken it  
Or rouse its rooms,  
Or its past permit  
The present to stir a torpor like a tomb's.

### " I WATCHED A BLACKBIRD "

I WATCHED a blackbird on a budding sycamore  
One Easter Day, when sap was stirring twigs to the core ;  
I saw his tongue, and crocus-coloured bill  
Parting and closing as he turned his trill ;  
Then he flew down, seized on a stem of hay,  
And upped to where his building scheme was under way,  
As if so sure a nest were never shaped on spray.

### A NIGHTMARE, AND THE NEXT THING

ON this decline of Christmas Day  
The empty street is fogged and blurred :  
The house-fronts all seem backwise turned  
As if the outer world were spurned :  
Voices and songs within are heard,  
Whence red rays gleam when fires are stirred,  
Upon this nightmare Christmas Day.

The lamps, just lit, begin to outloom  
Like dandelion-globes in the gloom ;  
The stonework, shop-signs, doors, look bald ;  
Curious crude details seem installed,  
And show themselves in their degrees  
As they were personalities  
Never discerned when the street was bustling  
With vehicles, and farmers hustling.  
Three clammy casuals wend their way  
To the Union House. I hear one say :  
" Jimmy, this is a treat ! Hay-hay ! "

Six laughing mouths, six rows of teeth,  
Six radiant pairs of eyes, beneath



Six yellow hats, looking out at the back .  
Of a waggonette on its slowed-down track  
Up the steep street to some gay dance.  
Suddenly interrupt my glance.

They do not see a gray nightmare  
Astride the day, or anywhere.

## TO A TREE IN LONDON

(CLEMENT'S INN)

HERE you stay  
Night and day,  
Never, never going away !

Do you ache  
When we take  
Holiday for our health's sake ?

Wish for feet  
When the heat  
Scalds you in the brick-built street,

That you might  
Climb the height  
Where your ancestry saw light,

Find a brook  
In some nook  
There to purge your swarthy look ?

No. You read  
Trees to need  
Smoke like earth whereon to feed. . .

Have no sense  
That far hence  
Air is sweet in a blue immense,

Thus, black, blind,  
You have opined  
Nothing of your brightest kind ;

Never seen  
Miles of green,  
Smelt the landscape's sweet serene.

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## THE FELLED ELM AND SHE

WHEN you put on that inmost ring  
She, like you, was a little thing .  
When your circles reached their fourth,  
Scarce she knew life's south from north :  
When your year-zones counted twenty  
She had fond admirers plenty :  
When you'd grown your twenty-second  
She and I were lovers reckoned :  
When you numbered twenty-three  
She went everywhere with me :  
When you, at your fortieth line,  
Showed decay, she seemed to pine :  
When you were quite hollow within  
She was felled—mere bone and skin :  
You too, lacking strength to grow  
Further trunk-rings, were laid low,  
Matching her ; both unaware  
That your lives formed such a pair.

## HE DID NOT KNOW ME

(WOMAN'S SORROW SONG)

HE said : " I do not know you :  
You are not she who came  
And made my heart grow tame ? "  
I laughed : " The same ! "

Still said he : " I don't know you."  
 " But I am your Love ! " laughed I :  
 " Yours—faithful ever—till I die,  
 And pulseless lie ! "

Yet he said : " I don't know you."  
 Freakful, I went away,  
 And met pale Time, with " Pray.  
 What means his Nay ? "

Said Time : " He does not know you  
 In your mask of Comedy."  
 " But," said I, " that I have chosen to be :  
 Tragedy he."

" True ; hence he did not know you."  
 " But him I could recognize ? "  
 " Yea. Tragedy is true guise,  
 Comedy lies."

## SO VARIOUS

YOU may have met a man—quite young—  
 A brisk-eyed youth, and highly strung :  
     One whose desires  
     And inner fires  
     Moved him as wires.

And you may have met one stiff and old,  
 If not in years ; of manner cold ;  
     Who seemed as stone,  
     And never had known  
     Of mirth or moan.

And there may have crossed your path a lover,  
 In whose clear depths you could discover  
     A staunch, robust,  
     And tender trust,  
     Through storm and gust.

And you may have also known one fickle,  
Whose fancies changed as the silver sickle  
    Of yonder moon,  
    Which shapes so soon  
    To demilune !

You entertained a person once  
Whom you internally deemed a dunce :—  
    As he sat in view  
    Just facing you  
    You saw him through.

You came to know a learned seer  
Of whom you read the surface mere :  
    Your soul quite sank ;  
    Brain of such rank  
    Dubbed yours a blank.

Anon you quizzed a man of sadness,  
Who never could have known true gladness :  
    Just for a whim  
    You pitied him  
    In his sore trim.

You journeyed with a man so glad  
You never could conceive him sad :  
    He proved to be  
    Indubitably  
    Good company.

You lit on an unadventurous slow man,  
Who, said you, need be feared by no man ;  
    That his slack deeds  
    And sloth must needs  
    Produce but weeds.

A man of enterprise, shrewd and swift,  
Who never suffered affairs to drift,  
    You eyed for a time  
    Just in his prime,  
    And judged he might climb.

You smoked beside one who forgot  
 All that you said, or grasped it not.  
     Quite a poor thing,  
     Not worth a sting  
     By satirizing !

Next year you nearly lost for ever  
 Goodwill from one who forgot slights never ;  
     And, with unease,  
     Felt you must seize  
     Occasion to please . . .

Now. . . . All these specimens of man,  
 So various in their pith and plan,  
     Curious to say  
     Were *one* man.   Yea,  
     I was all they.

### A SELF-GLAMOURER

My little happiness,  
     How much I have made of it !—  
 As if I had been not less  
 Than a queen, to be straight obeyed of it.  
     “ Life, be fairer far,”  
     I said, “ Than you are.”

So I counted my springtime-day's  
     Dream of futurity  
     Enringed with golden rays  
 To be quite a summer surety ;  
     And my trustful daring undoubt  
     Brought it about !

Events all human-wrought  
     Had look of divinity,  
     And what I foreframed in thought  
 Grew substantanced, by force of affinity :  
     Visions to verities came,  
     Seen as the same.

My years in trusting spent  
 Make to shape towardly,  
 And fate and accident  
 Behave not perversely or frowardly.  
 Shall, then, Life's winter snow  
 To me be so ?

## THE DEAD BASTARD

MANY and many a time I thought,  
 " Would my child were in its grave ! "  
 Such the trouble and shame it brought.

Now 'tis there. And now I'd brave  
 Opinion's worst, in word or act,  
 To have that child alive ; yes, slave

To dress and flaunt it to attract ;  
 Show it the gossips brazenly,  
 And let as nothing be the fact  
 That never its father married me.

## THE CLASPED SKELETONS

SURMISED DATE 1800 B.C.

*(In an Ancient British barrow near the writer's house)*

O WHY did we uncover to view  
 So closely clasped a pair ?  
 Your chalky bedclothes over you,  
 This long time here !

Ere Paris lay with Helena—  
 The poets' dearest dear—  
 Ere David bedded Bathsheba  
 You two were bedded here.

Aye, even before the beauteous Jael  
Bade Sisera doff his gear  
And lie in her tent ; then drove the nail.  
You two lay here.

Wicked Aholah, in her youth,  
Colled loves from far and near  
Until they slew her without ruth ;  
But you had long colled here.

Aspasia lay with Pericles,  
And Philip's son found cheer  
At eves in lying on Thais' knees  
While you lay here.

Cleopatra with Antony,  
Resigned to dalliance sheer,  
Lay, fatuous he, insatiate she,  
Long after you'd lain here.

Pilate by Procula his wife  
Lay tossing at her tear  
Of pleading for an innocent life ;  
You tossed not here.

Ages' before Monk Abélard  
Gained tender Héloïse' ear,  
And loved and lay with her till scarred.  
Had you lain loving here.

So long, beyond chronology,  
Lovers in death as 'twere,  
So long in placid dignity  
Have you lain here !

Yet what is length of time ? But dream  
Once breathed this atmosphere  
Those fossils near you, met the gleam  
Of day as you did here ;

But so far earlier theirs beside  
Your life-span and career,  
That they might style of yestertide  
Your coming here !

## IN THE MARQUEE

IT was near last century's ending,  
And, though not much to rate  
In a world of getting and spending,  
To her it was great.

The scene was a London suburb  
On a night of summer weather,  
And the villas had back gardens  
Running together.

Her neighbours behind were dancing  
Under a marquee ;  
Two violoncellos played there,  
And violins three.

She had not been invited,  
Although her lover was ;  
She lay beside her husband,  
Perplexed at the cause.

Sweet after sweet quadrille rang :  
Absence made her weep ;  
The tears dried on her eyelids  
As she fell asleep.

She dreamt she was whirling with him  
In this dance upon the green  
To which she was not invited  
Though her lover had been.

All night she danced as he clasped her—  
That is, in the happy dream  
The music kept her dreaming  
Till the first daybeam.

“ O damn those noisy fiddles ! ”  
Her husband said as he turned :  
“ Close to a neighbour's bedroom :  
I'd like them burned ! ”



At intervals thus all night-long  
Her husband swore. But she  
Slept on, and danced in the loved arms,  
Under the marquee.

Next day she found that her lover,  
Though asked, had gone elsewhere,  
And that she had possessed him in absence  
More than if there.

### AFTER THE BURIAL

THE family had buried him,  
Their bread-bringer, their best :  
They had returned to the house, whose hush a dim  
Vague vacancy expressed.

There sat his sons, mute, rigid-faced,  
His daughters, strained, red-eyed,  
His wife, whose wan, worn features, vigil-traced,  
Bent over him when he died.

At once a peal bursts from the bells  
Of a large tall tower hard by :  
Along the street the jocund clangour swells,  
And upward to the sky.

Probably it was a wedding-peal,  
Or possibly for a birth,  
Or townsman knighted for political zeal,  
This resonant mark of mirth.

The mourners, heavy-browed, sat on  
Motionless. Well they heard,  
They could not help it ; nevertheless thereon  
Spoke not a single word,

Nor window did they close, to numb  
The bells' insistent calls  
Of joy ; but suffered the harassing din to come  
And penetrate their souls.

## THE MONGREL

IN Havenpool Harbour the ebb was strong,  
And a man with a dog drew near and hung,  
And taxpaying day was coming along,  
    So the mongrel had to be drowned.  
The man threw a stick from the paved wharf-side  
Into the midst of the ebbing tide,  
And the dog jumped after with ardent pride  
    To bring the stick aground.

But no : the steady suck of the flood  
To seaward needed, to be withstood,  
More than the strength of mongrelhood  
    To fight its treacherous trend.  
So, swimming for life with desperate will,  
The struggler with all his natant skill  
Kept buoyant in front of his master still  
    There standing to wait the end.

The loving eyes of the dog inclined  
To the man he held as a god enshrined,  
With no suspicion in his mind  
    That this had all been meant.  
Till the effort not to drift from shore  
Of his little legs grew slower and slower,  
And, the tide still outing with brookless power,  
    Outward the dog, too, went.

Just ere his sinking what does one see  
Break on the face of that devotee ?  
A waking to the treachery  
    He had loved with love so blind ?  
The faith that had shone in that mongrel's eye  
That his owner would save him by and by  
Turned to much like a curse as he sank to die,  
    And a loathing of mankind.

## CONCERNING AGNES

I AM stopped from hoping what I have hoped before—  
    Yes, many a time !—  
To dance with that fair woman yet once more  
    As in the prime  
Of August, when the wide-faced moon looked through  
The boughs at the faery lamps of the Larmer Avenue.

I could not, though I should wish, have over again  
    That old romance,  
And sit apart in the shade as we sat then  
    After the dance  
The while I held her hand, and, to the booms  
Of contrabassos, feet still pulsed from the distant rooms.

I could not. And you do not ask me why.  
    Hence you infer  
That what may chance to the fairest under the sky  
    Has chanced to her.  
Yes. She lies white, straight, features marble-keen,  
Unapproachable, mute, in a nook I have never seen.

There she may rest like some vague goddess, shaped  
    As out of snow ;  
Say Aphrodite sleeping ; or bedraped  
    Like Kalupso ;  
Or Amphinrite stretched on the Mid-sea swell,  
Or one of the Nine grown stiff from thought. I cannot tell !

## HENLEY REGATTA

SHE looks from the window : still it pours down direly,  
And the avenue drips. She cannot go, she fears ;  
And the Regatta will be spoilt entirely ;  
    And she sheds half-crazed tears.

Regatta Day and rain come on together  
 Again, years after. Gutters trickle loud ;  
 But Nancy cares not. She knows nought of weather,  
     Or of the Henley crowd :

She's a Regatta quite her own. Inanely  
 She laughs in the asylum as she floats  
 Within a water-tub, which she calls " Henley,"  
     Her little paper boats.

### AN EVENING IN GALILEE

SHE looks far west towards Carmel, shading her eyes with her hand,  
 And she then looks east to the Jordan, and the smooth Tiberias'  
     strand.

" Is my son mad ? " she asks ; and never an answer has she,  
 Save from herself, aghast at the possibility.

" He professes as his firm faiths things far too grotesque to be true,  
 And his vesture is odd — too careless for one of his fair young  
     hue ! . . .

" He lays down doctrines as if he were old—aye, fifty at least :  
 In the Temple he terrified me, opposing the very High-Priest !  
 Why did he say to me, ' Woman, what have I to do with thee ? '   
 O it cuts to the heart that a child of mine thus spoke to me !  
 And he said, too, ' Who is my mother ? '—when he knows so very  
     well.

He might have said, ' Who is my father ? '—and I'd found it hard  
     to tell !

*That* no one knows but Joseph and—one other, nor ever will ;  
 One who'll not see me again. . . . How it chanced !—I dreaming  
     no ill ! . . .

" Would he'd not mix with the lowest folk—like those fishermen—  
 The while so capable, culling new knowledge, beyond our ken ! . . .  
 That woman of no good character, ever following him,  
 Adores him if I mistake not : his wish of her is but a whim  
 Of his madness, it may be, outmarking his lack of coherency ;  
 After his ' Keep the Commandments ! ' to smile upon such as she !  
 It is just what all those do who are wandering in their wit.  
 I don't know—dare not say—what harm may grow from it.

O a mad son is a terrible thing ; it even may lead  
To arrest, and death ! . . . And how he can preach, expound, and  
read !

“ Here comes my husband. Shall I unveil him this tragedy-brink ?  
No. He has nightmares enough. I'll pray, and think, and  
think.” . . .

She remembers she's never put on any pot for his evening meal,  
And pondering a plea looks vaguely to south of her—towards  
Jezreel.

### THE BROTHER

O KNOW you what I have done  
To avenge our sister ? She,  
I thought, was wantoned with  
By a man of levity :

And I lay in wait all day,  
All day did I wait for him,  
And dogged him to Bollard Head  
When twilight dwindled dim,

And hurled him over the edge  
And heard him fall below :  
O would I were lying with him,  
For the truth I did not know !

“ O where's my husband ? ” she asked,  
As evening wore away :  
“ Best you had one, forsooth,  
But never had you ! ” I say.

“ Yes, but I have ! ” says she,  
“ My Love made it up with me.  
And we churched it yesterday  
And mean to live happily.”

And now I go in haste  
To the Head, before she's aware,  
To join him in death for the wrong  
I've done them both out there !

## WE FIELD-WOMEN

How it rained  
When we worked at Flintcomb-Ash,  
And could not stand upon the hill  
Trimming swedes for the slicing-mill.  
The wet washed through us—plash, plash, plash :  
How it rained !

How it snowed  
When we crossed from Flintcomb-Ash  
To the Great Barn for drawing reed,  
Since we could nowise chop a swede.—  
Flakes in each doorway and casement-sash :  
How it snowed !

How it shone  
When we went from Flintcomb-Ash  
To start at dairywork once more  
In the laughing meads, with cows three-score,  
And pails, and songs, and love—too rash :  
How it shone !

## A PRACTICAL WOMAN

“ O WHO’LL get me a healthy child :—  
I should prefer a son—  
Seven have I had in thirteen years,  
Sickly every one !

“ Three mope about as feeble shapes ;  
Weak ; white ; they’ll be no good.  
One came deformed ; an idiot next ;  
And two are crass as wood.

“ I purpose one not only sound  
In flesh, but bright in mind :  
And duly for producing him  
A means I’ve now to find.”

She went away. She disappeared,  
Years, years. Then back she came :  
In her hand was a blooming boy  
Mentally and in frame.

" I found a father at last who'd suit  
The purpose in my head,  
And used him till he'd done his job,"  
Was all thereon she said.

### SQUIRE HOOPER

HOOPER was ninety. One September dawn  
He sent a messenger  
For his physician, who asked thereupon  
What ailed the sufferer  
Which he might circumvent, and promptly bid begone.

" Doctor, I summoned you," the squire replied—  
" Pooh-pooh me though you may—  
To ask what's happened to me—burst inside,  
It seems—not much, I'd say—  
But awkward with a house-full here for a shoot to-day."

And he described the symptoms. With bent head  
The listener looked grave.  
" H'm. . . . *You're a dead man in six hours*," he said.—  
" I speak out, since you are brave—  
And best 'tis you should know, that last things may be sped."

" Right," said the squire. " And now comes—what to do ?  
One thing : on no account  
Must I now spoil the sport I've asked them to—  
My guests are paramount—  
They must scour scrub and stubble ; and big bags bring as due."

He downed to breakfast, and bespoke his guests :—  
" I find I have to go  
An unexpected journey, and it rests  
With you, my friends, to show  
The shoot can go off gaily, whether I'm there or no."

Thus blandly spoke he ; and to the fields they went,  
And Hooper up the stair.  
They had a glorious day ; and stiff and spent  
Returned as dusk drew near.—  
“ Gentlemen,” said the doctor, “ he’s not back as meant,

To his deep regret ! ”—So they took leave, each guest  
Observing : “ I dare say  
Business detains him in the town : ’tis best  
We should no longer stay  
Just now. We’ll come again anon ” ; and they went their way.

Meeting two men in the obscurity  
Shouldering a box a thin  
Cloth-covering wrapt, one sportsman cried : “ Damn me,  
I thought them carrying in,  
At first, a coffin ; till I knew it could not be.”

### “ A GENTLEMAN’S SECOND-HAND SUIT ”

HERE it is hanging in the sun  
By the pawn-shop door,  
A dress-suit—all its revels done  
Of heretofore.  
Long drilled to the waltzers’ swing and sway,  
As its tokens show :  
What it has seen, what it could say  
If it did but know !

The sleeve bears still a print of powder  
Rubbed from her arms  
When she warmed up as the notes swelled louder  
And livened her charms—  
Or rather theirs, for beauties many  
Leant there, no doubt,  
Leaving these tell-tale traces when he  
Spun them about.



Its cut seems rather in bygone style  
On looking close,  
So it mayn't have bent it for some while  
To the dancing pose :  
Anyhow, often within its clasp  
Fair partners hung,  
Assenting to the wearer's grasp  
With soft sweet tongue.

Where is, alas, the gentleman  
Who wore this suit ?  
And where are his ladies ? Tell none can :  
Gossip is mute.  
Some of them may forget him quite  
Who smudged his sleeve,  
Some think of a wild and whirling night  
With him, and grieve.

### “ WE SAY WE SHALL NOT MEET ”

WE say we shall not meet  
Again beneath this sky,  
And turn with leaden feet,  
Murmuring “ Good-bye ! ”

But laugh at how we rued  
Our former time's adieu  
When those who went for good  
Are met anew.

We talk in lightest vein  
On trifles talked before,  
And part to meet again,  
But meet no more.

## SEEING THE MOON RISE

WE used to go to Froom-hill Barrow  
To see the round moon rise  
Into the heath-rimmed skies,  
Trudging thither by plough and harrow  
Up the pathway, steep and narrow,  
Singing a song.

Now we do not go there. Why ?  
Zest burns not so high !

Latterly we've only conned her  
With a passing glance  
From window or door by chance,  
Hoping to go again, high yonder,  
As we used, and gaze, and ponder,  
Singing a song.

Thitherward we do not go :  
Feet once quick are slow !

*August 1927*

## SONG TO AURORE

WE'LL not begin again to love,  
It only leads to pain ;  
The fire we now are master of  
Has seared us not in vain.  
Any new step of yours I'm fain  
To hear of from afar,  
And even in such may find a gain  
While lodged not where you are.

No : that must not be done anew  
Which has been done before ;  
I scarce could bear to seek, or view,  
Or clasp you any more !  
Life is a labour, death is sore,  
And lonely living wrings ;  
But go your courses, Sweet Aurore,  
Kisses are caresome things !

## HE NEVER EXPECTED MUCH

[or]

## A CONSIDERATION

[*A reflection*] ON MY EIGHTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY

WELL, World, you have kept faith with me,  
 Kept faith with me ;  
 Upon the whole you have proved to be  
 Much as you said you were.  
 Since as a child I used to lie  
 Upon the leaze and watch the sky,  
 Never, I own, expected I  
 That life would all be fair.

'Twas then you said, and since have said,  
 Times since have said,  
 In that mysterious voice you shed  
 From clouds and hills around :  
 " Many have loved me desperately,  
 Many with smooth serenity,  
 While some have shown contempt of me  
 Till they dropped underground.

" I do not promise overmuch,  
 Child ; overmuch ;  
 Just neutral-tinted haps and such,"  
 You said to minds like mine.  
 Wise warning for your credit's sake !  
 Which I for one failed not to take,  
 And hence could stem such strain and ache  
 As each year might assign.

## STANDING BY THE MANTELPIECE

(H. M. M., 1873)

THIS candle-wax is shaping to a shroud  
 To-night. (They call it that, as you may know)—  
 By touching it the claimant is avowed,  
 And hence I press it with my finger—so

To-night. To me twice night, that should have been  
The radiance of the midmost tick of noon,  
And close around me wintertime is seen  
That might have shone the veriest day of June !

But since all's lost, and nothing really lies  
Above but shade, and shadier shade below,  
Let me make clear, before one of us dies,  
My mind to yours, just now embittered so.

Since you agreed, unurged and full-advised,  
And let warmth grow without discouragement,  
Why do you bear you now as if surprised,  
When what has come was clearly consequent ?

Since you have spoken, and finality  
Closes around, and my last movements loom,  
I say no more : the rest must wait till we  
Are face to face again, yonside the tomb.

And let the candle-wax thus mould a shape  
Whose meaning now, if hid before, you know,  
And how by touch one present claims its drape,  
And that it's I who press my finger—so.

## BOYS THEN AND NOW

“ MORE than one cuckoo ? ”  
And the little boy  
Seemed to lose something  
Of his spring joy.

When he'd grown up  
He told his son  
He'd used to think  
There was only one,

Who came each year  
With the trees' new trim  
On purpose to please  
England and him :

And his son—old already  
 In life and its ways—  
 Said yawning : “ How foolish  
 Boys were in those days ! ”

### THAT KISS IN THE DARK

RECALL it you ?—  
 Say you do !—  
 When you went out into the night,  
 In an impatience that would not wait,  
 From that lone house in the woodland spot,  
 And when I, thinking you had gone  
 For ever and ever from my sight,  
 Came after, printing a kiss upon  
     Black air  
     In my despair,  
 And my two lips lit on your cheek  
 As you leant silent against a gate,  
 Making my woman's face flush hot  
 At what I had done in the dark, unaware  
 You lingered for me but would not speak :  
 Yes, kissed you, thinking you were not there !  
     Recall it you ?—  
     Say you do !

### A NECESSITARIAN'S EPITAPH

A WORLD I did not wish to enter  
 Took me and poised me on my centre,  
 Made me grimace, and foot, and prance,  
 As cats on hot bricks have to dance  
 Strange jigs to keep them from the floor,  
 Till they sink down and feel no more.

### BURNING THE HOLLY

O YOU are sad on Twelfth Night,  
 I notice : sad on Twelfth Night ;  
 You are as sad on Twelfth Night  
     As any that I know.

" Yes : I am sad on that night,  
Doubtless I'm sad on that night :  
Yes ; I am sad on that night,  
For we all loved her so ! "

Why are you sad on Twelfth Night,  
Especially on Twelfth Night ?  
Why are you sad on Twelfth Night  
When wit and laughter flow ?

—" She'd been a famous dancer,  
Much lured of men ; a dancer.  
She'd been a famous dancer,  
Facile in heel and toe. . . .

" And we were burning the holly  
On Twelfth Night ; the holly,  
As people do : the holly,  
Ivy, and mistletoe.

" And while it popped and crackled,  
(She being our lodger), crackled ;  
And while it popped and crackled,  
Her face caught by the glow,

" In he walked and said to her,  
In a slow voice he said to her ;  
Yes, walking in he said to her,  
' We sail before cock-crow.'

" ' Why did you not come on to me,  
As promised ? Yes, come on to me ?  
Why did you not come on to me,  
Since you had sworn to go ? '

" His eyes were deep and flashing,  
As flashed the holm-flames : flashing ;  
His eyes were deep, and flashing  
In their quick, keen upthrow.

“ As if she had been ready,  
Had furtively been ready ;  
As if she had been ready  
For his insistence—lo !—

“ She clasped his arm and went with him  
As his entirely : went with him.  
She clasped his arm and went with him  
Into the sprinkling snow.

“ We saw the prickly leaves waste  
To ashes : saw the leaves waste ;  
The burnt-up prickly leaves waste. . . .  
The pair had gone also.

—“ On Twelfth Night, two years after—  
Yes, Twelfth Night, two years after ;  
On Twelfth Night, two years after,  
We sat—our spirits low—

“ Musing, when back the door swung  
Without a knock. The door swung ;  
Thought flew to her. The door swung,  
And in she came, pale, slow ;

“ Against her breast a child clasped ;  
Close to her breast a child clasped ;  
She stood there with the child clasped,  
Swaying it to and fro.

“ Her look alone the tale told ;  
Quite wordless was the tale told ;  
Her careworn eyes the tale told  
As larger they seemed to grow. . . .

“ One day next spring she disappeared,  
The second time she disappeared.  
And that time, when she'd disappeared  
Came back no more. Ah, no !

“ But we still burn the holly  
On Twelfth Night ; burn the holly  
As people do : the holly,  
Ivy, and mistletoe.”

## SUSPENSE

A CLAMMINESS hangs over all like a clout,  
The fields are a water-colour washed out,  
The sky at its rim leaves a chink of light,  
Like the lid of a pot that will not close tight.

She is away by the groaning sea,  
Strained at the heart, and waiting for me :  
Between us our foe from a hid retreat  
Is watching, to wither us if we meet. . . .

But it matters little, however we fare—  
Whether we meet, or I get not there ;  
The sky will look the same thereupon,  
And the wind and the sea go groaning on.

## THE SECOND VISIT

CLACK, clack, clack, went the mill-wheel as I came,  
And she was on the bridge with the thin hand-rail,  
And the miller at the door, and the ducks at mill-tail ;  
I come again years after, and all there seems the same.

And so indeed it is : the apple-tree'd old house,  
And the deep mill-pond, and the wet wheel clacking,  
And a woman on the bridge, and white ducks quacking,  
And the miller at the door, powdered pale from boots to brows.

But it's not the same miller whom long ago I knew,  
Nor are they the same apples, nor the same drops that dash  
Over the wet wheel, nor the ducks below that splash,  
Nor the woman who to fond complaints replied, “ You know I do ! ”



## OUR OLD FRIEND DUALISM

ALL hail to him, the Protean ! A tough old chap is he :  
 Spinoza and the Monists cannot make him cease to be.  
 We pound him with our " Truth, Sir, please ! " and quite appear  
 to still him :  
 He laughs ; holds Bergson up, and James ; and swears we cannot  
 kill him.  
 We argue them pragmatic cheats. " Aye," says he. " They're  
 deceiving :  
 But I must live ; for flamens plead I am all that's worth believing ! "

1920.

## FAITHFUL WILSON

" I SAY she's handsome, by all laws  
 Of beauty, if wife ever was ! "  
 Wilson insists thus, though each day  
 The years fret Fanny towards decay.  
 " She *was* once beauteous as a jewel,"  
 Hint friends ; " but Time, of course, is cruel."  
 Still Wilson does not quite feel how,  
 Once fair, she can be different now.

Partly from Strato of Sardis.

## GALLANT'S SONG

WHEN the maiden leaves off teasing,  
 Then the man may leave off pleasing :  
     Yea, 'tis sign,  
     Wet or fine,  
 She will love him without ceasing  
 With a love there's no appeasing.  
     Is it so ?  
     Ha-ha. Ho !

*Nov.* 1868.

From an old notebook.

## A PHILOSOPHICAL FANTASY

Milton . . . made God argue."—WALTER BAGEHOT.

"WELL, if thou wilt, then, ask me :  
To answer will not task me :  
I've a response, I doubt not,  
And quite agree to flout not  
Thy question, if of reason,  
Albeit not quite in season :  
A universe to marshal,  
What god can give but partial  
Eye to frail Earth—life-shotten  
Ere long, extinct, forgotten !—  
But seeing indications  
That thou read'st my limitations,  
And since my lack of forethought  
Aggrieves thy more and more thought  
I'll hearken to thy pleading :  
Some lore may lie in heeding  
Thy irregular proceeding."

" 'Tis this *unfulfilled intention*,  
O Causer, I would mention :—  
Will you, in condescension  
This evening, ere we've parted,  
Say why you felt fainthearted,  
And let your aim be thwarted,  
Its glory be diminished,  
Its concept stand unfinished ?—  
Such I ask you, Sir or Madam,  
(I know no more than Adam,  
Even vaguely, what your sex is,—  
Though feminine I had thought you  
Till seers as 'Sire' besought you ;—  
And this my ignorance vexes  
Some people not a little,  
And, though not me one tittle,  
It makes me sometimes choose me  
Call you 'It,' if you'll excuse me ?")

" Call me ' It ' with a good conscience,  
 And be sure it is all nonsense  
 That I mind a fault of manner  
 In a pigmy towards his planner !  
 Be I, be not I, sexless,  
 I am in nature vexless.  
 —How vain must clay-carved man be  
 To deem such folly can be  
 As that freaks of my own framing  
 Can set my visage flaming—  
 Start me volleying interjections  
 Against my own confections,  
 As the Jews and others limned me,  
 And in fear and trembling hymned me !  
 Call me ' but dream-projected,'  
 I shall not be affected ;  
 Call me ' blind force persisting,'  
 I shall remain unlisting ;  
 (A few have done it lately,  
 And, maybe, err not greatly.)  
 —Another such a vanity  
 In witless weak humanity  
 Is thinking that of those all  
 Through space at my disposal,  
*Man's* shape must needs resemble  
 Mine, that makes zodiacs tremble !

" Continuing where we started :—  
 As for my aims being thwarted,  
 Wherefore I feel fainthearted,  
 Aimless am I, revealing  
 No heart-scope for faint feeling.  
 —But thy mistake I'll pardon,  
 And, as Adam's mentioned to me,  
 (Though in timeless truth there never  
 Was a man like him whatever)  
 I'll meet thee in thy garden,  
 As I did not him, beshrew me !  
 In the sun of so-called daytime—  
 Say, just about the Maytime  
 Of my next, or next, Creation ?  
 (I love procrastination,

To use the words in thy sense,  
Which have no hold on my sense)  
Or at any future stray-time.—  
One of thy representatives  
In some later incarnation  
I mean, of course, well knowing  
Thy present conformation  
But a unit of my tentatives,  
Whereof such heaps lie blowing  
As dust, where thou art going ;  
Yea, passed to where suns glow not,  
Bereaved of those that go not  
(Though what grief is, I know not.)

“ Perhaps I may inform thee,  
In case I should alarm thee,  
That no dramatic stories  
Like ancient ones whose core is  
A mass of superstition  
And monkish imposition  
Will mark my explanation  
Of the world's sore situation  
(As thou tell'st), with woes that shatter ;  
Though from former aions to latter  
To me 'tis malleable matter  
For treatment scientific  
More than sensitive and specific—  
Stuff without moral features,  
Which I've no sense of ever,  
Or of ethical endeavour,  
Or of justice to Earth's creatures,  
Or how Right from Wrong to sever :  
Let these be as men learn such ;  
For me, I don't discern such,  
And—real enough I daresay—  
I know them but by hearsay  
As something Time hath rendered  
Out of substance I engendered,  
Time, too, being a condition  
Beyond my recognition.  
—I would add that, while unknowing  
Of this justice earthward owing,

Nor explanation offering  
Of what is meant by suffering,  
Thereof I'm not a spurner,  
Or averse to be a learner.

"To return from wordy wandering  
To the question we are pondering ;  
Though, viewing the world in *my* mode  
I fail to see it in *thy* mode  
As ' unfulfilled intention,'  
Which is past my comprehension  
Being unconscious in my doings  
So largely, (whence thy rueings) ;—  
Aye, to human tribes nor kindlessness  
Nor love I've given, but mindlessness,  
Which state, though far from ending,  
May nevertheless be mending.

"However, I'll advise him—  
Him thy scion, who will walk here  
When Death hath dumb'd thy talk here—  
In phrase that may surprise him,  
What thing it was befel me,  
(A thing that my confessing  
Lack of forethought helps thy guessing),  
And acted to compel me  
By that *purposeless propension*  
Which is mine, and not intention,  
Along lines of least resistance,  
Or, in brief, unsensed persistence,  
That saddens thy existence  
To think my so-called scheming  
Not that of my first dreaming."

1920 and 1926.

## A QUESTION OF MARRIAGE

"I YIELD you my whole heart, Countess," said he ;  
"Come, Dear, and be queen of my studio."  
"No, sculptor. You're merely my friend," said she :  
"We dine our artists ; but marry them—no."

"Be it thus," he replied. And his love, so strong,  
He subdued as a stoic should. Anon  
He wived some damsel who'd loved him long,  
Of lineage noteless ; and chiselled on.

And a score years passed. As a master-mind  
The world made much of his marching fame,  
And his wife's little charms, with his own entwined,  
Won day after day increased acclaim.

The countess-widow had closed with a mate  
In rank and wealth of her own degree,  
And they moved among the obscurely great  
Of an order that had no novelty.

And oldening—neither with blame nor praise—  
Their stately lives begot no stir,  
And she saw that when death should efface her days  
All men would abandon thought of her ;

And said to herself full gloomily :  
"Far better for me had it been to shine  
The wench of a genius such as he  
Than rust as the wife of a spouse like mine !"

## THE LETTER'S TRIUMPH

(A FANCY)

YES : I perceive it's to your Love  
You are bent on sending me. That this is so  
Your words and phrases prove !

And now I am folded, and start to go,  
Where you, my writer, have no leave to come :  
My entry none will know !

And I shall catch her eye, and dumb  
She'll keep, should my unnoised arrival be  
Hoped for, or troublesome.

My face she'll notice readily :  
 And, whether she care to meet you, or care not,  
 She will perforce meet me ;

Take me to closet or garden-plot  
 And, blushing or pouting, bend her eyes quite near.  
 Moved much, or never a jot.

And while you wait in hope and fear,  
 Far from her cheeks and lips, snug I shall stay  
 In close communion there,

And hear her heart-beats, things she may say,  
 As near her naked fingers, sleeve, or glove  
 I lie—ha-ha !—all day.

### A FORGOTTEN MINIATURE

THERE you are in the dark,  
 Deep in a box  
 Nobody ever unlocks,  
 Or even turns to mark ;  
 —Out of mind stark.

Yet there you have not been worsed  
 Like your sitter  
 By Time, the Fair's hard-hitter ;  
 Your beauties, undispersed,  
 Glow as at first.

Shut in your case for years,  
 Never an eye  
 Of the many passing nigh,  
 Fixed on their own affairs,  
 Thinks what it nears !

—While you have lain in gloom,  
 A form forgot,  
 Your reign remembered not,  
 Much life has come to bloom  
 Within this room.

Yea, in Time's cyclic sweep  
Unrest has ranged :  
Women and men have changed :  
Some you knew slumber deep ;  
Some wait for sleep.

### WHISPERED AT THE CHURCH-OPENING

IN the bran-new pulpit the bishop stands,  
And gives out his text, as his gaze expands  
To the people, the aisles, the roof's new frame,  
And the arches, and ashlar with coloured bands.

" Why—he's the man," says one, " who came  
To preach in my boyhood—a fashion then—  
In a series of sermons to working-men  
On week-day evenings, a novelty  
Which brought better folk to hear and see.  
They preached each one each week, by request :  
Some were eloquent speakers, among the best  
Of the lot being this, as all confessed."

" I remember now. And reflection brings  
Back one in especial, sincerest of all ;  
Whose words, though unpicked, gave the essence of things;  
And where is he now, whom I well recall ? "

" Oh, he'd no touches of tactic skill :  
His mind ran on charity and good will :  
He's but as he was, a vicar still."

### IN WEATHERBURY STOCKS

(1850)

" I SIT here in these stocks,  
And Saint-Mary's moans eleven ;  
The sky is dark and cold :  
I would I were in heaven !



" What footsteps do I hear ?  
Ah, you do not forget,  
My Sophy ! O, my dear,  
We may be happy yet !

" But—. Mother, is't your voice ?  
You who have come to me ?—  
It did not cross my thought :  
I was thinking it was she."

" She ! Foolish simple son !  
She says : ' I've finished quite  
With him or any one  
Put in the stocks to-night.'

" She's gone to Blooms-End dance,  
And will not come back yet :  
Her new man sees his chance,  
And is teaching her to forget.

" Jim, think no other woman  
To such a fellow is true  
But the mother you have grieved so,  
Or cares for one like you ! "

### A PLACID MAN'S EPITAPH

As for my life, I've led it  
With fair content and credit :  
It said : " Take this." I took it.  
Said : " Leave." And I forsook it.  
If I had done without it  
None would have cared about it,  
Or said : " One has refused it  
Who might have meetly used it."

## THE NEW BOOTS

"THEY are his new boots," she pursued ;  
" They have not been worn at all :  
They stay there hung on the wall,  
And are getting as stiff as wood.  
He bought them for the wet weather,  
And they are of waterproof leather."

" Why does her husband," said I,  
" Never wear those boots bought new ? "  
To a neighbour of hers I knew ;  
Who answered : " Ah, those boots. Aye,  
He bought them to wear whenever  
It rained. But there they hang ever.

" ' Yes,' he laughed, as he hung them up,  
' I've got them at last—a pair  
I can walk in anywhere  
Through rain and slush and slop.  
For many a year I've been haunted  
By thoughts of how much they were wanted.'

" And she's not touched them or tried  
To remove them. . . . Anyhow,  
As you see them hanging now  
They have hung ever since he died  
The day after gaily declaring :  
' Ha-ha ! Now for wet wayfaring.  
They're just the chaps for my wearing ! ' "

## THE MUSING MAIDEN

" WHY so often, silent one,  
Do you steal away alone ? "  
Starting, half she turned her head,  
And guiltily she said :—

“ When the vane points to his far town  
I go upon the hog-backed down,  
And think the breeze that stroked his lip  
Over my own may slip.

“ When he walks at close of day  
I ramble on the white highway,  
And think it reaches to his feet :  
A meditation sweet !

“ When coasters hence to London sail  
I watch their puffed wings waning pale  
His window opens near the quay ;  
Their coming he can see.

“ I go to meet the moon at night ;  
To mark the moon was our delight ;  
Up there our eyesights touch at will  
If such he practise still.”

W.P.V.

*October 1866 (recopied).*

## LORNA THE SECOND

LORNA ! Yes, you are sweet,  
But you are not your mother,  
Lorna the First, frank, feat,  
Never such another !—  
Love of her could smother  
Griefs by day or night ;  
Nor could any other,  
Lorna, dear and bright,  
Ever so well adorn a  
Mansion, coach, or cot,  
Or so make men scorn a  
Rival in their sight ;  
Even you could not !  
Hence I have to mourn a  
Loss ere you were born ; a  
Lorna !

## A DAUGHTER RETURNS

I LIKE not that dainty-cut raiment, those earrings of pearl,  
I like not the light in that eye ;  
I like not the note of that voice. Never so was the girl  
Who a year ago bade me good-bye !

Hadst but come bare and moneyless, worn in the vamp, weather-  
gray,  
But innocent still as before,  
How warmly I'd lodged thee ! But sport thy new gains far away ;  
I pray thee now—come here no more !

And yet I'll not try to blot out every memory of thee ;  
I'll think of thee—yes, now and then :  
One who's watched thee since Time called thee out o' thy mother  
and me  
*Must* think of thee ; aye, I know when ! . . .

When the cold sneer of dawn follows night-shadows black as a  
hearse,  
And the rain filters down the fruit tree,  
And the tempest mouths into the flue-top a word like a curse,  
Then, then I shall think, think of thee !

*December 17, 1901.*

## THE THIRD KISSING-GATE

SHE foots it forward down the town,  
Then leaves the lamps behind,  
And trots along the eastern road  
Where elms stand double-lined.

She clacks the first dim kissing-gate  
Beneath the storm-strained trees,  
And passes to the second mead  
That fringes Mellstock Leaze.

## WINTER WORDS

She swings the second kissing-gate  
 Next the gray garden-wall,  
 And sees the third mead stretching down  
 Towards the waterfall.

And now the third-placed kissing-gate  
 Her silent shadow nears,  
 And touches with ; when suddenly  
 Her person disappears.

What chanced by that third kissing-gate  
 When the hushed mead grew dun ?  
 Lo—two dark figures clasped and closed  
 As if they were but one.

## DRINKING SONG

ONCE on a time when thought began  
 Lived Thales : he  
 Was said to see  
 Vast truths that mortals seldom can ;  
 It seems without  
 A moment's doubt  
 That everything was made for man.

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress  
 That thoughts so great should now be less

Earth mid the sky stood firm and flat,  
 He held, till came  
 A sage by name  
 Copernicus, and righted that.  
 We trod, he told,  
 A globe that rolled  
 Around a sun it warmed it at.

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress ;  
 'Tis only one great thought the less !

But still we held, as Time flew by  
 And wit increased,  
 Ours was, at least,  
 The only world whose rank was high :  
 Till rumours flew  
 From folk who knew  
 Of globes galore about the sky.

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress ;  
 'Tis only one great thought the less !

And that this earth, our one estate,  
 Was no prime ball,  
 The best of all,  
 But common, mean ; indeed, tenth-rate :  
 And men, so proud,  
 A feeble crowd,  
 Unworthy any special fate.

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress ;  
 'Tis only one great thought the less !

Then rose one Hume, who could not see,  
 If earth were such,  
 Required were much  
 To prove no miracles could be :  
 " Better believe  
 The eyes deceive  
 Than that God's clockwork jolts," said he.

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress ;  
 'Tis only one great thought the less !

Next this strange message Darwin brings,  
 (Though saying his say  
 In a quiet way) ;  
 We all are one with creeping things ;  
 And apes and men  
 Blood-brethren,  
 And likewise reptile forms with stings.

## WINTER WORDS

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress ;  
'Tis only one great thought the less !

And when this philosoph had done  
Came Doctor Cheyne :  
Speaking plain he  
Proved no virgin bore a son.  
" Such tale, indeed,  
Helps not our creed,"  
He said. " A tale long known to none "

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress ;  
'Tis only one great thought the less !

And now comes Einstein with a notion—  
Not yet quite clear  
To many here—  
That's there's no time, no space, no motion  
Nor rathe nor late,  
Nor square nor straight,  
But just a sort of bending-ocean.

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress ;  
'Tis only one great thought the less !

So here we are, in piteous case :  
Like butterflies  
Of many dyes  
Upon an Alpine glacier's face :  
To fly and cower  
In some warm bower  
Our chief concern in such a place.

*Chorus.*

Fill full your cups : feel no distress  
At all our great thoughts shrinking less :  
We'll do a good deed nevertheless !

## THE TARRYING BRIDEGROOM

WILDLY bound the bells this morning  
For the glad solemnity ;  
    People are adorning  
    Chancel and canopy ;  
But amid the peal a warning  
Under-echo calls to me.

Where the lane divides the pasture  
Long I watch each bend and stone,  
    Why not now as last year,  
    When he sought me—lone ?  
Come, O come, and see, and cast here  
Light and love on one your own !

How it used to draw him to me,  
When I piped a pretty tune ;  
    Yes, when first he knew me  
    In my pink shalloon :  
Little I guessed 'twould so undo me  
Lacking him this summer noon !

## THE DESTINED PAIR

Two beings were drifting  
Each one to the other :  
No moment's veil-lifting  
Or hint from another  
    Led either to weet  
    That the tracks of their feet  
    Were arcs that would meet.

One moved in a city,  
And one in a village,  
Where many a ditty  
He tongued when at tillage  
    On dreams of a dim  
    Figure fancy would limn  
    That was viewless to him.



Would Fate have been kinder  
 To keep night between them?—  
 Had he failed to find her  
 And time never seen them  
     Unite ; so that, caught  
     In no burning love-thought,  
     She had faded unsought ?

### A MUSICAL INCIDENT

WHEN I see the room it hurts me  
 As with a pricking blade,  
 Those women being the memoried reason why my cheer  
     deserts me.—

'Twas thus. One of them played  
 To please her friend, not knowing  
 That friend was speedily growing,  
 Behind the player's chair,  
 Somnolent, unaware  
 Of any music there.

I saw it, and it distressed me,  
 For I had begun to think  
 I loved the drowsy listener, when this arose to test me  
 And tug me from love's brink.  
 " Beautiful ! " said she, waking  
 As the music ceased. " Heart-aching ! "  
 Though never a note she'd heard  
 To judge of as averred—  
 Save that of the very last word.

All would have faded in me,  
 But that the sleeper brought  
 News a week thence that her friend was dead. It stirred  
     within me  
 Sense of injustice wrought  
 That dead player's poor intent—  
 So heartily, kindly meant—  
 As blandly added the sigher :  
 " How glad I am I was nigh her,  
 To hear her last tune ! "—" Liar ! "  
 I lipped.—This gave love pause,  
 And killed it, such as it was.

## JUNE LEAVES AND AUTUMN

## I

LUSH summer lit the trees to green ;  
But in the ditch hard by  
Lay dying boughs some hand unseen  
Had lopped when first with festal mien  
They matched their mates on high.  
It seemed a melancholy fate  
That leaves but brought to birth so late  
Should rust there, red and numb,  
In quickened fall, while all their race  
Still joyed aloft in pride of place  
With store of days to come.

## II

At autumn-end I fared that way,  
And traced those boughs fore-hewn  
Whose leaves, awaiting their decay  
In slowly browning shades, still lay  
Where they had lain in June  
And now, no less embrowned and curst  
Than if they had fallen with the first,  
Nor known a morning more,  
Lay there alongside, dun and sere,  
Those that at my last wandering here  
Had length of days in store.

*November 19, 1898.*

## NO BELL-RINGING

## A BALLAD OF DURNOVER

THE little boy legged on through the dark,  
To hear the New-Year's ringing :  
The three-mile road was empty, stark,  
No sound or echo bringing.

When he got to the tall church tower  
Standing upon the hill,  
Although it was hard on the midnight hour  
The place was, as elsewhere, still ;

Except that the flag-staff rope, betossed  
By blasts from the nor'-east,  
Like a dead man's bones on a gibbet-post  
Tugged as to be released.

" Why is there no ringing to-night ? "  
Said the boy to a moveless one  
On a tombstone where the moon struck white ;  
But he got answer none.

" No ringing in of New Year's Day."  
He mused as he dragged back home ;  
And wondered till his head was gray  
Why the bells that night were dumb.

And often thought of the snowy shape  
That sat on the moonlit stone,  
Nor spoke nor moved, and in mien and drape  
Seemed like a sprite thereon.

And then he met one left of the band  
That had treble-bobbed when young,  
And said : " I never could understand  
Why, that night, no bells rung."

" True. There'd not happened such a thing  
For half a century ; aye,  
And never I've told why they did not ring  
From that time till to-day. . . .

" Through the week in bliss at *The Hit or Miss* <sup>1</sup>  
We had drunk—not a penny left ;  
What then we did—well, now 'tis hid,—  
But better we'd stooped to theft !

<sup>1</sup> An old tavern now demolished. The full legend over the door ran,  
" Hit or Miss : Luck's All ! "

" Yet, since none other remains who can,  
And few more years are mine,  
I may tell you," said the cramped old man.  
" We—swilled the Sacrament-wine.

" Then each set-to with the strength of two,  
Every man to his bell ;  
But something was wrong we found ere long  
Though what, we could not tell.

" We pulled till the sweat-drops fell around,  
As we'd never pulled before,  
An hour by the clock, but not one sound  
Came down through the bell-loft floor.

" On the morrow all folk of the same thing spoke,  
They had stood at the midnight time  
On their doorsteps near with a listening ear,  
But there reached them never a chime

" We then could read the dye of our deed,  
And we knew we were accurst ;  
But we broke to none the thing we had done,  
And since then never durst."

### " I LOOKED BACK "

I LOOKED back as I left the house,  
And, past the chimneys and neighbour tree,  
The moon upsidled through the boughs :—  
I thought : " I shall a last time see  
This picture ; when will that time be ? "

I paused amid the laugh-loud feast,  
And selfward said : " I am sitting where,  
Some night, when ancient songs have ceased,  
' Now is the last time I shall share  
Such cheer,' " will be the thought I bear.

An eye-sweep back at a look-out corner  
 Upon a hill, as forenight wore,  
 Stirred me to think : " Ought I to warn her  
 That, though I come here times three-score,  
 One day 'twill be I come no more ? "

Anon I reasoned there had been,  
 Ere quite forsaken was each spot,  
 Bygones whereon I'd lastly seen  
 That house, that feast, that maid forgot ;  
 But when ?—Ah, I remembered not !

### THE AGED NEWSPAPER SOLILOQUIZES

YES ; yes ; I am old. In me appears  
 The history of a hundred years ;  
 Empires', kings', captives', births and deaths,  
 Strange faiths, and fleeting shibboleths.  
 —Tragedy, comedy, throngs my page  
 Beyond all mummied on any stage :  
 Cold hearts beat hot, hot hearts beat cold,  
 And I beat on. Yes ; yes ; I am old.

### CHRISTMAS : 1924

" PEACE upon earth ! " was said. We sing it,  
 And pay a million priests to bring it.  
 After two thousand years of mass  
 We've got as far as poison-gas.

1924.

### THE SINGLE WITNESS

" DID no one else, then, see them, man,  
 Lying among the whin ?  
 Did no one else, behold them at all  
 Commit this shameless sin,  
 But you, in the hollow of the down  
 No traveller's eye takes in ? "

“ Nobody else, my noble lord,  
Saw them together there—  
Your young son’s tutor and she. I made  
A short cut from the fair,  
And lit on them. I’ve said no word  
About it anywhere.”

“ Good. . . . Now, you see my father’s sword,  
Hanging up in your view ;  
No hand has swung it since he came  
Home after Waterloo.  
I’ll show it you. . . . There is the sword :  
And this is what I’ll do.”

He ran the other through the breast,  
Ere he could plead or cry.  
“ It is a dire necessity,  
But—since no one was nigh  
Save you and they, my historied name  
Must not be smirched thereby.”

## HOW SHE WENT TO IRELAND

DORA’S gone to Ireland  
Through the sleet and snow :  
Promptly she has gone there  
In a ship, although  
Why she’s gone to Ireland  
Dora does not know.

That was where, yea, Ireland,  
Dora wished to be :  
When she felt, in lone times,  
Shoots of misery,  
Often there, in Ireland,  
Dora wished to be.

Hence she's gone to Ireland,  
 Since she meant to go,  
 Through the drift and darkness  
 Onward labouring, though  
 That she's gone to Ireland  
 Dora does not know.

## DEAD " WESSEX " THE DOG TO THE HOUSEHOLD

Do you think of me at all,  
 Wistful ones ?  
 Do you think of me at all  
 As if nigh ?  
 Do you think of me at all  
 At the creep of evenfall,  
 Or when the sky-birds call  
 As they fly ?

Do you look for me at times,  
 Wistful ones ?  
 Do you look for me at times  
 Strained and still ?  
 Do you look for me at times,  
 When the hour for walking chimes,  
 On that grassy path that climbs  
 Up the hill ?

You may hear a jump or trot,  
 Wistful ones,  
 You may hear a jump or trot—  
 Mine, as 'twere—  
 You may hear a jump or trot  
 On the stair or path or plot,  
 But I shall cause it not,  
 Be not there.

Should you call as when I knew you,  
 Wistful ones,  
 Should you call as when I knew you,  
 Shared your home ;

Should you call as when I knew you,  
I shall not turn to view you,  
I shall not listen to you,  
Shall not come.

## THE WOMAN WHO WENT EAST

" WHERE is that woman of the west,  
Good Sir, once friends with me,  
In rays of her own rareness drest,  
And fired by sunset from the sea ?  
Yes, she—once friends with me."

" —She went to sojourn in the east,  
O stranger Dame, one day ;  
Her own west land she reckoned least  
Of all lands, with its weird old way,  
So left it, Dame, one day :

" Doubtless they prized her marvellous mould  
At its right worth elsewhere,  
Yea, Dame, and kept her shrined in gold,  
So speaking, as one past compare ;  
Aye, prized her worth elsewhere ! "

—" Must, must I then a story tell,  
Old native, here to you,  
Of peradventures that befel  
Her eastward—shape it as 'twere new,  
Old native, here to you ?

" O unforgotten day long back,  
When, wilful, east she sped  
From you with her new Love. Alack,  
Her lips would still be ripe and red  
Had she not eastward sped !



" For know, old lover, dull of eyes,  
That woman, I am she :  
This skeleton that Time so tries  
Your rose of rareness used to be ;  
Yes, sweetheart, I am she."

## NOT KNOWN

THEY know the wilings of the world,  
The latest flippancy ;  
They know each jest at hazard hurled,  
But know not me.

They know a phasm they name as mc,  
In whom I should not find  
A single self-held quality  
Of body or mind.

## THE BOY'S DREAM

PROVINCIAL town-boy he, —frail, lame,  
His face a waning lily-white,  
A court the home of his wry, wrenched frame,  
Where noontide shed no warmth or light.

Over his temples—flat and wan,  
Where bluest veins were patterned keen,  
The skin appeared so thinly drawn  
The skull beneath was almost seen.

Always a wishful, absent look  
Expressed it in his face and eye ;  
At the strong shape this longing took  
One guessed what wish must underlie.

But no. That wish was not for strength,  
For other boys' agility,  
To race with ease the field's far length,  
Now hopped across so painfully.

He minded not his lameness much,  
To shine at feats he did not long,  
Nor to be best at goal and touch,  
Nor at assaults to stand up strong.

But sometimes he would let be known  
What the wish was:—to have, next spring,  
A real green linnet—his very own—  
Like that one he had late heard sing.

And as he breathed the cherished dream  
To those whose secrecy was sworn,  
His face was beautified by the theme,  
And wore the radiance of the morn.

## THE GAP IN THE WHITE

(178-)

SOMETHING had cracked in her mouth as she slept,  
Having danced with the Prince long, and sipped his gold tass;  
And she woke in alarm, and quick, breathlessly, leapt  
Out of bed to the glass.

And there, in the blue dawn, her mouth now displayed  
To her woe, in the white  
Level line of her teeth, a black gap she had made  
In a dream's nervous bite.

"O how can I meet him to-morrow!" she said.  
"I'd won him—yes, yes! Now, alas, he is lost!"  
(That age knew no remedy.) Duly her dread  
Proved the truth, to her cost.

And if you could go and examine her grave  
You'd find the gap there,  
But not understand, now that science can save,  
Her unbounded despair.

## FAMILY PORTRAITS

THREE picture-drawn people stepped out of their frames—  
The blast, how it blew !  
And the white-shrouded candles flapped smoke-headed flames ;  
—Three picture-drawn people came down from their frames,  
And dumbly in lippings they told me their names,  
Full well though I knew.

The first was a maiden of mild wistful tone,  
Gone silent for years,  
The next a dark woman in former time known ;  
But the first one, the maiden of mild wistful tone,  
So wondering, unpractised, so vague and alone,  
Nigh moved me to tears.

The third was a sad man—a man of much gloom ;  
And before me they passed  
In the shade of the night, at the back of the room,  
The dark and fair woman, the man of much gloom,  
Three persons, in far-off years forceful, but whom  
Death now fettered fast.

They set about acting some drama, obscure,  
The women and he,  
With puppet-like movements of mute strange allure ;  
Yea, set about acting some drama, obscure,  
Till I saw 'twas their own lifetime's tragic amour,  
Whose course begot me ;

Yea—a mystery, ancestral, long hid from my reach  
In the perished years past,  
That had mounted to dark doings each against each  
In those ancestors' days, and long hid from my reach ;  
Which their restless enghostings, it seemed, were to teach  
Me in full, at this last.

But fear fell upon me like frost, of some hurt  
If they entered anew  
On the orbits they smartly had swept when expert  
In the law-lacking passions of life,—of some hurt  
To their souls—and thus mine—which I fain would avert  
So, in sweat cold as dew,

“ Why wake up all this ? ” I cried out. “ Now, so late !

Let old ghosts be laid ! ”

And they stiffened, drew back to their frames and numb state,  
Gibbering : “ Thus are your own ways to shape, know too late ! ”

Then I grieved that I'd not had the courage to wait

And see the play played.

I have grieved ever since : to have balked future pain,

My blood's tendance foreknown,

Had been triumph. Nights long stretched awake I have lain

Perplexed in endeavours to balk future pain

By uncovering the drift of their drama. In vain,

Though therein lay my own.

## THE CATCHING BALLET OF THE WEDDING CLOTHES

*(Temp. Guliel IV.)*

“ A GENTLEMAN'S coming

To court me, they say ;

The ringers are told,

And the band is to play.

O why should he do it

Now poor Jack's away ?

I surely shall rue it :

Come, white witch, and say ! ”

“ The gentleman's coming

To marry you, dear ;

They tell at the turnpikes

That he has been here !

He rode here in secret,

To gain eye of you :—

Throw over the sailor,

Is what I should do ! ”

“ I will not throw over

Poor Jack : no, indeed,

For a new unknown lover

Who loves at such speed

And writes to the ringers,  
And orders the band,  
As if I could only  
Obey his command !

“ La ! now here is something  
Close packed in a box,  
And strapped up and corded,  
And held with two locks ! ”  
“ Dear, that’s from him, surely,  
As we may suppose ?  
Ay, through the chink shining  
I spy wedding clothes ! ”

“ Yes—here’s a drawn bonnet,  
And tortoiseshell combs,  
And a silk gown, silk stockings,  
And scents of rare blooms ;  
And shoes, too, of satin,  
Quite past all my pride :  
O, how will it end, witch ;  
I can’t be his bride ! ”

“ Don’t waste you in weeping :  
Not worth it is man !  
Beshrew me, my deary,  
I’ve shaped a new plan.  
Wear the clothes of the rich one,  
Since he will not see,  
But marry the poor one  
You love faithfully.”

“ Here’s a last packet. . . . Never !  
It knocks me to bits—  
The ring ! ‘ *Just to try on,  
To see if it fits.*’  
O I cannot ! ” . . . But Jack said,  
Quite cool, when he came,  
“ Well, it will save money,  
And be just the same.”

The marriage took place,  
Yes ; as vowed, she was true  
To her dear sailor Jack  
Ere the gentleman knew ;  
But she wore the rich clothing,  
Much joyed at such guise,  
Yet fearing and trembling  
With tears in her eyes.

And at midnight, between her  
And him she had wed,  
The gentleman's figure  
Arose up and said :  
“ My too-cruel darling,  
In spite of your oaths,  
You have married the man  
Of the ring and the clothes ! ”

Thence on, would confront her,  
When sleep had grown slack,  
His face on the pillow  
Between her and Jack ;  
And he nightly kept whispering :  
“ You surely must see,  
Though your tongue-tip took him, Love,  
Your body took me.”

Till she sighed : “ Yes, my word,  
It must be confessed o' me,  
Jack has ; but this man  
Can claim all the rest o' me !  
And off to go with him  
Bewitched am I now :  
I'd fain not be two men's.  
And won't, anyhow ! ”

So she pleaded and pleaded  
From daybreak till dark,  
Converting the parish  
(Save parson and clerk).

She then wrote to Jack thus :  
 " I'm torn with mind-strife :  
 She who wears a man's bride-clothes  
 Must be the man's wife ! "

And still she kept plaining,  
 Till Jack he wrote : " Aye ! "  
 And the villagers gathered,  
 And on a fixed day,  
 They went out alertly  
 And stood in a row,  
 Quite blithe with excitement  
 To see John's wife go.

Some were facing her dwelling,  
 And some on the bridge,  
 And some at the corner,  
 And some by the ridge.  
 With a nod and a word  
 The coach stopped at her door,  
 And she upped like a bird,  
 And they saw her no more.

'Twas told that, years after,  
 When autumn winds wave,  
 A wealthy old lady  
 Stood long at Jack's grave,  
 And while her coach waited :—  
 She mused there ; and then  
 She stepped in, and never  
 Came thither again.

1919.

## A WINSOME WOMAN

### SONG

THERE'S no winsome woman so winsome as she ;  
 Some are flower-like in mouth,  
 Some have fire in the eyes,  
 Some feed a soul's drouth  
 Trilling words music-wise ;  
 But where are these gifts all in one found to be  
 Save in her known to me ?

What her thoughts are I read not, but this much I know,  
That she, too, will pass  
From the sun and the air  
To her cave under grass ;  
And the world will declare,  
“ No such woman as his passioned utterances show  
Walked this planet, we trow ! ”

## THE BALLAD OF LOVE'S SKELETON

(179-)

“ COME, let's to Culliford Hill and Wood,  
And watch the squirrels climb,  
And look in sunny places there  
For shepherds' thyme.”

—“ Can I have heart for Culliford Wood,  
And hill and bank and tree,  
Who know and ponder over all  
Things done by me ! ”

—“ Then, Dear, don hat, and come along :  
We'll strut the Royal strand ;  
King George has just arrived, his Court,  
His guards, and band.”

—“ You are a Baron of the King's Court  
From Hanover lately come,  
And can forget in song and dance  
What chills me numb.

“ Well be the royal scenes for you,  
And band beyond compare,  
But how is she who hates her crime  
To frolic there ?

“ O why did you so urge and say  
'Twould soil your noble name !—  
I should have prized a little child,  
And faced the shame.



“ I see the child—*that should have been,*  
*But was not,* born alive ;  
With such a deed in a woman's life  
A year seems five.

“ I asked not for the wifely rank,  
Nor maiden honour saved ;  
To call a nestling thing my own  
Was all I craved.

“ For what's the hurt of shame to one  
Of no more note than me ?  
Can littlest life beneath the sun  
More littled be ? ”

—“ Nay, never grieve. The day is bright,  
Just as it was ere then :  
In the Assembly Rooms to-night  
Let's joy again !

“ The new Quick-Step is the sweetest dance  
For lively toes and heels ;  
And when we tire of that we'll prance  
Bewitching reels.

“ Dear, never grieve ! As once we whirled  
So let us whirl to-night,  
Forgetting all things save ourselves  
Till dawning light.

“ The King and Queen, Princesses three,  
Have promised to meet there  
The mayor and townsfolk. I've my card  
And One to spare.

“ The Court will dance at the upper end ;  
Only a cord between  
Them and the burgher-throng below ;  
A brilliant scene ! ”

—“ I'll go. You've still my heart in thrall :  
Save you, all's dark to me.  
And God knows what, when love is all,  
The end will be ! ”

## A PRIVATE MAN ON PUBLIC MEN

WHEN my contemporaries were driving  
Their coach through Life with strain and striving,  
And raking riches into heaps,  
And ably pleading in the Courts  
With smart rejoinders and retorts,  
Or where the Senate nightly keeps  
Its vigils, till their fames were fanned  
By rumour's tongue throughout the land,  
I lived in quiet, screened, unknown,  
Pondering upon some stick or stone,  
Or news of some rare book or bird  
Latterly bought, or seen, or heard,  
Not wishing ever to set eyes on  
The surging crowd beyond the horizon,  
Tasting years of moderate gladness  
Mellowed by sundry days of sadness,  
Shut from the noise of the world without,  
Hearing but dimly its rush and rout,  
Unenvying those amid its roar,  
Little endowed, not wanting more.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE ELGIN ROOM

BRITISH MUSEUM : EARLY LAST CENTURY

"WHAT is the noise that shakes the night,  
And seems to soar to the Pole-star height ?"  
—"Christmas bells,  
The watchman tells  
Who walks this hall that blears us captives with its blight."

"And what, then, mean such clangs, so clear ?"  
"—'Tis said to have been a day of cheer,  
And source of grace  
To the human race  
Long ere their woven sails winged us to exile here.

" We are those whom Christmas overthrew  
 Some centuries after Pheidias knew  
     How to shape us  
     And bedrape us  
 And to set us in Athena's temple for men's view.

" O it is sad now we are sold—  
 We gods ! for Borean people's gold,  
     And brought to the gloom  
     Of this gaunt room  
 Which sunlight shuns, and sweet Aurore but enters cold.

" For all these bells, would I were still  
 Radiant as on Athenai's Hill."  
     —" And I, and I ! "  
     The others sigh,  
 " Before this Christ was known, and we had men's good will."

Thereat old Helios could but nod,  
 Throbbled, too, the Ilissus River-god,  
     And the torsos there  
     Of deities fair,  
 Whose limbs were shards beneath some Acropolitan clod :

Demeter too, Poseidon hoar,  
 Persephone, and many more  
     Of Zeus' high breed,—  
     All loth to heed  
 What the bells sang that night which shook them to the core.  
 1905 and 1926.

## " WE ARE GETTING TO THE END "

~~We~~ are getting to the end of visioning  
 The impossible within this universe,  
 Such as that better whiles may follow worse,  
 And that our race may mend by reasoning.

We know that even as larks in cages sing  
 Unthoughtful of deliverance from the curse  
 That holds them lifelong in a latticed hearse,  
 We ply spasmodically our pleasuring.

And that when nations set them to lay waste  
 Their neighbours' heritage by foot and horse,  
 And hack their pleasant plains in festering seams,  
 They may again,—not warely, or from taste,  
 But tickled mad by some demonic force.—  
 Yes. We are getting to the end of dreams !

## HE RESOLVES TO SAY NO MORE

O MY soul, keep the rest unknown !  
 It is too like a sound of moan  
     When the charnel-eyed  
     Pale Horse has nighed :  
 Yea, none shall gather what I hide !

Why load men's minds with more to bear  
 That bear already ails to spare ?  
     From now alway  
     Till my last day  
 What I discern I will not say.

Let Time roll backward if it will ;  
 (Magians who drive the midnight quill  
     With brain aglow  
     Can see it so,)  
 What I have learnt no man shall know.

And if my vision range beyond  
 The blinkered sight of souls in bond,  
     —By truth made free—  
     I'll let all be.  
 And show to no man what I see.



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